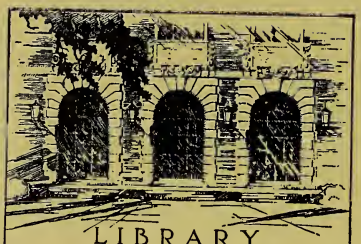

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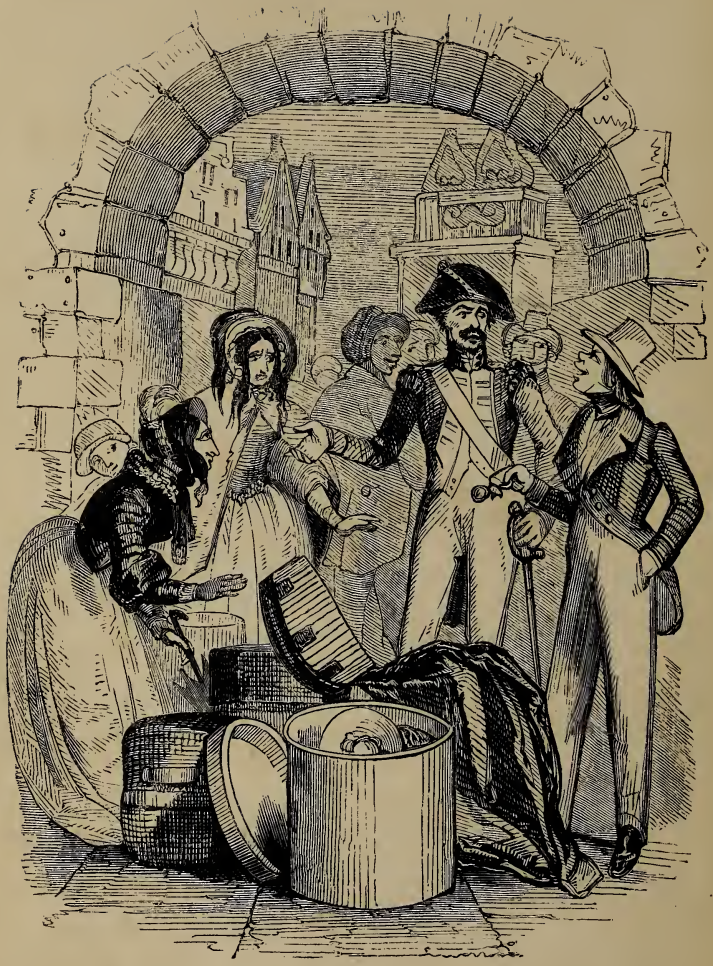

p. 51.

The Higginses at Calais.

"MANY COLOURED LIFE:"

OR

TALES OF WOE AND TOUCHES OF MIRTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE LOLLARDS," "GEORGE GODFREY," "OTHER TIMES,"
"THE SELF CONDEMNED," &c. &c.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

In submitting to the Public the pages which follow, the author cannot invent a new, and will not adopt the favourite old excuse for publishing. He will not say it was the importunities of friends who desired to possess what he had written. The desire, however, he hopes is felt, and about to be largely gratified.

He has only to state, the approbation bestowed upon many of the Tales and Sketches contained in the following sheets, on their appearance in various periodicals, added to the circumstance of their having been very incorrectly copied into other publications, determined the author to collect and reprint them, associated with new matter, which he hoped would prove at least equally worthy of favour. That he may not be charged with piracy, he is obliged to state that several of them have been ascribed to, and even claimed, by parties who were quite innocent of their authorship. Through some accident, the "Lines written for the tomb of the Marquis of Anglesey's leg," have had the great name of Mr. Canning connected with them. Though promptly contradicted, the statement has been repeated again and again, and the Editor of a Liverpool journal assured his readers that he had seen them in the handwriting of that Right Honourable Gentleman. How he could have been thus imposed upon, it is not for the author to

explain. The song beginning "Sweet is the calm sequestered cell," was copied, with the alteration of one line in each verse, into Blackwood's Ladies' Magazine, and signed J. Hall. It originally appeared in "The Martyrdom of Agnes Morton" in Mr. S. C. Hall's first volume of "The Amulet."

To complain of these things would be folly; to mention them is but fair. The author is not sorry that they were thought worthy to be so treated,—and to have a trifle of his writing mistaken for the production of the splendid wit on whom it was fathered, he feels is something of which he may be vain.

The Tales, Essays, and Sketches, which form a large portion of the volume, and which now for the first time see the light, are not wholly imaginary, but embody real facts. Little has been done to aggravate the sorrows of "Tarakanoff," and in "Mary of Eltham" it has been attempted correctly to exhibit some touches of the mournful excitement created, by the circumstances which marked the opening of the seventeenth century.

It is more than a year since this volume was prepared for publication. The fact is mentioned to account for some trifling discrepancies which may be remarked, but which do not require further explanation.

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"MANY COLOURED LIFE:"

EPITAPH,

FOR

THE TABLET IN MEMORY OF THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY'S LEG.*

HERE rests—and let no saucy knave
Presume to sneer or laugh,
To learn that mouldering in the grave,
Is laid—a British *calf*.

For he who writes these lines is sure,
That those who read the whole,
Will find such laugh were premature,
For here, too, lies a *sole*.

And here five little ones repose,
Twin-born with other five;
Unheeded by their brother *toes*,
Who all are now *alive*.

A *leg* and *foot*, to speak more plain,
Lie here, of one commanding;
Who, though his wits he might retain,
Lost half his *understanding*.

* At Beaudesert, the seat of the Noble Marquis, part of the cloth of the trowsers worn on the leg which was shot off, at the moment when his Lordship received his wound, is preserved; in which all the marks of the bullets are seen, and it is in the same splashed state as when removed from the noble soldier's person at Waterloo.

Who when the guns, with thunder fraught,
Poured bullets thick as hail,
Could only in this way be taught
To give the foe *leg-bail.*

And now in England, just as gay—
As in the battle brave—
Goes to the rout, review, or play,
With one foot in the grave.

Fortune in vain here shewed her spite,
For he will still be found,
Should England's sons engage in fight,
Resolved to stand his *ground.*

But Fortune's pardon I must beg,
She meant not to disarm;
And when she lopped the hero's leg,
By no means sought his h-*arm.*

And but indulged a harmless whim,
Since he could walk with one;
She saw *two legs* were lost on him,
Who never meant to *run.*

LIFE, CHARACTER, AND BEHAVIOUR, OF PUBLIC EXECUTIONERS.

It has long been customary when a robber or murderer suffers condign punishment, to edify the world by giving some account of his life, character, and behaviour. Perhaps, notwithstanding ancient practice and modern experience concur in shewing that public taste favours this course, it might not offend, if for once, as much were done for their executioners.

The march of refinement has seriously interfered with the hangman's calling, and, indeed, the *genus*, or class, is likely soon to be extinct. My attention has rested, I know not why, with great interest, on certain passages in the history of England, which relate to the deportment, character, or situation of the individuals, who, in some of the most memorable scenes, have carried the last sentence of the law into effect.

The every-day life of an executioner might not be unworthy of record. How strange is his position! We see him in the presence of countless multitudes, "the observed of all observers," the licensed destroyer of his fellows in cold blood. His performance is liberally rewarded, yet he is spurned. The witness who proves crime, the advocate who enlarges on all the aggravating circumstances, the jury who convict, and the judges who condemn, are held to be nothing sullied by the part they act; bnt he who gives effect to their several labours, who is, himself, the concentrated essence of them all, and without whom, their most important decisions would be of no avail, the executioner, men shrink from with disgust; his presence is loathed as a nuisance, and contamination is in his touch.

But though these ministers of fate have been scorned by society, some of them have enjoyed fame in their vocation. The person who beheaded Anna Boleyn was brought over from France, on account of the great celebrity which he had obtained as a shedder of

blood; and down to a very recent date, the London executioner had a sort of rank which ensured him profitable engagements in distant parts of the country, not sufficiently affluent to indulge in the luxury of keeping such a functionary for their own exclusive use.

The death of the Duke of Suffolk, in 1442, furnishes an instance of cruel kindness on the part of an executioner, who, however, was not an executioner by profession, or possibly he might not have thought disparagingly of that ancient instrument of death, the axe.

Off Dover, on Thurdsay, the 30th of April, the duke had the misfortune to fall in with a ship called "Nicholas of the Tower," the master of which, bade him "welcome traitor;" promptly arraigned him on board ship, and procured a verdict of guilty against him, on which he was ordered forthwith to prepare to die.

What followed is thus described in a letter written by one William Lomner, addressed "To the right worshipful John Paston, at Norwich," and dated, Tuesday, May 5th, 1442.

"Yn the syht of all his men, he (the Duke) was drawn ought of the grete shippe yn to the bote, and there was an exe and a stoke, and oon of the lewdeste of the shippe badde him ley down hys hedde and he shuld be fair ferd* wyth, and dye on a swerde, and toke a rusty swerde, and smotte off hys hedde withyn half-a-dozen strokes, and toke awey hys gown of russette, and hys dobelette of velvet mayled, and leyde hys body on the sands of Dover, and some sey, hys hedde was sette on a pole by it."

In ordinary cases, the courtesy of giving the victim a choice of death, could not be conceded by the headsman; but it was the custom for him most humbly to implore forgiveness. When Bishop Fisher, in 1535, was brought to the scaffold, we read:—

"The executioner being ready to do his office, kneeled down to him, as the *fashion* is, and asked him forgiveness; 'I forgive thee,' said the brave old prelate, 'with all my heart, and I trust thou shalt see me overcome this storm lustily.'"

The Countess of Salisbury, who suffered in the same reign, did not imitate the meek resignation of the Bishop; and in consequence, the executioner was obliged to act a more ferocious part. Denying

* Dealt.

the justice of the sentence under which she was to die, the noble lady refused to lay her head on the block. "She told the man," says Hume, "that if he would have her head, he must win it the best way he could; and shaking her venerable, grey locks, she ran about the scaffold, and the executioner followed her with his axe, aiming many fruitless blows at her neck, before he was able to give the fatal stroke."

Twenty-seven years afterwards, when the Duke of Norfolk came to a like melancholy end, "amongst the rest, the executioner did, on his knees, desire forgiveness of his death, who did very courteously forgive him, and put into his hands, four sovereigns of gold, and eighteen shillings and sixpence in silver."

The executioners of Mary, Queen of Scots, went through this form; but the brutal coarseness of their superiors, from whom a more refined humanity might have been expected in the case of a suffering female, and a queen, manifested itself subsequently in them. Mary took from her neck an Agnus Dei of gold, which she designed to bestow as a token of her parting love, on Jane Kennedy, one of her attendants. It was claimed by the chief executioner as his perquisite. "My good friend," said the dying Mary, "let her have it, and she will pay you more than the value of it in money." This reasonable and touching request, was only answered by his coarsely snatching the article in question.

Great care was taken to conceal the name of the person who beheaded King Charles the First. On the scaffold he wore a mask and a grey periwig; he had an assistant, and both wore butchers' woollen habits. Some believed that it was Brandon, the common hangman, who struck the blow, but several witnesses gave evidence, in 1660, which went to fix the act on William Hulet; but if Lily, the astrologer, may be credited, when not speaking professionally, the deed was done by an officer named Joyce.

The finishers of the law were in the habit of being refreshed with liquor on the scaffold. At the execution of Scot, in 1660, the prisoner, in the course of a long prayer, repeated: "Oh! Lord thy dispensation to thy poor creature hath been wonderful gracious and merciful; and he must say, to the praise of thy free grace."

"Here," says the reporter, "the hangman, stooping down to take

drink, which was reached up to him upon the ladder, Mr. Scot said, 'Prithee, let me alone, I have not done,' then proceeded in prayer."

But this was not the worst. The executioner of that period was allowed to mock the sufferers, on whom he was about to carry into effect a horrible sentence. Of this, a startling instance follows :—

"When Mr. Cooke was cut down and brought to be quartered, one they called Col. Turner, called to the sheriff's men to bring Mr. Peters (who was next to suffer) near, that he might see it, and by-and-by, the hangman came to him all besmeared in blood, and rubbing his bloody hands together, he (tauntingly) asked, 'Come, how do you like this, Mr. Peters? How do you like this work?' to whom he replied, 'I am not, I thank God, terrified at it; you may do your worst.'"

A disgusting celebrity attaches to the name of John Crossland. This wretch, with his father and brother, were convicted in the early part of Charles the Second's reign, of horse-stealing. For some reason, it was thought proper to offer a pardon to one of the condemned, on condition that he should carry the last sentence of the law into effect upon his associates. The father rejected life on such terms, as did the elder son; but John, the younger, had no such scruples, and he is reported to have gladly closed with the horrible offer; to have performed the office without remorse; and to have acquitted himself so skilfully, that he was appointed the regular executioner to that and several adjacent counties. He lived till about the year 1706, and was said to have exercised his calling with delight to extreme old age.

We now come to a singularly melancholy scene, the execution of the Duke of Monmouth, grandson to Charles the First, who, it will be remembered, was grandson to Mary, Queen of Scots. On this occasion the executioner was deplorably conspicuous from his miserable failure. No account exists of him but that which has been preserved of his conduct on the scaffold. The noble sufferer, having concluded his devotions, approached the block, and taking the axe in his hand, felt the edge, and expressed a fear that it was not sharp enough. He exhorted the headsman to do his office well, and not to serve him as he had done Lord John Russell, "for if he gave him two strokes, he would not promise to lie still for a third." To

"make assurance double sure" he handed the man six guineas, adding: "if he did his duty well, six more should be paid to him when he (the duke) was dead, by his servant." This he spoke, we are told, with as much apparent unconcern as if he were giving orders for a suit of clothes. The narrative continues: "Noe change or alteration of countenance from the first unto the last; but stript himself of his coat, and having prayed, laid himself doune and fitted his neck to the block, with all the calmness of temper and composure of mynd that ever hath been observed in any that mounted that fatal scaffold before. He would have no cap to his head, nor be bound, nor have anie thing on his face; and yett, for all this, the botcherly dog, the executioner, did so barbarously act his part, that he could not, at five strokes of the axe, sever the head from the body. At the first, which made only a slender dash in his neck, his body heaved up, and his head turned about; the second stroak he made only a deeper dash, after which the body moved; the third, not being the work, he threw away the axe, and said, 'God damn me, I can do no more, my heart fails me.' The bystanders had much adoe to forbear throwing him over the scafold; but made him take up the axe againe, threatening to kill him if he did not doe his dutie better, which two stroaks more, not being able to finish the work, he was fain at last to draw forth his long knife, and with it to cut off the remaining part of the neck. If there had not bein a guard before the soulders to conduct the executioner away, the people would have torne him to pieces, soe great was their indignation at the barbarous usage the late Duke of Monmouth received at his hand."

The man seems to have been rendered nervous by an exhortation from the sufferer to act his part well. So it happened when Lord Balmerino suffered on Tower Hill. Lord Kilmarnock, who had just been beheaded, made no such appeal, and the head was so nearly severed from the trunk by the first blow, that a very slight additional effort sufficed to complete the work. When Lord Balmerino ascended the scaffold, he was singularly collected. Having given the man three guineas, and also his coat and waistcoat, which he threw on his coffin for him, he went to the block and knelt down, to make the executioner acquainted with the signal he proposed to give. He afterwards took the axe into his own hands, and pointed to the part

where he wished that it should strike; then returning the fatal instrument, he said: "Do your duty with vigour and resolution, for in that shall consist your mercy." After all this, on making the sign he had described, the executioner, staggered by his coolness, struck his lordship between the shoulders. The head turned half round, and the eyes were thought to glare wrathfully on the unskilful functionary, who, however, promptly regained his firmness. A second blow extinguished life, and the body fell from the block, and being replaced, a third finished the dismal work. The executioner, by the way, had been specially commended to Lord Kilmarnock, as being expert in his office, and, moreover, "a very good sort of a man," which addition induced his lordship rather to object to him, as a more unamiable person, he thought, would be likely to give the victim less pain, from his greater determination.

Since the time of George the Second, no traitors of high rank have suffered the last penalty of the law. Executions for treason there have been, but the criminals have died on the gallows. Since hanging and beheading after death, has been substituted for the old horrible sentence, the ordinary finisher of the law, has been supposed hardly equal to the task of cutting off a dead man's head. When Colonel Despard and his companions died, persons attended, expressly engaged to perform that operation; and in 1819, when Thistlewood and others met their fate in the Old Bailey, after hanging till they were dead, the platform was raised, when the bodies, still suspended, appeared as sitting, and a man, attired as a sailor, but wearing a black mask, performed the act of decollation with a knife. On the men convicted of high treason at Derby, being tried in 1817, the hangman of that circuit, earnestly represented to the gaoler that he was able and willing to do it. He made good his words: the axe fell but once on each sufferer's neck; an assistant with a knife did the rest.

Cheshire, a London hangman, who was specially retained to attend at Hertford on the occasion of Thurtell's execution, was a wretched ruffian, and the day before, he was found entertaining a company of sots, with a lecture on the art of hanging, which he illustrated by a display of nooses, in which small effigies were suspended. He got into such a state of intoxication in the course of the after-

noon, that the magistrates became alarmed, lest the dreadful spectacle of the succeeding morning should be rendered more appalling by his incapacity or misconduct; and they actually made him share the prison of the murderer (not his cell), to get sober.

Of all singular spectacles, I could wish to see the death-bed of an executioner. The end of Thomas Young, the Glasgow functionary, last year, however, presents nothing remarkable, unless it be the fact of a professed destroyer of his fellows departing in peace. Young was a soldier in his youth, and coming to Glasgow in 1814, at a time when the services of a finisher of the law were wanted, he offered for the situation. He applied to several gentlemen, to whom he had been known, for letters of recommendation, stating that he was about to apply for a berth, but not hinting at the *exact* object of his ambition. He succeeded; and by indenture, dated the 10th of December in that year, he bound himself for life, to perform the duty of executioner, to inflict all corporal punishments, and to work as a labourer in the prison. A yearly salary of 52*l*, a present of a guinea for every capital execution, two pair of shoes per annum, and a dwelling rent free, with coals and candles, were the remuneration the authorities consented to allow him. A fine of fifty pounds was to be paid by either party on breaking this engagement. He held the office for nearly half a century, during which period, seventy unhappy beings died by his hands; fifty-six in Glasgow, the rest "getting their business done," that was his phrase, at Greenock. When called upon to officiate out of Glasgow, he claimed very high fees, and part of his agreement was, that he should be carried to and from the place where his services were required, with a companion. Such occasions he hailed with exultation, and passed his time in festive enjoyment; common liquors he no longer patronised, but he would drink wine and brandy, and treat his friends liberally on the strength of his good fortune.

James Botting, the hangman, a quarter of a century ago, at Newgate, a few years back deceased. He was a coarse unfeeling man, and it appeared to those who witnessed his deportment at an execution, that he acted his part with something more than indifference, something very like levity. Disabled by paralysis for many years, he dragged on a wretched existence, being allowed by the

corporation a small stipend. The account furnished of his last moments, wears an air of dismal burlesque, too frightful for mirth; horrid visions disturbed the wretched man, and he was wont to dream that one hundred and seventy-five "*parties,*" as he was accustomed to term them, meaning thereby persons who had suffered the last penalty of the law, presented themselves to his startled eye, a terrifying spectacle, wearing the fatal cap and with their heads inclining on one side. He, when describing what appalled him, declared with a reprobate expression, "that if they would only hold up their heads, and take off their caps, he would not care a straw for any of them."

It is told, that one of his official successors advised with him as to the course he had better take, in consequence of the alarming decrease in capital punishments during the late reign. Botting counselled him to petition the court of aldermen on the subject, representing, that "his Majesty had grown so gallows merciful, that nothing was left for a hangman to do; and, therefore, praying them to hint to the king, that it was time to begin again to do a bit of justice." Disturbed as his mind was at times, with recollections of departed culprits, he seems to have contemplated the scene of his former operations with lively interest to the last, and to have been constantly occupied with what might be expected to take place there. Greenacre's case he listened to from day to day with great eagerness, and when the result of the trial was known, he calculated the hours the murderer had to live; and though he could not be personally present at the scene of expiation, his thoughts accompanied the culprit through the last melancholy progress to the drop, a progress to Botting so intimately known. When the fatal morning opened, it found the paralytic retired hangman awake, and full of the awful business then to be despatched. When the clock struck eight, he called from his bed, "That's the time of day; I'm blest if he aint a coming out to nap it."

From these hasty snatches it will be seen that hangmen are as various in their habits and manners as others; reprobates, sots, and good sort of men, make up their number. The practices of giving them drink on the scaffold, seems strange at this time of day, but was witnessed at least, so recently as at the execution of Earl Ferrers.

TWO SATURDAYS.

I HAVE often thought that two Saturdays in my life, in which I was connected with the same individuals, were so remarkably different from each other, that they might be worth describing.

I one morning heard a knock at the door of my chamber, some hours earlier than my usual time for rising, and on demanding who was there, a female voice replied in a low tone:

"It's only Mrs. Hadley. You will have the goodness not to forget that this is Saturday. You know what is to take place to day."

"Certainly, madam," said I, "you will see me down stairs directly."

And I meant what I said, for the business of the day was really of some interest. Mrs. Hadley, who had disturbed my repose, had done so that I might not rise too late to give away her daughter, in the character of father, to my friend Rollins, who had long been her admirer.

It was the whim of the parties, though all the world approved of the match, to have the affair managed as slily as if there had been the regular dramatic array of avaricious fathers, snarling uncles, and angry guardians opposed to it.

Such being the case, we slipped out without any extraordinary preparation, made a pedestrian advance to the nearest coach-stand, whence we were presently transported to a church in the suburbs, where the young lady, as I took upon myself facetiously to remark, soon lost her *good name*. I afterwards added, in the course of the same day, with equal felicity, that Miss Hadley was *no more*.

I remembered being much amused by the dignified satisfaction of the clergyman, the smirking glee of the clerk, and still descending, the significant merriment of the sexton and the pew-opener (all of whom graced the ceremony with their presence), at the liberal

donations which were severally appropriated to their use and benefit by the jocund bridegroom, and I also recall the laugh which burst forth in honour of the great presence of mind which I displayed, when having trespassed on the train of the young lady, I, in begging her pardon, accosted her as "Mrs. Rollins," for the first time.

Our retreat from the church, was effected as quietly as our advance to it had been. We met at the dinner table other members of the family, who were not in the secret. The mother, the daughter, and the husband, were highly amused by some witticisms alluding to the business of the morning, which I ventured to throw out, and which must have been exceedingly clever, as they did not even produce a smile from the rest of the company, so nicely did I manage to keep the jest in them from being too obvious.

We got through the day without exciting any suspicion. On the next, the marriage appeared in the papers, and the bride, her cake, and husband, were honoured in the usual way.

"Time, whose haste no mortal spares," rolled on, and the population of the country had been increased by some eight or nine individuals in consequence of the union described, when early in January last, I received a note from Rollins, announcing the death of his lady, and inviting me to her funeral on the ensuing Saturday, whom seventeen years before, he had received from me at the altar.

I was shocked at the intelligence, but having a little recovered myself, I returned the usual polite answer, that "I was sorry for his loss, but should have great pleasure in following his wife to the grave."

I accordingly attended. The scene to me was highly interesting. Under the same roof, where, on the former Saturday, suppressed mirth sat on every countenance of the four who were in the secret, occasionally breaking loose in a laugh at the comedy we were acting, now, two only met: one mourning for his wife, and the mother of his children, the other, for a much respected friend.

My grief was augmented by the group of youthful mourners, who attended, none of whom were present on the former Saturday. "Could we have foreseen on that day," thought I, "that such a train of sorrowing orphans, would have been produced by it, how greatly would our satisfaction have been abated by such afflicting prescience.

Other individuals met my eye, old friends of the family, whom I had been in the habit of meeting at the period of the marriage.

Two of these, who were then mere lads, now came before me as set men of thirty. At the former period, they were romping, careless boys. One, now a barrister, exhibited all that solemnity of deportment, which the people at the bar call dignity, the other, all the stern, examining air properly belonging to a commissioner of the excise.

I also recognized a gentleman, who, at the time to which I referred, was a medical pupil, who had now become a physician of eminence, and another, then a young married stripling clerk, had grown into a well disciplined attorney.

We had to wait a considerable time for some of the parties. The conversation was at first general. A sort of pool was made up for a round game at conversation, to which each gave his fish or fishes in the shape of a solemn or sentimental sentence—"Melancholy event"—"Life is uncertain"—"More affecting where there is so large a family"—"Motherless children"—"Second wife never like a first"—were some of the contributions.

But after a time, we rather descended from the lofty sentimental, and the attorney and the physician making a little table for themselves, philosophically talked of the comparative merits of their professions. They certainly proved that there was a great deal to be said on both sides.

Such a conversation I thought hardly suitable to the occasion. To correct their error I enquired of the physician how Mrs. Jones was, whom we had both formerly known.

"Really I cannot answer that question," said he, "she has given me up."

"And *she* I suppose is alive."

The attorney thought this was a satirical hit at the physician, who had attended our deceased friend through her last illness, and he remarked, that whatever the cause of our meeting, *I* would have my joke.

I felt rather nettled, though I said nothing. It might have been quite natural for the doctor to make such a remark, but I felt that it was very unhandsome coming from the attorney.

Our hatbands, cloaks, and gloves were now supplied. I could not

help noticing the agility with which the physician put on his cloak, and the superior dignity and grace with which he wore it. To me it was quite clear that he had had great practice.

We got into our coaches. I looked out of the window, and I saw the train which followed—the nodding plumes on the horses' heads, and the attendants on either side. I reflected, we had none of this display on the former Saturday, and felt all the difference between unostentatious mirth and stately sorrow.

Mrs. Hadley, too, was not with us on this occasion. She waited for us at the church, and her daughter was now to rejoin her in the grave.

The bearer of a street organ played "Home, sweet home," as we advanced; I do not know that it was other than accidental, I saw two of the undertaker's men laughing, but this I believe was at something professionally brilliant—some piece of church-yard wit.

In due time we reached the place of interment. We entered the church, and the clergyman commenced his part. His reading was so affectedly fine, that it seemed quite ridiculous, and the more so from the contrast supplied by the rough bull-dog like style in which the clerk barked out the responses. The door was frequently opened while this was going on, and the pulley being deranged, made a noise which caused me at first to think what I heard was the cackling of a gander. I fancy the reverend gentleman had the same idea, for he looked angrily towards the door, as if resolved to

"Bear like the Turk no *brother* near the throne."

When we approached the grave, and the coffin had been lowered, my attention was attracted by the technical attention of the grave-digger, who, scrambling up a handful of earth, enquired of the undertaker, "if it were a sister?" A moment after, the clerk called to him "Brother or sister?" and then the ceremony was completed.

The rain fell fast, the day was cold, and all my coach companions expressed much satisfaction at regaining their seats. I, wishing to be appropriately sublime, would not join in this, but I felt nevertheless that it was a more comfortable thing to be snugly ensconced in a coach, than to be standing by the damp grave of a friend. My thoughts, however, were still fixed on the world of spirits, but that did not make a little brandy when we reached home other than welcome.

I shall not proceed further with the history of the second Saturday than to state that we all attacked poor Rollins with such a series of comforting speeches, that I think his fortitude must have been severely tried. Of that excellent quality, he, however, possesses naturally a very good share, and it enabled him on this occasion to submit with pious resignation to the will of Heaven.

Perhaps I may be allowed to add, that unlike many men, who lose their wives, my friend was in no haste to marry again. I saw him on the last day of March, and he then remained a widower. I shall not mention a report which reached me early in the following month.

A SAFE SPECULATION.

"Your wife is beautiful and young,
But then her clapper! how 'tis hung!
Had I a wife with such a tongue,
I'd pack her off to France, Sir."
"Pshaw! you're too much afraid of strife,
Would you improve your present life,
I'd have you marry such a wife,
I'm certain *she would answer*."

THE MARTYRDOM OF AGNES MORTON.

A TALE.

In Smithfield, opposite St. Bartholomew's Church, assembled thousands waited the commencement of the last inhuman ceremonies which were to terminate the sufferings of Agnes Morton.

This female was one of those, who, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, opposed the domineering bigotry of the church with such ardent zeal, acute discrimination and eloquent enthusiasm, as seemed to justify the fears of the original opposers of "Wickliff learning," inasmuch as "women" proved themselves competent "to argue with priests."

The houses which separated the church from Smithfield, had their windows filled with spectators, and in front of one of them a temporary scaffold, even with the first-floor, surmounted by a canopy, and covered with black cloth, was erected. This was provided with chairs for the accommodation of the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, the Bishops of London and Canterbury, and other personages of importance expected to attend.

Distant from the scaffold about twenty feet, was a circle of posts, connected with strong bars of timber, enclosing a considerable area. A yeoman armed with a partisan and sword was stationed at each post to prevent the crowd from trespassing. In the centre of the open ground, a solid stake was inserted, to which chains were attached. Between that and the houses, and on a line with the extremity of the temporary erection we have described, stood a pulpit, and piles of faggots appeared in different parts of the ring.

Mingled with the idlers there collected, was one, whom feelings very different from those which animated the great body of the crowd, had brought to that spot. This was a young man of noble mien and handsome countenance. He, while the rabble around him struggled for those situations, which, from their being nearer the scene of expected suffering, were deemed the best, though absorbed in sad

and silent meditation, resolutely maintained the station he had gained. The wretched ribaldry which was sometimes addressed to him by those who in vain attempted to displace him, he seemed not to hear, or, if it ever for a moment forced itself on his attention, a silent tear was all the answer he returned.

Edwin Forrester had been the companion of Agnes when both were in their childhood. As years advanced, their intimacy grew into friendship, and their friendship expanded into love. A soldier by profession, he had served with credit, and the wars now over, he returned to claim the promised hand of Agnes.

It was evening when he arrived at Shene; and, as the last faint reflection of the departed sun vanished from the bright surface of the dimpled waters, he exultingly thought, "I shall witness its return with Agnes! How grateful," the lover mentally continued, as he approached her home, "will be the sound of the returning wanderer's voice!" And then he commenced the following stanzas, in which he had formerly embodied the genuine sentiments of his heart:—

THE ABSENT CHARM.

Sweet is the calm, sequester'd cell,
Sweet is the daisy-spangled dell,
And sweet the breath of early day,
When zephyrs with young sunbeams play;
But, dearest, these are all forgot,
And fail to charm where thou art not!

I love the brilliant courtly scene,—
I love the grove's delightful green,—
The fountain and the bright cascade,—
The rose-wreath'd bower, and grotto shade;
But palace, fountain, grove, or grot,
Can never charm where thou art not!

Edwin had anticipated a joyful interruption. The door opened, and he saw, not Agnes, but her parents. That she did not press forward to greet him caused him some alarm. When he looked on them, their appearance was sufficiently indicative of sorrow to assure him that his fear had not been vain, and his eager anxious enquiries soon obtained the mournful intelligence that his mistress was then a prisoner in Newgate, convicted of heresy, and doomed to suffer death by fire.

Edwin was of Catholic parents, and himself a Catholic. Shocked at what he heard, he hastened to the captive, trusting that it might be in his power to convince her of the errors into which he considered that she had fallen, and to induce her to make the submission which the church required.

Very different was the meeting from that, which flattering hope had whispered to the ardent lover it would be theirs to enjoy on his return! Strong in the truth, the unbending mind of Agnes yielded nothing to the arguments and denunciations, which from day to day assailed her faith and menaced her life; but the bright bloom of youthful health which had once glowed on her cheek, was there no more. Though her heart could brave undismayed the most appalling dangers, her constitution was not proof against the frightful tortures to which she had already been subjected.

"And is it thus," Edwin exclaimed, "that I again behold my Agnes?"

"Peace!" cried an awful voice, the owner of which, though sufficiently distinguished by the gown and insignia of office, Edwin, occupied by one object alone, had not observed. This authoritative personage was no other than the Lord Mayor, who now, accompanied by the Bishop of London and the archbishop of Canterbury, came to make a final effort as they said, to avoid the necessity of shedding a sinner's blood, by prevailing on the prisoner humbly to abjure her imputed errors.

The reproving admonition which had been given, was unheard by Edwin, but it seemed to command instant obedience, for the fast-falling tears which burst from his eyes, and the wild emotion which filled his heart, interdicted further speech.

There was something in his manner which excited the curiosity of those by whom he was surrounded; and on its being explained that he had been the early companion and the lover of Agnes, and was himself a good Catholic, they approved of the discretion exercised by the Sheriffs, who, it was communicated to them, had sanctioned his approach at that moment. It struck them as not unlikely that he might prove a most efficient instrument in their hands, to procure the wished for recantation.

They therefore offered no hindrance to Edwin, when he was sufficiently collected again to address the sufferer.

"I little dreamed," Edwin resumed, "when last we parted, that Agnes would thus bring herself into jeopardy by any act against religion."

"Nor did I dream," she replied, "that Edwin could ever be numbered with the persecutors, who falsely accuse me of so great a crime. I have not sinned against religion."

"O, Agnes, bethink thee well. This is an awful subject, and little adapted to woman's wit."

"It is the light from above, which, shining upon me, now leads me from the maze of error, in which my benighted soul was long involved, and guides me into pleasant paths, from superstition, bigotry, and hell."

The unexpected energy of her voice, and the boldness of her language, astonished Edwin. He had not had time to attempt an answer, when the Archbishop impatiently exclaimed,

"Wretch!—Obstinate and impenitent still? Who now shall venture to offend the insulted Majesty of Heaven by idle intercession that thy guilty life may be spared?"

Edwin had been about to reprove the words of Agnes, which to him appeared too daring, when the voice of the prelate arrested the course of his thoughts and feelings, and he turned to him to supplicate for mercy.

"Speak not thus, my lord. Recall those awful words, nor let such dreadful vengeance descend on a helpless maiden, albeit she may err in speech."

"Is it in speech alone she errs?" enquired the Archbishop with bitterness. "No: a foe to God, she errs in heart as well as tongue."

"I know full well my cruel destiny," sighed Agnes, but with unabated determination, "and not to *you* do I appeal for mercy. Much have I already endured, and you must answer for the tortures I have suffered."

"And so I will in the Eternal Presence," the Bishop solemnly rejoined. "Placed here on earth, among the guardians of mortal salvation, I have watched, the Creator knows it, with a parent's anxiety, over the souls entrusted to my care; and as a father chastises in love his refractory offspring with severity, so do I thee."

"But your Grace knows," Edwin interposed, "the loving father pursues not to the death, the child who may offend."

"Nor do I pursue to the death. My object is to save the life of the eternal part of this fearfully transgressing rebel against the Divine will. Gentler methods have failed, and death to the mortal frame alone remains to be experimented. Ere now the power of consuming fire, image of that prepared for sin hereafter, has scared the froward soul from its iniquity, and dismissed it from the scene of its transgressions in saving penitence."

"Your words are daggers—daggers did I say?—O! they are firebrands to my withering heart. Reflect, my lord, on the imprisonment, and all the pains which have been inflicted on that tender frame; remember these, and pardon."

"Pardon to her were cruelty to mankind, nay, as has been already expounded to herself, and insolence to Heaven."

"So it strikes thee, thou thirster after blood," Agnes calmly remarked.

"Dearest, be silent," Edwin entreated, "and, pitying me, if reckless of thyself, cease for awhile; for I enough am wretched, to see thee thus unlike thyself, who wast (how fondly memory to that season turns!) so bright, so seraph-like, that while I gazed upon that countenance, I scarcely thought it mortal."

"Thou seemest in her to have found an idol for thy worship. It matters little what she was. Behold her now, lost, fallen and despised as she is. Thy influence has been in vain essayed, and she is proved false to thee, and past affection; as to her God and her religion."

"But true, God knows it,—true in heart to all," cried Agnes, looking earnestly on Edwin, while a tear of tenderness trembled on her eye-lid, as a voucher for her sincerity.

"Baffled mercy has vainly strove to save thee, and now withdraws to leave thee to thy fate,—that fate, which was before announced."

"O no!" Edwin groaned, detaining the Bishop, "if any, name a milder punishment,—a punishment fit for the offence."

"Youth," the Archbishop replied, "you are misled by a grovelling passion, and, regardless of heavenly interests, forget the horrors of the crime of which yon great backslider stands convicted."

"I seek but to assuage severity, which shocks my senses as unmeet; and forgive me when I say it, as most unholy. Deign, my Lord, to mitigate your rigour, and let your justice be associated with humanity."

The prelate turned away with an air of dignified scorn.

"The appeal is vain, for he who has blinded their eyes, has steeled their hearts to every prayer for mercy."

Such was the remark of Agnes; and Edwin felt that it was too well founded; for while he still pleaded, those to whom his prayer was addressed, withdrew, declaring that nothing remained but to furnish, by the death of one so hardened, a salutary warning to others who might wander.

"Farewell! Farewell!" Agnes sighed, "to part from thee, Edwin, is to sustain life's final pang."

"I would save—I would comfort!"

"Already I am saved, and for further comfort, thou canst none impart, unless it were to tell me ere I die, that my fondest, holiest hope is realized, and that thou art no longer misled by the delusions from which my spirit has been emancipated."

"Now, mistress, you must away," interrupted the jailor. "Much blame will fall on me, for suffering such discourse to go on."

"I am as a bird in the fowler's snare, and cannot resist. Lead me whither thou wilt."

His voice broken by sobs, Edwin again attempted to prevail on the prisoner to eschew opinions which he held to be erroneous. But the effort was unsuccessful: Agnes repeated the declaration, that she was content to die, and entreated him to be witness of her firmness in the last trying scene. This was exacted as the last proof of love that she could receive on earth.

The following day was passed by him in making new applications for mercy. He urged her youth, her sex, and all the arguments which love and zeal could use, to obtain the remission of her sentence; but the utmost he could gain was a promise, that if, at the stake, Agnes would abjure the opinions she had espoused, her life should yet be spared; and he was counselled to be present to press on her the wisdom of making this concession.

It was the earnest request of Agnes, as already mentioned, and the strong recommendation of the prelates whom he had solicited on her behalf, that he should be present, which caused Edwin to be found in the crowd on the day appointed for the execution.

The fatal hour rapidly approached: louder and louder grew the hum of expectation; and "They are here!"—"They are coming!"—"Be uncovered!"—were among the cries which repeatedly burst

some thousands of voices, when some fresh movement occurred within the enclosed area, or near it. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs were now seen ascending the scaffold prepared for their accommodation. The Bishops soon followed, having previously visited the prison, and ascertained that the resolution of the devoted Agnes remained unshaken.

With them came the Lord Chancellor. To make room for these great personages the Sheriffs retired, but soon returned in awful state as part of the sad procession which ushered the prisoner into the fatal circle. She was attired in white, her hair flowed loosely over her shoulders, and her countenance, though ghastly pale from former suffering, was perfectly serene.

"We shall meet again in a happier state of being," she exclaimed, while her eye glanced on Edwin with a look of kindly recognition.

A chair was brought, in which she was permitted to seat herself, and then Dr. Shaxton, who had accompanied the Sheriffs, passed to the pulpit.

He preached of repentance and mercy, but withal enforced the necessity of firmly performing the solemn duty imposed on the guardians of Christ's church, by extirpating those whose wilful obstinacy tended, not only to their own perdition, but also to the undoing of millions, who, were it not for them, would be "safely gathered into the fold of the good Shepherd."

Agnes listened attentively to his discourse: to those parts which seemed to her in accordance with the Scriptures, she bowed assent, but when some of the tenets of the Catholic faith were insisted upon, she shook her head, or breathed her conviction that *there* was displayed the mark of the beast, the wickedness of the woman of Babylon, the vain bigotry of Rome.

The sermon ended, it was intimated to her that having heard the cogent and unanswerable reasoning of a learned doctor, well calculated to dispel the errors into which she had been betrayed, if she had happily so profited by his labours, as to be content to yield her opinion, her pardon, already signed, should forthwith be given into her hands.

To this she replied, that having been guilty of no crime against religion, she could profess no repentance. The grand charge against Agnes was, that she had denied the real presence of the Deity in the

bread used for the Sacrament. Her opinion she again defended. The bread so used, if put away for a time, would become mouldy, and this she urged as a proof that it could not be God. When reminded of the words of the Saviour declaring it to be his flesh, she insisted that his language was figurative; as when stating that he would raise the *Temple* again in three days, he had spoken of the temple of his body.

In vain the churchman argued, in vain the lover implored, the martyr was resolute. Edwin had passed the bar, had entreated Agnes to change her determination; and failing with her, had besought the Sheriffs to stay the execution, pledging himself to bring her to repentance, and offering to suffer in her stead if his efforts should fail.

But all was to no purpose. He was denied the satisfaction, which for an instant he promised himself, that of dying for her on whose account alone he had wished to live.

"I cannot save! O might I share thy death!" Edwin sighed with anguish of heart.

"Would thou mightest share my future fate! If in the fiery trial which is now at hand, thou wouldest sustain my infirmity under suffering, give me a sign that thy thoughts are at length in accordance with mine, that thou art a convert to the true faith, and death will be a triumph."

The word to "withdraw" was given. Edwin attended not to the mandate, but continued speaking, when the officers by main force removed him. The executioner bound Agnes to the stake. He deposited a bag of gunpowder on either side of the victim.

The wood was piled round the sufferer, reaching up to her neck. One of the Sheriffs drew near, and again required her and to be merciful to herself renounce her errors.

"My errors," said Agnes, "I have already renounced, and therefore am I brought to this.

"She refuses pardon!" cried the Sheriff.

The Bishops looked at each other in astonishment, and with apparent horror, in which the chief magistrate fully participated. The latter then in the discharge of his official duty, proceeded to give the last awful command.

"Enough," said he, "has been done for mercy. Now"—he

paused for a second, to give more impressive force to the solemn mandate which was to follow—" now, *Fiat Justitia!*"

Prompt to perform his dreadful task, that instant saw the executioner apply the lighted torch to the straw and tarred shavings, at the base of the pile prepared for the immolation of Agnes. The crackling flame rose rapidly, and completely encircled the sufferer. Her hair was in a blaze, and her face, already scorched, presented a frightful contrast to what it had lately been. It was now veiled by the ascending smoke, and then displayed by the vivid light which succeeded. Amidst the roar of the increasing fire, the accents of thankfulness and prayer were heard to ascend. The powder exploded, and enveloped her in its frightful glare, but it had not the effect of instantly extinguishing life. She continued, aloud, her appeal to the Deity.

It would be useless to attempt to pourtray the anguish of Edwin. The reader would profit little from perusing the record of the incoherent ejaculations for her deliverance,—the wild execrations against her persecutors,—and the passionate bursts of sorrow which escaped from his lips. He was with difficulty restrained from seeking death by throwing himself into the fire which consumed his mistress.

Withdrawing her thoughts for a moment from prayer, Agnes thought of her lover. "I feel it not," she exclaimed; "I am wonderfully supported: now, Edwin, can you doubt?"

"That these are fiends — that you are a martyr? No; this constancy must be from Heaven! A convert to thy faith, I pant but to follow thee, and to die for the truth!"

"It is finished!" Agnes sighed, repeating the words which closed the memorable and awful scene of Calvary; and, looking upward with exultation, while she spoke. Her limbs were consumed:— she sunk, and ceased to exist!

The devouring fire seized on all that remained of the lovely form of Agnes, but the firm faithful heart, unconquered even in death, remained entire, though the rest of her person was reduced to ashes. To Edwin even in that moment of sorrow, it seemed to image the unquenchable spirit by which it had been animated beyond the reach of human wrath. The flames which surrounded it, burnt dimly — they declined and at length expired, yet that portion of the victim remained unconsumed, nor was it till a new fire had been kindled that the sacrifice could be rendered complete.

Those by whose decree she suffered, expressed their conviction, that the sad warning thus supplied would not be lost on others. That backsliders from the church, terrified by this dreadful but necessary execution, would awake to a sense of duty, and dismiss their impious doubts.

Vain was the hope. The Eternal has ordered, and the decree is immutable, that faith shall not be put down by persecution. The stake and the faggot could not impede its march. Bigotry laboured with useless industry to subdue truth, but sacred zeal converted torture and ignominy into joy and glory! The crown of martyrdom was sought with eagerness, and the flaming pile, from which human weakness, under other circumstances, would have shrunk with trembling horror, was likened, by the intrepid Christian of that day, to the fiery chariot in which the prophet, favoured by the direct interference of the Most High, had passed at once from earth to Heaven,—from the troubles of mortal life to the presence of the God he adored.

THE SCRIBBLER'S CAPTIVE.

I was one morning about to write a letter, when I observed a very small insect (hardly visible to the naked eye), such as is frequently found about paper, moving on the sheet I had prepared to use. A single line drawn by my pen seemed to obstruct his march. He turned back as I should have done, if a foul ditch too broad to be leaped, had suddenly presented itself in the way I proposed to journey. A second line compelled him again to change his course, and a third and fourth secured him within the limits of a square.

The tiny creature ran about evidently frightened; whether he trembled for his life, or was only afraid that his appearance would be impaired by the sable stream, which threatened to sully his delicate feet, if he ventured to advance, I could not determine. My opinion inclined to the latter supposition, for the line was hardly coarse enough to justify the former. He might be a beau of his species, and on his road to pay his addresses to some fair insect of great family, and high pretensions, and in that case, to present himself in such awful plight, as wading through a stream of ink would cause, it was easy to conceive, might have proved fatal to his dearest hopes. It would be no joke for a dandy, intending to wait upon his adored Miss F. in the Regent's Park, with views like those for which I give his brother insect credit, to get a dip in the common sewer, without any possibility, as was the case with my unfortunate prisoner, of changing his shoes, stockings, and inexpressibles, before he entered the drawing-room.

That something like this was the case, I felt almost convinced, when having procured a powerful magnifying glass, I was enabled to make out the form of the creature, whose motion was all my unassisted vision could distinctly trace before. He was really a pretty fellow: two horns like those of a butterfly, graced his head; he had fine large prominent eyes; his form was longer, perhaps it would be better to say, his figure was more genteel, than that of our fragrant

friend of the bedstead, and his speed, his small size considered, quite as great.

But whatever the case might be in the first instance, I am sure he subsequently discovered that he was in a situation of tremendous peril. My pen, though it has sometimes been said not to be an ill-natured one, was very cruel on this occasion, for it swelled the lines previously traced, from slender common-place marks, to broad, well supplied rivulets, which it would have been death for the captive to attempt. Of this he seemed perfectly sensible, and possibly blamed his own want of presence of mind, for not rushing through what had first checked his progress, at once, instead of waiting till it had swelled into what he deemed an ocean.

He ran now one way, and then another, but "all" as we romance writers say, "was dark around." Then he squatted down. "Is this despair?" thought I, "or is it experience? Does the creature conclude that escape is impossible, or often in such difficulties, does he expect that the ink will presently dry and allow him to proceed."

His case was singular, but my situation was not less so. I was for the moment an earthly Almighty. There was but one being possessed of life, whom my omnipotence could immediately controul, it is true, and that one not of my own creation: but to him, I was somebody. My little finger was, perhaps a hundred million of times the size of his whole body; a touch of my awful hand could annihilate him in a moment. It had made him prisoner, had overthrown all his established notions of geography, as taught, perhaps by the ablest insect preceptors, even from the creation of his world (that is the issuing of my sheet from the paper mill), by making what he might regard as vast seas, to roll, where all was dry land before; by making that black, which before was white.

Another copious dip or two, would have completely filled up the hollow of the square, and destruction to him and his friends, if he had any such, too small to be visible near him, would have been as certain, hopeless, and complete, as if London had met the fate of Herculaneum or "the great globe itself" been "dissolved."

The creature, however, remained motionless so long, that I began to think he was dead, and my ideas were in motion to hold a coroner's inquest on the remains. Perhaps it was fright that had killed him; or it might be that the noxious fumes of the ink, had been too

powerful for his finer organs. But there are creatures it occurred to me, mentioned by Dr. Franklin and others, whose lives are so brief, that several generations of them are called into existence, and die by natural decay in the course of a day. In that case thought I, what a monstrous deed may I have perpetrated ! A weak, unoffending pilgrim has probably been arrested by me in the flower of his youth, and detained a forlorn captive, and in mere wantonness, to die from grief in old age; or if this were too much to suppose, it was not very unlikely that an hour being to his life more than a week is to mine, the wants of nature demand to be attended to after shorter intervals, and though that spot to which he was confined, appeared to my eye, as fertile, and in all respects as eligible a portion of his country (my paper) as any other, the fact might not be so, and he, for aught I could say to the contrary, had perished by famine.

The fear was vain ; he soon revived, and apparently in good health. I had established reservoirs of ink at the corners of my square, which from time to time were replenished, and these as they stood above the surface of the paper, glistening brightly in the sun, and in motion when my table got a shake, must have presented to him an appalling spectacle. Yet he did not fear to approach them. If I put the pen near him, he drew suddenly back close upon the margin of the flowing ink, but I could not discover that he ever touched it.

While I was thus engaged, I perceived another creature of the same species, approach my prison. It halted, and then advanced—then halted again, and then receded. I should think it could not see the captive, but possibly its cry of distress might be heard from the enclosure, though it was not audible to me. This new acquaintance might be the Hero of my Leander, or for aught I knew, the Leander of my Hero, for I had no means of ascertaining, that I had not been ungallant enough to doom a lady to an unexpected confinement. If such were the case, Leander had no fancy to attempt the sable Hellespont, which I had interposed between him and his love. The burning forest was not so dreadful to Tancred. But it might be a parent, a disconsolate mother, or venerable father, who wildly sought a child long since expected to return, but mysteriously withheld from their love, by an overruling power which they could neither resist nor propitiate. I thought of bringing the two together—to witness their warm emotions at thus encountering each other; but while

studying how to manage a scene so eminently dramatic, the second performer had reached the edge of the paper, and could not be stayed without risking the instant annihilation of my black fortress.

I now grew weary of tyranny, and proposed to release the object of my late persecution. But this was rather a difficult task. It is easier to do wrong than to repair it. Four slight movements of my pen, had in a moment doomed a poor traveller, whose business might have been of the utmost importance, to a long captivity. I could not so soon dry the ink. If for that purpose I had held the paper to the fire, he would have been burned; the nib of my pen to his transparent side would have been a spear; and to have used my knife, in order to lift him, would have been literally putting him to the sword. All I could do, was to scrape a way through the ink, and endeavour to direct him to the path thus opened for his accommodation.

This I at length effected, and he went on like "*Christian and Hopeful*" in "The Pilgrim's Progress," "rejoicing." Whether, when he got home, he was regarded as a Sindbad, a Gulliver, or a Captain Ross, I am unable to report. Perhaps he was nearer my own level than I am willing to believe, and had only to apologize to friends with whom he was to dine, for coming too late. He would give, I suspect, no favourable account of me. The astounding glare of my glass, which he would naturally call the "eye of the monster," my immense size (as compared with his), the colour of my coat, which was that of my ink, as well as the sport I seemed to make of sufferings not to be described, might justify him in characterizing me—not as I know myself—a poor dabbler in the *black* art, but as *the Black Gentleman* himself.

BEHIND THE SCENES;

OR, A BREAKFAST IN NEWGATE.

RETURNING from the country, I found myself in the Old Bailey, shortly after seven in the morning. I had some difficulty in making my way through the crowd there assembled; which I instantly perceived, from the platform erected in front of Newgate, had been brought together to witness one of those mournful exhibitions, which the administration of criminal justice once so frequently furnished in this immense metropolis.

My first impulse was to retreat with all possible expedition, but the impediments opposed to my doing so, compelled a pause; and it then struck me, that however reluctant to witness suffering, there was much in the scene before me, on which a reflecting mind might dwell with interest, if not with advantage.

The decent gravity of some of the crowd, formed a strong contrast to the jocund vivacity of the majority; and this again with the important swagger of the constables, who seemed fully to appreciate the consequence which the modicum of authority dealt out to persons of their standing in society, cannot fail to impart. Then the anxiety to complete their task, which the workmen who were still employed in preparing the scaffold, evinced, gave another feature perfectly distinct from what had before caught my attention, while the eagerness of the inhabitant housekeepers to let "excellent places for seeing," and of certain ambulatory pastry-cooks to accommodate the rapidly increasing multitude with such delicacies as they had for sale, added to the variety, though not to the solemnity of the scene.

Some undertaker's men were carrying coffins across the road to the prison; for the reception of the sufferers after execution. They were much pushed about, and this caused great mirth. I turned from the general display of levity with disgust. "On no account," I mentally exclaimed, "will I remain mixed up with such a herd of heartless

beings. "But who am I" I retorted on myself in the next moment, "that I should thus condemn my fellows and 'bite the chain of nature?'"—for what I saw was nature after all. A mob, save when depressed by positive suffering or a sense of peril, can never long refrain from some indications of merriment, however awful the subject of their meeting. The celebrated Hackman in one of his letters to Miss Ray, the lady, for whose murder he was afterwards executed, described himself to have been shocked by a spectacle of this sort. On the morning of the day on which Dr. Dodd suffered, Hackman was at Tyburn. While the multitude were expecting the approach of the culprit, an unfortunate pig ran among them; and the writer remarks, with indignation, that the brutal populace diverted themselves with the animal's distress, as if they had come there to see "a sow baited," instead of attending to behold a fellow-creature sacrificed to justice.

But the pressure of the accumulated thousands was too much for me, and I asked a female, who, with an infant in her arms, stood full in my way, to let me pass. I was retiring, when the carriage of one of the Sheriffs, drove up to the Sessions House, and out stepped my friend Sir Thomas ———, who, in the performance of his duty, came to superintend the last arrangements within the prison, and to receive the bodies of the unfortunates who were to die.

I was instantly recognized, and the Sheriff kindly complimented me with the offer of an introduction to the interior. Such politeness was not to be withstood, and I signified my assent with a bow.

We passed up a staircase, and into a well furnished and carpeted apartment in the Sessions House. Here I was introduced to the Under-Sheriff, who, attended by half-a-dozen gentlemen, brought in, like myself, as a matter of favour, was about descending to the room in which the culprits are pinioned. Sir Thomas, who had bestowed much humane attention on the prisoners, enquired with real solicitude how they had passed the night. His colleague, who had just had his person embellished with the insignia of office, replied, in a lively tone, "O, very well, I understand." He added, with infinite coolness and intelligence—"But you cannot expect men to sleep so well the night before they are hanged, as they are likely to do afterwards!"

He looked round in all our faces, as if to collect our suffrages in favour of this pleasantry. His *high rank* and importance *there*,

prevented any word or sign of displeasure. Most of us lifted our upper lip so as just to shew our teeth, thereby intimating that we knew he had said a very good thing, at which, but for the painful business then in progress, we should be ready to die with laughing.

We now followed the Sheriffs through the Sessions House, and thence, by a covered passage on the eastern side of the yard of that building, to the prison. I shuddered at beholding the numerous precautions which experience and ingenuity had suggested to cut off hope and prevent escape. Spikes and palisades above, and doors of massy iron below, appeared in long and terrible array against the wretch, who having eluded the vigilance of the officers of the gaol, should attempt by flight to save his life. At one of the iron doors, we were severally inspected with as much suspicious care as if we had been seeking to get out of prison, instead of pressing forward to be let in.

At length we reached a gloomy apartment, which, I believe, is called the Press-room. Here I found rather a fuller attendance than I had expected; some eight or ten persons having been admitted by another entrance. These had formed in two lines, and their eyes were incessantly turned towards the door. I fancied when I made my appearance, that they regarded me with peculiar attention, as if for a moment they had mistaken me for a more distinguished character than I really was—for one of the offenders about to die. If I were right in this, they certainly were soon undeceived. Mingling with them, I looked about me, as I saw them look about. Silence generally prevailed. A few whispers were exchanged; and now and then such sentences as, "The time grows short"—"They will soon be here"—"What must their feelings be at this moment?" were murmured along the ranks.

That amelioration of the culprit's destiny, which, by relieving him from the galling fetters heretofore deemed necessary, for the safe detention of his person, now leaves his mind more perfect leisure for communication with his Creator, had not at that time taken place.

The approach of the prisoners was signified first by a whisper, and then by the clanking of the irons attached to the limbs of one of them. It was a dreary morning, and the sombre aspect of the apartment, well accorded with the dismal preparations of which it was to be the theatre. A block with a small anvil was placed near the entrance,

by which a miserably attired individual was stationed with a candle, for the purpose of lighting the workman who attended to remove the irons. The flame of the candle was too small to afford a general illumination of the room; but its limited power gave to the eye a more distinct view of a little circle round the anvil, in which the main objects were the smith with his hammer already grasped, his assistant, and two or three officers, who were, in the absence of the more important objects of curiosity, eagerly gazed on by some of the party, and by me for one, as features of the picture not unworthy of notice.

The sound of the fetters was now close at hand, and the voice of the minister who attended the wearer of them, could be heard. In the next moment two or three persons entered, and these were followed by the Ordinary, and one of the malefactors. The latter looked right and left, as if he had calculated on recognizing there some friend or relative. A ghastly paleness sat on his cheek, and there was an air of disorder in the upper part of his face, which his wild but sunken eye, and negligently combed locks joined to furnish. The unhappy youth, for he was not more than twenty, advanced with a resigned air to where the smith expected him. He was intelligent and tractable. When about to place his foot on the block, he untied a band, which had passed round his body to sustain the weight of his irons; and as he disengaged it, he let it carelessly fall, with an expression in his countenance which told, so I fancied, that, in this moment, reflecting he should never want it again, the immediate cause and consequence of the miserable relief flashed full on his imagination, with all their concomitant horrors. But with calmness he attended to the workman, who directed him how to stand. He manifested great presence of mind, and, I thought seemed to gaze with something of curiosity on the operation, which he contributed all in his power to facilitate. The heavy blows echoed through the room, and rudely broke in on the low murmurs and whispers which had for some little time been the only sounds heard there. A singularly irrational feeling came over me. I could have reproved the striker for indecorously breaking silence, and even have questioned his humanity, for being capable of such vigorous exertion. To use his hammer as efficiently as if he had been performing any common operation, at a moment when, as it struck me, everything ought to have presented the coldness and motionless stillness of the grave,

seemed to me indicative of such a want of proper feeling that I could hardly witness, without entering my protest against it.

The rivet was knocked out, the fetters fell to the floor, and the prisoner was then passed forward to the further extremity of the room. A second criminal entered. This was a middle aged man. Reflection seemed with him to have well performed its duty. Calm and undismayed, he advanced to the anvil apparently unconscious of the presence of a single spectator, and wholly occupied with meditations on eternity. Having already witnessed that part of the preparatory ceremony which he was about to undergo, I withdrew from the circle to observe the other sufferer. He had been joined by the Ordinary, and was standing near a table on which several ropes were lying. He was directed to place his hands together, and was then pinioned. Here again I felt a disposition to criticise the conduct of the officers like that which I had previously experienced while witnessing the labours of the smith. The adroitness and merciful despatch which I noticed, I could not help regarding as deserving censure for the insensibility which they marked. Those who have to perform a stern duty, cannot often properly fulfil their task, and at the same time conciliate the admiration of the pitying sentimental spectator. Lest what I have said should be misunderstood, it is right, distinctly to say, no want of consideration for the feelings of the criminals was evinced. The officers who pinioned them, one of whom I understood to be the executioner, when their work was done, shook each culprit by the hand with an appearance of sincere commiseration. The matter of course way in which they acquitted themselves, offended me, but I had no right to expect that in performing what to them were but common-place operations, they should study my fastidious notions of fitness and effect.

But a still greater contrast to the awful character of the preparations presented itself. When I drew near the table on which the ropes lay and by which the miserable beings who had most engrossed my attention, then stood, I perceived on that very table the materials for gambling. Lines passing across it had been indented to prepare it for a game called "Shove-halfpenny," I believe the same as that which King Henry VIII., took some trouble to put down under the name of "Shove-groat." The strange variety thus placed before me—the mingling symbols of dissipation and misery, of pastime and

of death, caused my mind, already sufficiently excited, to experience a udden emotion which I know not how to describe.

The third criminal entered. This was a young man of prepossessing exterior, who had recently moved in a higher sphere than either of his companions in suffering. His visage was flushed when he entered, and he staggered forward, writhing in agony, and scarcely able to sustain himself. He looked at those who surrounded him, as if he feared to discover some who had known him in the day of his pride. It was necessary to support him while his irons were being removed. He was attended by a benevolent person who commonly assisted criminals in their last moments, and who, though no ecclesiastic by profession, seemed equal to the duty of imparting religious consolation. His voice now contributed to soothe his unhappy charge, and in a few moments, all that was necessary to be done had been performed. The hands of the culprits were secured, and the halters by which they were to perish, were thrown round their shoulders.

The fortitude of the young man first brought in, had till this moment enabled him, though not unmoved, to look with calmness on the appalling scene. But now, his hands having been secured, when he saw that but one more ceremony intervened between him and the grave, his resolution suddenly failed him. He burst into tears, and a wild shriek of, "O my mother! my poor mother!" embodied in speech a portion of the agony which raged in his bosom. He was conducted to a bench on which his fellows had just been seated. A glass of water was handed to him, with which he moistened his fevered lips, and the language of devotion again claimed attention and commanded silence.

In that moment, few, if any of the spectators, remembered the crimes of those they looked upon, every mind was solely occupied with the terrible punishment about to be inflicted.

But distressing as the scene was, before it closed I was sufficiently myself to recognize with satisfaction the majestic march of justice—the resolute, but humane administration of the law. It was sad to behold the ghastly pictures of despair then breathing, but destined so speedily to cease to breathe. Such scenes are rendered familiar to us in romance, but to gaze on the reality, and to feel that pity as we may, no joyful denouement can be furnished to avert the contemplated

sacrifice, occasions for the time excruciating sorrow. But while I felt this, and was persuaded that each of all who were with me (however idle the curiosity which brought him there), would have been glad for himself to have given them life and freedom, I admired the serene determination, which urged on the proceedings, and the sorrowful concurrence which attended them. It was a triumph of civilization, to behold every effort made to soothe calamity, without any abandonment of the forfeit claimed in the name of justice on behalf of society.

The Sheriffs enquired if the unfortunates had any thing to impart, or any request to make. Answered in the negative—they added their voices to those of their religious assistants, to assure them of their hopes—that they would find that mercy in another world, which the laws and the interests of their fellow-creatures denied them in this.

These compassionate addresses, however suited to the occasion, had been so often addressed to them, that the sufferers received them almost as a matter of course, and made little or no reply, but looking up to Heaven, they at least seemed to feel that thither alone could their thoughts be advantageously directed.

They continued sitting on the bench or form to which they had been led. From time to time the Sheriffs referred to their watches. The Under-Sheriff who had been doing the same, significantly exhibited his time-piece to his superior. It wanted five minutes to eight. Sir Thomas by a slight inclination of the head, intimated that he comprehended what was intended to be conveyed.

"Had we not better move!" he enquired, addressing himself in a tone but little above a whisper, to the Ordinary.

"I think we had," the functionary just mentioned, rejoined—"the last time you know we were rather late."

The Under-Sheriff waved his hand for the spectators to stand aside. His gesture was promptly attended to. The Sheriffs holding their wands in their hands, then presented themselves as ready to march in procession. After them, the minister appeared with his open book: the culprits were next brought forward, and placed immediately behind him. The spectators who having given way on the sides, prepared to bring up the rear, were admonished by the Under-Sheriff not to press on the sufferers; and strange as it may seem, the intrusive curiosity of some of the party, impressed upon me a belief that this hint was not altogether unnecessary.

No further delay was allowed. The Sheriffs moved on: the Ordinary, the culprits, and the officers did the same; and that class of attendants to which I belonged, followed. I shall not easily forget the circumstances of this brief but melancholy progress. The faltering step—the deep drawn sigh—the alternate exclamations of anguish and devotion, which marked the advance of the victims —the deep tones of the reverend gentleman, who now commenced reading a portion of the burial service, and the tolling of the prison bell, which, as we proceeded through some of the most dreary passages of the gaol, burst on the ear, rendered the whole spectacle, with its associations, impressive beyond description.

Few steps sufficed to conduct us to the small room or entrance-hall, into which the debtor's door opens, and from this we saw the ladder which the criminals were to ascend, and the scaffold on which they were to die. I was on the alert to detect any sudden emotion which these objects might cause, but could not perceive that they had the slightest effect. The minds of the sufferers had been so prepared, that a partial view of the machine to which they were being conducted, seemed to give no additional shock. No further pause was deemed necessary. The clock was striking eight, when the Ordinary and the youth first brought to the press-room, immediately passed up the ladder. To the two culprits that remained, the gentleman whom I have already mentioned, offered his services, and filled up with a prayer the little interval which elapsed before the second was conducted to the platform.

I heard the murmur of awe, of expectation, and pity, from without, which ran through the crowd in front of the prison, and stepping on a small erection to the left of the door, gained a momentary glimpse of a portion of the immense multitude, which uncovered, and in breathless silence, gazed on the operations of the executioners. I retreated just as the third halter had been adjusted. The finisher of the law was in the act of descending, when the Under-Sheriff addressing him, the following brief dialogue passed.

"Is every thing quite ready?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then take care and draw it out smartly.—Now, don't bungle it."

"No, Sir,—you may depend upon it."

The obsequious anxiety of the hangman to be polite and

obliging, his apparent zeal to give satisfaction, though very natural, seemed to me not a little curious. His affability was meant to testify his readiness to put an end to the lives of three fellow-creatures, without loss of time.

Prayers, which had been interrupted for a moment, while the last awful ceremony was in progress, were resumed. As he read them, I saw the clergyman fix his eye on the executioner with a peculiar expression. He drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and passed it slightly over his upper lip. This was the fatal signal. A lumbering noise, occasioned by the falling of part of the apparatus, announced that it had been obeyed.

In that moment, a rush from the scaffold forced me from the door. The Sheriffs, the Under-Sheriffs, the Ordinary, the gentleman who had assisted him in preparing the prisoners for eternity, and several other persons, quitted the platform as expeditiously as possible, that they might not behold the final agonies of the unhappy men. My friend, Sir Thomas, took me by the arm as he passed, and signified that he wished me to accompany him. I did so. Again I marched through the passages which I had recently traversed. Two or three minutes brought me to the door of the room in the Sessions House, to which I had first been conducted. Here the Sheriff accosted me with his natural firmness of tone, which before had been considerably subdued by humane emotion and said :—

"You must breakfast with us."

I started at the unsentimental idea of eating the moment after quitting so awful a spectacle, as that which I have attempted to describe. But I had not sufficient energy to resist the good-will of Sir Thomas, who rather unceremoniously handed me in. Here I found the other Sheriff, the Ordinary, the Under Sheriff, the City Marshal, and one or two of the individuals I had previously met, already seated.

"Well, it is all over," said Sir Thomas, as he took his seat at the table.

"Yes it is," said the Ordinary, in the same tone I had heard a few moments before, and admired as appropriately solemn. "It is all over, and——" putting his cup and saucer to the Under-Sheriff who prepared to pour out the tea—"I am very glad of it."

"I hope you do not mean the breakfast is all over," remarked the

second Sheriff, whose wit I had previously admired, "for I have had none yet."

The moment had not arrived at which humour like this could be duly appreciated, and I did not observe that any of the company gave even that sort of *note of face* for a laugh, which we had all used half-an-hour before.

Our conversation turned naturally on the manner in which the sufferers had conducted themselves: on the wishes they had expressed, and the confessions they had made.

But while I looked on the hospitably spread table, I could not help connecting operations rather different in their character, which must have been going on at the same time. "In my mind's eye," I saw the attendants carrying the ham, fowl and eggs to the breakfast table, while the Sheriffs and their guests were conducting the sufferers to the scaffold.

From what I have already said, it must be inferred that the first speeches which accomplished the circuit of the table, were of a very serious character. But mingled with them, some common breakfast-table requests and civilities caught my attention, as singular from their association. The performance of duties the most important, cannot relieve man from the necessity of claiming his "daily bread," and I do not know that it is any reproach to a clergyman that he is not distinguished by versatility of manner. The abrupt transition from the gravity of the pulpit, to the flippancy of the Old Bailey bar, I should not admire; but the consistency of the reverend gentleman here attracted my notice. I had been just listening to him while he repeated with devotional elongation, the solemn words of the burial service: and when I heard him with the same elongation of sound, which had so impressively uttered: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," address himself to me,—"Shall I trouble you to cut up the fowl,—can I help you to some tongue, Sir?" I confess that I felt tempted, not to laugh, but to comment on the oddly contrasted feelings, which the same voice, thus variously exerted, within the compass of a very few moments, inspired.

Horror-stricken, as I had been, at the first mention of the unfeeling word "breakfast," my excuse for staying was to see if others could eat. That I should take food was quite out of the question. But the wing of a fowl having been put on my plate, I

thought it would be rudeness to reject it. I began to masticate, inwardly reflecting that my abstinence would nothing benefit those whose sufferings I had still in my memory; and improving on this reconciling thought, I presently detected myself holding my plate for a second supply. "O sentiment!" I mentally exclaimed, "what art thou where opposed to a breakfast?"

By the time we had disposed of our first cup of tea, we had decorously got through the pious reflections which each had to offer on the particular occasion which had brought us together, and conversation started in a livelier vein. The gentleman who had assisted the Ordinary by praying with the culprits, gaily remarked to him, with a solemn chuckle on his face, that *they* (meaning himself and the reverend gentleman), had succeeded in refuting the unitarian principles which A—— (one of the sufferers), had for some time avowed. The look which answered this speech, reminded me, I know not why, of the *organist's* comment on the *organ blower's* assertion that *they* had played famously well.

"Ay," said the minister, "I knew it would be so, I told him so, immediately after sentence. But still what can we say for a recantation dictated by the dread of an early death?"

"Very true!" was my exclamation, as the reverend gentleman looked as if he expected me to say something.

"At any rate," whispered a gentleman well known in the city, with whom I had formerly done a little business in the funds, "it gives a man something of an *option*."

This technical application of a favourite Stock-Exchange word, produced a general smile round the table, and I could not help contributing to lengthen it by replying—

"You mean, perhaps, that it gives him a *call*."

But the lively Sheriff, of whose witticisms I have already made honourable mention, cut me out of my share of applause altogether, as clean as a whistle, by instantly putting in—

"The *put*, you mean, for in this case the party was going for a *fall*."

Of course there was no standing this, and we all joined in the laugh.

We were, however, brought back to gravity, through the alarm expressed by the minister, at the idea of his having taken cold through officiating that morning without his wig.

This expression of alarm introduced, I cannot tell how, some remarks on the head, which led to a disquisition on craniology. On that subject the witty Sheriff was very amusing. I said some tolerably lively things; but the Ordinary beat us all hollow, when it was contended that the disposition and the mind might be known from the exterior of the skull, by remarking that "he had now an additional reason to regret having come there without his wig."

With this epigrammatic touch he took his leave; I, and the rest of the company laughing heartily, and having eaten about as heartily as we laughed. The facetious Sheriff now had it all his own way, and said several things nearly, or, perhaps, quite as good, as those which I have already placed on record.

We were thus pleasantly engaged, when the aide-de-camp of the gallant officer in the blue and gold, one of the City Marshal's men, entered to announce that it was past nine o'clock, and asked if any of the company chose to see *the bodies* taken down.

"The bodies," I repeated to myself, and the application of that word to those whom I had previously heard mentioned but by their names, recalled my thoughts which had somewhat strayed from the business of the morning into unlooked-for cheerfulness, and presented in that simple expression, an epitome of all that had moved my wonder, curiosity, and commiseration.

Again we passed through those parts of the prison which I had twice before traversed. We advanced with a quicker step than when following those whom we now expected to see brought to us. But with all the expedition we could use, on reaching the room from which the scaffold could be seen, we found the "bodies" already there. Nor was this, in my opinion, the least striking scene which the morning brought under my observation. The dead men were extended side by side on the stone floor. The few persons present, gazed upon them in silence, duly impressed with the melancholy spectacle. But in this part of the building a copper is established, in which a portion of the provision for its inmates is prepared. There was a savoury smell of soup, which we could not help inhaling while we gazed on death. The cooks, too, were in attendance; and though they, as became them, did all in their power to look decorously dismal, well as they managed their faces, they could not so divest themselves of their professional peculiarities, as not to awaken thoughts which involuntarily

turned to ludicrous or festive scenes. Their very costume was at variance with the general gloom, and no sympathy could at once repress the jolly rotundity of their persons.

I turned my eyes from them, wishing to give myself wholly up to religious meditation during the moments of my stay. Just then the executioner approached. Some of us were curious to know if death distorted, or otherwise altered the expression of the countenance in such cases. Sir Thomas desired the hangman to remove the cap from the face of one of the sufferers. He prepared to comply—but his first act was to place his hands on the more prominent features, and press them together. This, on enquiry being made, I learned was done that the bystanders might not be shocked by witnessing any thing over remarkable. Sir Thomas smiled at the anxiety of the man to make it appear that his work had been well performed. The cap was then withdrawn. There was nothing terrific in the aspect of the deceased. I recognized the features of the young man who had been so wildly, so violently agitated when about to suffer. Now pain was at an end, apprehension was no more, and he seemed in the enjoyment of sweet repose. His countenance was tranquil as that of a sleeping infant, and happier than the infant, his rest was not in danger of being disturbed. I suspected that the action which I have mentioned of the finisher of the law, had in some measure tended to produce this appearance. I mentioned what I suspected to the Sheriff, who immediately ordered another cap to be withdrawn. The executioner was about to do as he had done before, but was desired to forbear, and the face of a second corpse being exposed, it appeared not less serene than the first. Forcibly struck by the fact, and reflecting on the change which a single hour had sufficed to produce, I could hardly help regarding as idle the sorrow, and pity, which I had felt and breathed within that period. I almost accused the sufferers of weakness, for shewing themselves depressed as they had been, and was disposed, seeing their griefs were, to all appearance, terminated for ever, to demand with the poet,

"And what is death we so unwisely fear?"

And to answer as he replies to himself,

"An end of all our busy tumults here."

ON THE NEW SCHOOL ERECTED ON THE SITE OF HONEY LANE MARKET.

Where once thy market, Honey Lane,
Display'd its shambles, blocks, and hooks,
Proud learning now erects her fane,
With scholars, masters, forms, and books.

Where slaughtering kiddies would parade,
With aprons blue, and greasy smalls,
Young pupils, with professors' aid,
Now qualify themselves for *stalls*.

Where pussy once her prog might nose,
Where sheep's *lights* ever met the eye;
We now seek other *lights*—e'en those,
Of Hist'ry and Philosophy.

But really though strange,'tis droll,
That readings in a classic way,
Where once the fish-fag dressed the *sole*,
Should be *sole* business of the day.

Yet all's not changed some have declared,
And this I candidly avow;
Where *food* was formerly prepared,
There's *food* for contemplation now.

Assuredly it may be said,
Nor think with *gammon* I would *bore*,
Where *Bacon* now is daily read,
Bacon was known and prized of yore.

Events in mystic cycles run,
The wise to baffle with the fool;
The school comes where the market's done,
A market may succeed the school.

And o'er me steals th' idea strong—
In this, or in a future reign,
Where rumps were daily cut so long,
They daily may be *cut again*.

COCKNEY TRIP TO CALAIS AND BOULOGNE.

PART I.

"CAN'T afford it indeed!" exclaimed my wife, in answer to one of my usual excuses for not indulging her with a summer jaunt (it was in the year 1825): "how I do hate people to go on so!"

"Why, it will be a serious expense," said I, "will it not?" and I appealed to my sister.

"That's all stuff," Miss Henrietta Higgins replied; such being the answer, let me remark at the outset, which she is in the habit of giving to nine out of every ten questions or remarks addressed to her.

"As to expense," Mrs. Higgins observed, "I do not think it will ruin you; and then just a run over to Boulogne would do your health so much good; besides, why should you not enjoy yourself, and see a little of men and manners?"

I thought that sounded very reasonable.

And in addition to that, my wife proceeded, "I and your sister can get the gowns, scarves, and pelisses we shall want for the winter, at half price; and, without running any risk, you can smuggle over a few things that we should like, so that, in point of fact, in the long run, it would cost nothing.

"Stuff," exclaimed Henrietta, "it would be a saving."

I opened my ears at this, and when the ladies came to details, stating how this and that might be had for so and so in France, and would at the least be worth so much in England, I felt the milk of human kindness rising fast within me; and putting on a most gracious countenance, at length, I told them that I was ready to do anything they pleased. They took me at my word, and the next day but one was fixed for our departure.

And accordingly, on the Saturday, we started from the Blossoms' Inn in high spirits. The women were delighted with the idea of a holiday, and I secretly chuckled at the thought, that while handsomely treating them, and cutting a figure in the eyes of my

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neighbours, I should actually gain, or, what was the same thing, save, by my liberality.

We reached Canterbury in safety, dined, and in due time, in the same afternoon, made our appearance at the Union Hotel, Dovor. Here, before taking any thing at the Union, which is a very cheap house, as they only charge two shillings per bottle for their ale, and other things in proportion, I found the expense of our run thus far, left me one shilling out of five guineas.

Feeling disposed to entertain my companions with something in the meditative style,—"How fast the money runs away," said I.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Higgins,—"Living will cost us nothing when we get to France."

"That may be," I gravely remarked "but it costs us something here."

"Stuff," said my sister, "why don't you call for tea. I'd like an egg with it, as I did not get half a dinner at Canterbury."

We had tea, and afterwards supper. The ladies to judge by their appetites, had really benefited by their excursion. It had not the same effect on me.

> "O curse of marriage,
> That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
> And not their *appetites*."

We bargained with the master of a packet for half a guinea's worth of steam each, and on the following morning, when sitting down to breakfast, it was announced that our passage would commence in half an hour.

The waiter put some cold poultry and ham on the table.

It struck me that these would furnish formidable items in the bill, so I thought it right to remark—"That they were unnecessary, as previous to a voyage, I believed, a sparing meal was the best."

"Stuff," exclaimed my sister, and suiting the action to the word, she introduced the leg of a fowl to her mouth.

And my wife, having informed me that we did not come out to starve, attacked the viands with such vivacity, that it required a considerable effort on my part to secure the liver-wing, and a moderate allowance of the breast for myself.

The bill paid, which including the waiter, chambermaid, boots, and the commissioner, scarcely exceeded two sovereigns, we were soon on board, and in a few minutes left the harbour, and found ourselves as my sister who is generally sentimental after breakfast, elegantly expressed it, "On the briny ocean, and our frail bark fast receding from the shores of our native land."

I have no doubt she would have uttered other things quite as intellectual and sublime, if she had not been suddenly indisposed.

"Oh!" she sighed; and the next moment calling me by my name "Henry Frederick," in a tone of tenderness which I shall never forget: "Henry Frederick," said she.

"What's the matter," said I; and I believe I prefaced this question, with the appropriately awful exclamation of "Good heavens!"

"I'm very ill," said she.

"Are you," said I, "would you like to have any thing?"

"Like to have any thing," she faintly repeated, and I believe she tried to finish with "Stuff;" but she held her head over the side of the ship, and I could not distinctly hear her speech.

Mrs. Higgins now complained that she was very unwell, and the scene became one of great tragical interest.

Seated between my two companions, the waves rolling six feet high, I recollected a picture which I had seen of a sinking Indiaman, in which the Captain, his wife and daughter, were about to perish in each other's embrace. I endeavoured to repel the dismay which stole over me, and prepared to furnish a new example of dignified tenderness and heroic fortitude. The dialogue which passed ran as follows:—

"Henry Frederick," was my sister's cry.

"Well, Henrietta!" said I soothingly.

"Higgins," cried my wife.

"What's the matter, my dear?" I enquired reprovingly.

"Henry Frederick, hold me."

"Higgins, call the steward."

"Henry Frederick, don't let me go. I shall never survive." Henrietta added in accents the most piercing, "It's all *up* with me."

"Will you step below?" I enquired.

"Don't bother," she replied, in the same tone which had so much affected me before.

"Your cap is coming off. Shall I put it on for you?"

"No."

"Your comb is coming out, shall I put it in my pocket?"

"Stuff,"—and she turned indignantly from me to the sea, that she might escape such unkindness. Cap and comb in the next moment fell from her head, to find a watery grave.

It was at this juncture my wife called out that her bonnet had been blown away, and she wished to know "if the ship could not stop to pick it up?"

I was about to answer, but was unable from a very uneasy sensation which now came over me.

"Higgins," cried my wife, very angrily.

"Henry Frederick," sobbed my sister, most reproachfully.

But it was in vain that the former repeated the call on "Henry Frederick," while the latter vociferated "Higgins." Deaf to their cries, I ran away from both, in order to gain the leeward side of the vessel, but had the misfortune to fall over the shins of a gentleman, who lay on the deck by the *companion*. Basins were then at a premium, but as the one which he had obtained was at leisure, I made so free as to borrow it.

This affair was very painful, and for a moment I wished myself at home. "However," thought I, still grasping the basin I had been so fortunate as to obtain, "why should not I enjoy myself, as my wife says?"

In the midst of my distress, I could not help laughing at the waggish presence of mind, with which I had robbed my neighbour of his basin, and at the distressing embarrassment which this would not fail to occasion him, when he a little recovered from the stupor into which he had fallen. "I like to see 'men and manners,' thinks I."

The moment came in which the complete success of my prank was to be witnessed. My fellow-passenger turned with such impetuosity and haste, that in his hurry he seized on my hat, which I had put down for fear of an accident, and such was his confusion, that he did not immediately discover that it was not his basin.

Several people near me were very much entertained at this. I laughed, ill as I was, as heartily as any of them, at this sample of "men and manners."

It did not immediately occur to me, that the hat he had seized was mine, and that the mirth which prevailed was literally at *my expense*. The steward seemed to fall into a mistake like that of my fellow-passenger, for he took my hat, gave it a rince, as if it had really been a basin, and handing it to me, wet as a toast from the bottom of an ale-tankard, told me in a consoling tone, that when dry it would not be much the worse.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when we entered Calais Harbour. The vessel being moored, I stepped on shore. That moment a crowd of persons surrounded me, all vociferating something, I could not at first understand what, and holding small cards in their hands. "Meurice's," "the Crown," "the Brussels," "the Bourbon," were some of the cries which combined to deafen me; and I found the banditti by which I was assailed, consisted of tavern cads, who aspired to the honour of gaining for their masters my present company and future patronage.

I wished to look about me before I determined to what house I would go. The resolve was a prudent one, if it had been practicable to act upon it; but still hemmed in on every side, I found it impossible to make my escape, till having named the Crown as my hotel, one of the officers of the Crown claimed me as his property, and carried me off in triumph to the custom-house.

Here I underwent a rigid search. My upper garments and my boots, were carefully visited by the exploring paws of the Douaniers, to ascertain that I had not brought over some English woollens about my legs, and a few dozen of knives and forks in my bosom.

COCKNEY TRIP TO CALAIS AND BOULOGNE.

PART II.

When I entered the French custom-house, I ought to have mentioned, Mrs Higgins and my sister—their dresses miserably out of order, and their hair dangling like rats' tails about their faces—were close at my heels, and much disturbed at the scrutiny to which I was subjected, expecting their turn would come next. I thought it necessary to give Henrietta a nudge, as she was beginning to be eloquently descriptive, and had already declared that "she never saw such rude bears in her life."

"What is your name, Sare," demanded the officer.

"Henry Frederick Higgins."

"And your age?"

"Thirty-six."

"And is that (looking at Mrs. H.) your fam—wife?"

"Yes."

"And your darter?" pointing to Henrietta.

Before I could explain, my sister dropped him a curtsey down to the ground. She was just exclaiming "wretches and stuff!" but the mistake which I have mentioned silenced her in a moment. To be taken for my daughter, was a compliment which is not paid every day to a young lady who owns to twenty-nine.

She did not easily forget it, for after she and her sister had visited the apartment of the *she*-searchers, on being dismissed, the first speech which fell from Henrietta's lips, was—

"What sharp-sighted people the French seem?"

"Yes they do indeed," said I, feeling disposed to have a touch at the ironical, "since they could mistake you for my daughter."

My wife simpered at this, and for a moment looked almost as knowing as myself.

But my sister, lowering black as a thunder-cloud, indignantly remarked, "that for her part she did not see any thing to laugh at in such coarse scurrillity. It was just like me, and she was a fool

to come out with one who did not know how to behave himself like any body else.

"Well, well," said I, wishing for peace, "let us drop it.—What shall we have for dinnner?"

"I don't want any dinner," was the reply of Henrietta.

"Stuff!" I exclaimed, "say what it shall be."

"*Stuff*, indeed!" retorted Miss Higgins, quite enraged at my having interfered with her copyright of that pithy expression. "Stuff yourself, and dine yourself if you please. I want to lie down."

And with this, the chambermaid being in attendance, for I ought to have mentioned we had reached the Crown before we entered on our last jangle, Miss Higgins flung out of the room with an air which she intended to be one of magnificent disdain, but which I could hardly help comparing to the precipitate exit of a dog with a tin-kettle at his tail.

This did not quite take away my appetite, and Mrs. Higgins did not think it necessary to fast because my sister did. Dinner was promptly served and speedily disposed of, so, that when Henrietta descended in about half an hour (calculating it would then be coming in), for the purpose of being appeased, and persuaded to eat, she found the cloth removed, and my wife and I drinking our Chablis, and preparing to begin on the grapes and walnuts. She was not best pleased at having missed her distance. Shame prevented her from dining then, which I, foreseeing how it would be, very affectionately pressed her to do.

She sulkily ordered some biscuits, and was now pouncing on them as a tiger would on his prey, when a person entered with a low bow, a cigar, and a lighted match in his hand. He accosted me with,

"You are going to Boulogne, I believe, Sare."

I replied in the affirmative.

"Then, I have a carrosse—a carriage for you."

I was inclined to pause before I accepted his courteous offer. He allowed me to do so while he proceeded to light his cigar, which from its size, and the manner in which it was rolled up, looked like a small specimen of the *mangel-wurzel* or beet-root, with a straw a foot long, inserted at one end. Having lighted it, the Frenchman proceeded, occasionally pausing to dismiss the smoke from his mouth,

which ceremony I must indicate while reporting his speeches by the word *puff*. He did not trouble himself to enquire my determination, but civilly announced to me his, in the following manner.

"Sare, I shall take you to Boulogne (puff) in my carriage (puff), and, Sare, you shall only (puff) pay me six francs every head (puff).

"But I believe I shall go by the Diligence," said I.

"Sare, I shall take you the same as the Diligence, Sare (puff), and the coach shall be your own (puff); but I shall find one more (puff), to put in it to pay me my (puff) course, Sare, and it is open at the top of all (puff), or it will shut up close if it do (puff) rain (puff). It is a Land-*o* (puff)."

I was of opinion that the Diligence would prove the cheaper mode of conveyance, and this I mentioned to the Frenchman.

"Now you're at your economy again," said my wife.

"Well," said I, "and what if I am, I do not know that it is any disgrace to the head of a family to study economy."

"The head of a family," exclaimed my wife with a look of infinite contempt.

"A fine family, indeed!" cried Henrietta, catching up a sentence which she conceived Mrs. Higgins to have left unfinished, "a fine family, of which you can be the head!"

"I can't say much for the family," said I.

"And you ought to say nothing of the head," said she.

The Frenchman seemed to enter into their feelings, and though he did not express them so fully, he marked them very distinctly. Their several offerings all came to the same point, so that, when I gravely observed, that a few shillings were as well saved as thrown away, my wife met me with the exclamation—"Pooh!"

My sister followed this up with—"Stuff!"

And the Frenchman came in with—Puff.

And now, being perfect in their parts, they repeated their performance with more rapidity than I can describe it.

"Pooh!" cried my wife turning up her eyes.

"Stuff!" vociferated Henrietta, turning up her nose.

And Puff, came the Frenchman again, with a shrug of the shoulders.

Of course there was no standing against such odds. Pooh, stuff, and puff, united, were too much for me. The sound of a landau was enough for the ladies, and so I agreed to give twenty francs for

transportation to Boulogne, leaving the Frenchman at liberty to put a fourth in the vehicle if he could.

We then took a walk, and both Mrs. Higgins and Henrietta were delighted with the tall caps, absent bonnets, and ear-rings as long as pokers, sported by the ladies of France; but what most astonished them was, the extraordinary genius displayed by the children in Calais, who, at the early age of five or six can actually talk French.

We walked to the Market-place, and thence to the Ramparts, after which we paid a visit to the church of Nôtre Dame. Mrs. Higgins very much admired the long candles by the altar-piece, and wished to know if I did not intend taking a few of them to England with me.

The question then was, how to spend the evening?—Understanding the Theatre was open, I proposed going there; — this Henrietta objected to, as it was Sunday; but added, "She had no objection to go to *W*auxhall."

I assented, having been told it was only a short distance, and moreover, that the price of admission was but half a franc. We accordingly soon found our way to the *basse ville*, and then as directed, turned to the right. Not immediately discovering the gardens, I began to suspect some mistake, and the women roundly charged me with having taken them wrong, Mrs. Higgins observing, that, "There must be some blunder where I was concerned, or it would not be me."

I was frequently obliged to ask my way, and this annoyed me more than all the rest; for though I managed pretty well, with my question, "Wauxhall (for it is there spelt with a W) *s'il vous plait?*" the answer was given with such volubility, that the phrase, or rather the dozen phrases, in which it was conveyed, seemed to me but one immense word. This was very mortifying, for, as I have for many years been in the habit of edifying my family and friends with lectures on the excellence of Wanostrocht's Grammar, on the defects of Perrin's Exercises, and on the difficulty I had found in perfectly mastering all the idiomatical phrases, I could easily anticipate the dings and flings to which I should be subjected by my present failure.

"I thought you understood French," said my wife.

"A fine Frenchman you are," cried my sister, "thanks to Wanostrocht's grammar."

This was rather a sore point. I defended my scholarship as well as I could, and said, the ridiculous rapidity with which the French spoke had baffled me, but this proved no defect in grammatical knowledge.

"Stuff," exclaimed Henrietta, and being completely out of patience, in order to set things right, she herself began to question those we now met about the way to Wauxhall. Her superiority was soon established, for while their speech was too quick for me, Henrietta spoke so fast that they could not understand her. This was a great triumph for my sister, which she continued to remind me of to the end of our journey, and indeed has not yet ceased to celebrate.

We, however, contrived to make out, rather from the pantomime than the speech of those from whom we sought information, that taking the first lane leading from the town, we had to turn to the left, and then to the right. After what we thought a long walk, we succeeded in reaching an enclosure, over which the word "Wauxhall" appeared, in letters sufficiently large to be read, though it was now dusk. We, however, in vain looked for the variegated lamps, and other specimens of French festive splendour which we had anticipated would be there found. "All," to use the elegantly figurative language of Henrietta, "was gloomy as night, and silent as the grave."

I approached the house belonging to the concern, and looking through the window, perceived several persons engaged in conversation, but saw no money-taker. I turned to the right, and gained the entrance of a garden laid out in winding allies, and was disposed to go forward, when both my companions declared against the temerity of such a proceeding. They went back, and were in a moment past the gate, I followed, and just then the door of the house opened. This alarming circumstance completed our rout. The women, dreaming of robbery, assassination, and I know not what else, set off with a run. I scampered after to afford them protection. We were all beginning to slacken our pace, when somebody else was heard running in the same direction. This suggested a new trial of speed to Mrs. Higgins and my sister, and, without resting, we continued our most disorderly retreat.

We subsequently found that "Wauxhall" had closed for the season, and my wife good-naturedly remarked, that she supposed it was the knowledge of that fact, which had made me so willing to take them there that evening.

COCKNEY TRIP TO CALAIS AND BOULOGNE.

PART III.

Consoled by the substantial merits of a hearty supper, and refreshed by sleep, the next morning saw Henrietta and Mrs. Higgins in much better spirits, and in rather better temper.

On paying the reckoning, I found that civilization had crossed the channel, and that Mr. Lawson of the Crown was as clever at making out a bill, as his brethren OF THE BAR at Dovor. His charges, though I bring no very serious ones against him, did not exactly realize my idea of "living for nothing in France."

At eleven o'clock the *land-o* made its appearance. My wife, who, in defence of her choice of that mode of travelling, had been saying "when she *did* travel, she liked to go in a little style," stared as the vehicle approached. It was drawn by three horses, which were attached to it by ropes, on one of which a wry-necked postillion was seated. The body was a dirty, heavy-looking thing, with two or three holes in the leather. These properly mended, it would have been almost sufficiently respectable for a workhouse sedan.

Such was my remark to Mrs. Higgins, who, with her sister, having been clamourous in its favour, did not scruple now to vote it a very genteel conveyance. The proprietor, who attended as before, with his cigar, assured me "it would be at Boulogne in three hours —*Puff!*"—"*Puff*, indeed!" thinks I; "but if this proves true, to quote a well-known *classic*,"—I glanced at *The Adelphi*—"your vehicle, though a rum-one to look at, is a good one to go."

Instead of one stranger, the smoker had exerted himself to procure us two fellow-passengers. There was, however, plenty of room for all; and having seated myself between Mrs. H. and Henrietta, off we went. The wind was high, and, occasionally pouring through the chinks of our carriage, converted the silk cloaks of my companions into perfect balloons. Every five minutes one or other of them had this visitation. The starting forward when it came—the sudden increase in size—and the irregular flutter then accompanying it—

gave me the idea of a hen rushing to battle in defence of her only chicken, which, to make the figure complete, I considered myself to p ersonate.

We reached Marquise at about four o'clock. There we were refreshed with a scanty dinner, and a view of the exploits of Buonaparte, which graced the walls. While at our repast the cry of a child was heard. It appeared to come from a press which stood in the apartment, and which Mrs. Higgins forthwith proceeded to open, and found a "pretty little dear," as she called the squaller, who had just waked. She took it into her arms to quiet the miniature Frenchman, when the child, instead of being soothed by her civil attentions, screamed ten times louder than before. This brought the landlady to its relief, and to mine. She wore a tall pointed cap, which was equal to more than half her own stature. When she took the child, it was still in a moment. It was the English low bonnet of Mrs. Higgins, that filled the urchin with alarm, only to be dispelled by the appalling head dress, as it would have proved to an infant of the same age on our side of the Channel, worn by its mother. That such was the case was obvious to us all. Mrs. Higgins could not help snarling at the "ugly little brat," as the "pretty little dear" was now dubbed, and thought it proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the children in that part of France are far behind us in matters of taste.

We had not to complain of being hurried. The fact is, the poor horses which were to have carried us to Boulogne in three hours, were so jaded by coming half the distance, that after our arrival at Marquise, it was more than two hours before the driver thought them sufficiently rested to proceed. We had rather significantly intimated our impatience, when the word to advance was given, and our journey at length resumed under the direction of our wry-necked *conducteur*, on whom, by the bye, I remarked more than once, with good applause, that though his *brain was turned*, his head was always *right*.

We reached Boulogne about seven o'clock in the evening, and were driven to *Rue de Pot d'étain*, which, without the slightest assistance, I translated "Pewter-Pot-street." Our carriage stopped at the *Royal Oak*, and we soon found ourselves in a very elegant and commodious apartment.

Having written to our friends in England, to acquaint them with our happy arrival, as also to give them our remarks on the climate of France, and on the manners, customs, and religion of its inhabitants, the next thing was to seek my friend Weston, who had kindly offered to shew us the lions. I soon found the way to *Rue Belterre*, and luckily both he and his lady were at home. I met with a most friendly reception; but the moment the parlour door was opened, the dog, though an old acquaintance in England, flew furiously at me, and this was the signal for Mrs. Weston to attack her husband. He, poor man, felt himself called upon, in the same moment, to answer the lady, to welcome me, and to admonish Pincher. The Babel-like confusion, which this produced, can hardly be described. I will set down the phrases uttered, in the order, as nearly as possible, in which they struck on my tympanum (the dog continuing to bark), leaving the reader to guess from whom they proceeded.

"There's your dog again, Mr. Weston; why don't you check him?" "It's Higgins, I declare—my dear, how can I help it."—"Higgins, how do you do?"—"Get out, you rascal."—"How do you do, Madam?"—"Mr. Higgins speaks to you, my dear."—"Stop his noise."—"I'm very glad to see you."—"Get down stairs, you scoundrel."—"I was afraid you would not come this year."—"Betty, drive him down stairs."

I picked out the courteous phrases for myself, leaving the others for the dog; and Pincher having been disposed of, every thing went on very smoothly, and I had only to regret having already fixed myself in "Pewter-Pot-street," and being consequently unable to avail myself of a pressing invitation to take up my abode altogether in the *Rue Belterre*.

Then began the grand business of the journey. Mrs. Weston undertook to shew my companions the best shops, and they were nothing slow to prove their goodness. Silk and satins, Leghorn bonnets, which would make covers for my large loo-table; rings, etc. etc. etc. came rapidly in, while the money, even though we were in France, went rapidly out. Determined to buy something that was really useful, I bargained for two silk waistcoats for myself, an umbrella, and two scent bottles, which, though *I* purchased them, my wife admitted to be truly elegant.

My social disposition prevented me from refusing the invitations

which every day brought me from my friend Weston. However deficient I may be in politeness, as my wife often tells me I am, Weston is an ungrateful fellow, if he says I was at all remiss in eating his dinners. I am sure, for my own part, that I am much too considerate to require any friend to be more punctual in that respect than I was.

We visited the theatre, which we found a tolerably spacious, but dirty barn. The actors seemed clever, and we laughed with the rest of the audience, though we could not tell exactly what about. We were particularly struck with the industry of the box-keeper or box-keeperess, (for it was a female), who was mending stockings in the corridor. She, and an apple-woman, belonging to the theatre, afterwards favoured us with their company in the boxes, which made things very agreeable, and proved them not less polished than the functionaries of the same description who help to people the larger edifices of Covent Garden and Drury Lane.

We visited the rooms, as they called a very jemmy watering-place sort of concern by the sea-side, and also the column. I picked up a piece of the stone of which the latter is composed, which I intended exhibiting to all my friends as a great curiosity.

The wonderful bargains which we met with every day, soon enabled me to travel without the slightest inconvenience from the overloaded weight of my pockets. My bill at the Royal Oak, though admired by the ladies as wonderfully cheap, was somewhat higher than the charge at a genteel tavern in England. Seven francs each for a moderate dinner, when we had the decency to stay away from Weston's, and nine francs per day for our rooms, met my wife's ideas of "living for nothing in France" exactly; but greatly exceeded my expectations, and finding that I had to put my hand in my pocket every hour in the day, I could not refrain, in one of my humourous moments, from observing, that I had "put my foot in it."

But Mrs. Higgins promptly remarked upon this, before Henrietta, who was also on the alert, had time to utter a word, that I was very careful there with my family, but I was not so in London, when going to tavern dinners, and wasting my money with a parcel of men like myself.

"Hang it," said I, "I think I have been pretty liberal. Have I not bought you lots of silk?"

"Silk!" cried my wife.

"Stuff!" exclaimed Henrietta, and then at the same moment uniting their voices—

"And what of that?"

"Why then," said I, "I have laid out enough."

"Oh, that's always your way," said my wife.

"Doing things by halves," said Henrietta.

"Penny wise and pound foolish," added my wife.

"Tickling one's mouth with a feather," added Henrietta,

"Bringing one out to look ridiculous," my wife proceeded.

"And to make a great donkey of yourself," continued Henrietta.

"Doing neither one thing nor t'other," Mrs. Higgins resumed.

"And spoiling the sheep for a halfpenny-worth of tar," said my sister, thereby supplying a very masterly finish to the lecture.

It was, however, necessary to make a stand against buying more bargains, for my wife wanted every thing she saw. When we met a funeral, for instance, she was so struck with the appearance of a skull and cross-bones worked in silver on the pall, that she was very anxious to know the price of such a thing, as it would be handy to keep by one in case of a death, that "one might not be buried as if one were nobody."

I was not sorry when the day came for returning to Dovor.—We got on board the Packet between seven and eight in the morning, and had the pleasure of finding that there was no lack of company, as there were a hundred and twenty persons besides ourselves, three carriages and two horses. The principal cabin was completely full, and so was the deck. I persuaded Mrs. Higgins and my sister to go in the smaller cabin, which, I said, would be more comfortable, and, moreover, I thought, when there, so I kept myself above, they might bawl "Higgins" and "Henry Frederick," till they were hoarse, without making it at all necessary for me to attend to them.

The deck was in a very crowded state; so much so, that I could not obtain a seat, nor even a standing place by the side.—The determined resolution with which the first comers maintained themselves in their position, was to me rather a formidable circumstance. "If," thought I, "I should be ill as I was when going to Calais, how shall I manage?" To me it seemed almost impossible to make my way through the crowd. But my fears were vain, for when that which I dreaded happened, and I found it necessary to make a

vigorous advance, my fellow-passengers had the politeness to give way, right and left, with all imaginable expedition.

We had a rough, but short passage. As we entered Dovor harbour, I went down to ask the ladies how they did. They began with most dismal looks, to tell what they had suffered, and how unkind I had been. I excused myself by assuring them that I had been all but dead. I expressed great concern at their distress, and was really hurt at learning that the sea, at one period of the voyage, had almost washed my wife's pelisse, which was new a short time before we resolved on this excursion, off her back, and made its way to the silk for her dress, which she wore round her waist, to escape the notice of the gentry at the custom house.

To the station our luggage was carried. It was then but noon, and I hoped we should be able to start for London in an hour.

When we left the ship, the women put on their enormous hats, the fronts and sides of which they were obliged to sustain with their hands. They tell me it will soon be the fashion to wear them of this size in London. I should not wonder at it, for their appearance is certainly not a little striking. While following Mrs. Higgins and my sister from the ship to the hotel, I could not help admiring the effect of their Leghorns, held up in the way I have described, which made, I thought, their wearers look not unlike a couple of sprat venders, with their baskets on their heads.

One little incident I had nearly forgotten. When my wife was leaving the cabin, I called to her to take care of my new umbrella. She replied rather tartly, that she was not quite a fool, and there was no occasion for reminding her of the umbrella, as she had taken it under her charge. I was sulkily silent, but as we were crossing the deck, hearing a gentleman say he had lost an article of that description, but found a better one, which was left in its place, I asked Mrs. Higgins if she were sure she had got the right one.

"To be sure I am," she replied, "I think I ought to know it; what's the man making such a racket about?"

This healing speech satisfied me, but when we got to the inn, on taking off the cover, I had the vexation to find, that in place of the umbrella I had bought at Boulogne, Mrs. Higgins had secured an old gingham, worth about half-a-crown. I could not help breathing a very serious remonstrance on this occasion, but had my mouth

stopped in a twinkling by the remark, that, "I ought to have attended to this subject before, and, ill as she had been, she wondered I could expect her even to take care of herself."

I now became rather anxious to terminate our holiday without loss of time. But the commissioner, faithful to the interests of his patron landlord, returned from the custom-house, whither I had directed him to proceed, with news that the luggage could not be cleared before five o'clock. It was six before I got it. By that time the last London coach had started, so we were obliged to remain in Dovor till the following morning.

The articles we had brought over were all suffered to pass. The silks had been secured round the waists of my companions; I had, however, to lament the fate of a china ink-stand, which cost me ten francs, and which the commissioner said, "was found broken when my trunk was opened." Both the scent bottles filled with *Eau de Cologne* had been stopped with corks, that they might not be seized, and were carried by Mrs. Higgins and my sister in their bags. These were fortunately quite safe, but unluckily, the cut stoppers which had been wrapped in paper to go in my pocket, were left by me in my hurry at the Royal Oak. This was certainly my own fault, and so I had the fortitude not to complain; but my wife and Henrietta were very eloquent, and did not fail to twit me, for two hours after the discovery, with, "Now, who's forgetful?"—"Whose blunder is this?"—"Don't you talk!" with other phrases equally kind on their part, and equally acceptable to me.

We left Dovor on the following morning, and, with the exception of the loss of one of the skirts of my coat, by the premature closing of the coach-door as I was stepping out, encountered no fresh vexations on our way to London.

Delighted to see their finery safe at home, Mrs Higgins and Henrietta are now in better temper than while on their journey. I put the best face I can on the matter, but looking at the travelling fares, at the hat and coat spoiled, at the pelisse ditto, and three breadths of the new silk; bearing in mind also the comb and cap of Henrietta, which are necessarily returned missing, with my wife's bonnet, I cannot exult in the beneficial investment which I have made, so much as I expected to do when leaving town. The fact is, I have returned minus seventy pounds for a ten days' trip. For this, we have

ribands, and silks for gowns and pelisses, three rings, a gold chain, and an old gingham umbrella. Moreover, we have the scent bottles, for which we cannot get stoppers to match in England, but corks for use will do quite as well, and so, though they were bought merely for show, my little omission does not matter much. Then there are my two waistcoats. These, however, from the cut of them, my friend Button, who was once in the tailoring line, says, "look as if they had been made in the year one;" but the silk is excellent, therefore if ever that shape and make should come into fashion, these, at least will prove a good bargain.

The worst of it is, the women cannot rest without exhibiting their purchases, and above forty people have beeen asked to dinner, merely to inspect them. "What do you think we gave for this? Guess—guess again. Less—less; only so and so," are the sounds for ever dinging in my ears, and while sick of it at my heart, I am obliged to chime in, and pretend to enjoy the whole affair as much as they do.

I will not deny that I feel it gives me additional weight at the club, to be enabled as I now am, to speak of things which I have "seen with my own eyes on the continent," and the women have a similar feeling; for, wherever they go, I hear their voices above the rest of the company, trumpeting forth the genteel and even magnificent bit, as they consider it, of—"When we was in France."

They, indeed, think this sounds so well, that they are resolved to obtain a still better right to make use of it, by going to Paris next year. To win my consent, they tell me that I never looked so well in my life as I have done since I came back. They allude to a little additional tawny thrown into my face, by my having been more than usual exposed to the wind and sun. According to them, I have only to make a longer trip of the same kind next year, to perfect my health and beauty. This is all very well, and I seem to relish the compliment and the proposal amazingly, but have already arranged with Dr. Lancet, that when the time comes, I shall be pronounced so well as to require no change of air, or so ill, that I must on no account be moved.

THE SLEEPING BOY;

OR,

INFANCY AND MATURITY.

'Twas eight o'clock, and near the fire
My ruddy little boy was seated;
And with the titles of a sire,
My ears expected to be greeted.
But vain the thought; by sleep oppressed,
No father there the child descried;
His head reclined upon his breast,
Or, nodding, rolled from side to side.

"Let this young rogue be sent to bed,"
More I had not had time to say;
When the poor urchin raised his head,
To beg that he might longer stay.
Refused,—towards rest his steps he bent,
With tearful eye and aching heart;
But claimed his playthings ere he went,
And took up stairs his horse and cart.

For new delay, though oft denied,
He pleaded;—wildly craved the boon:
Though past the usual time, he cried
At being sent to bed so soon.
If stern to him, his grief I shared;
(Who hears unmov'd, his offspring weep?)
Of soothing him I half despaired,
When all his cares were lost in sleep.

"Alas! poor infant!" I exclaimed,
"Thy father blushes now to scan,
In those complaints he lately blamed,
The follies and the fears of man.
The vain regret, the anguish brief,
Which thou hast known, sent up to bed;
Pourtray, of man, the idle grief,
When doom'd to slumber with the dead."

And more I thought,—while up the stairs,
With "longing, lingering looks" he crept;
To mark, of man, the childish cares,
His playthings carefully he kept.
Thus mortals on life's later stage,
When Nature claims their forfeit breath;
Still sigh for wealth, in pain and age,
And cling to golden toys in death.

'Tis morn! and see my smiling boy,
Awakes to hail returning light;
To reckless laughter—boundless joy—
Forgot the tears of yesternight.
Thus, shall not man forget his woe?
Survive of age and death the gloom?—
Smile at the cares deplored below?
And, renovated, burst the tomb?

O! my Creator! when thy will,
Shall stretch this form on earth's cold bed,
Let that blest hope sustain me still,
Till mem'ry,—sense,—life, all are fled.
And, grateful for what thou mayest give,
No tear shall dim my fading eye,
That 'twas thy pleasure I should live,
That now thy mandate bids me die.

THE SLEEPING GIRL;

OR,

THE PARTY LOST.

Joy beamed in little Julia's eyes,
"And I," she simpered with delight,
While eyeing dainties, fruits, creams, pies,
"To supper may sit up to-night.
My purple shoes I am to wear,
My little boa, and new silk frock,
And Patty is to curl my hair—
I wish it now were nine o'clock."

And then the prattler would unfold
Her hopes, a few short hours away,
Of little flatteries to be told,
On what she'd sing and what she'd say.
Alternately my spleen and mirth
It moved, while I beheld the springs,
Whence pride and pleasure take their birth,
To magnify such little things.

Evening advanced, and Julia then
Some disappointment seemed to feel,
None came at nine, few guests by ten,
For decent hours are not genteel.
Not all her joyous hopes could keep
Fatigue and drowsiness away—
Worn out at last, she sank to sleep,
Nor waked till after dawn of day.

The laugh, the song, the tale, the jest,
Obstreporous glee, that mocked controul
Were heard, but broke not Julia's rest,
Who slept unconscious of the whole.
The morning waked her to amaze,
That she had lost the promised treat,
For, unaccustomed to life's ways,
She wondered hope could prove a cheat.

Full often thus, maturer fools
It struck me, anxious hopes employ,
As Mammon's slaves or folly's tools,
Expecting future wealth or joy;
And even those that fare the best,
When years bring affluence and fame,
Unconsciously in age possessed,
They prove at last an empty name.

Like Julia, wondering all was o'er,
Which lately so momentous seemed,
So we must one day find no more,
The objects most important deemed,
And hope suggests our souls on high,
Admitted to celestial joys,
May look astonished from the sky,
That we could ever prize such toys.

May the Great Spirit that informs
The breathing, moving wonder, man!
Instruct him, while devotion warms,
His end and proper task to scan—
The objects, pride, pomp, pleasure seize—
O! may he, hastening to life's goal,
Justly appraise, and know what these
Should be to an immortal soul!

PARLIAMENTARY REMINISCENCES.

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

I went to hear the Commons in debate,
My practice frequently in days of yore,
But having discontinued it of late,
I stared as though I ne'er was there before.
The more important actors in the state,
Some likeness to their predecessors bore,
The general aspect much the same, but strange,
In its details, the all astounding change.

I looked in vain upon the Treasury seat
For those of five-and-twenty years ago;
But none, alas! my straining eye could meet,
Swept thence the whole, by time's resistless flow;
A power with which, nor high nor low compete
Successfully, as mortals all must know.
I might, for any thing I there could mark,
As well have sought for Noah and his ark.

'Twas there I formerly observed George Rose,
White with the snows of age; there solemn Bragge,
There I beheld keen Percival's pug nose
And thin pigtail; there Croker, then a wag;
There graceful Castlereagh got up to prose,
And through interminable periods drag;
There Huskisson would theories dispense,
And Canning dazzle with his eloquence.

Who then appeared on the opponent form?
  Ponsonby, sturdy, persevering, loud;
Whitbread, who loved to raise and rule a storm;
  And Romilly sarcastic, calm, and proud,
Grattan for freedom in religion warm,
  And haughty Wyndham, scornful of the crowd.
There matchless Sheridan his jokes let fly,
And Tierney lowered the slyest of the sly.

And then, in sad succession on my brain
  Rushed dark catastrophes, terrific sad,
I saw—fit subject for a tragic strain,
  Deeds fearfully embodying all that's bad:
A minister by an assassin slain,
  The mighty feeble and the wise grown mad,
And Senators renowned departing life,
Sinking beneath the suicidal knife.*

I marked them in the zenith of their fame,
  Their bosoms swelling with ambition's glow,
I heard exulting crowds their worth proclaim,
  Then saw them fall "the lowest of the low,"
While Pity strove to vindicate their name,
  And Silence kindly dropp'd her veil on woe;
Power, talent, virtue, impotent to save,
Those once deemed great from an untimely grave.

All—all were gone, for others to make room,
  Fate had on them set her eternal seal,
Save on one hand I found unwearied Hume,
  And recognised upon the other Peel;

* The fate of some of the distinguished men named above, was singularly mournful. Mr. Percival was assassinated: Lord Castlereagh. Mr. Whitbread, and Sir Samuel Romilly, all in the vigour of life, died by suicide.

Yet these but half escaped the general doom,
And served past revolutions to reveal;
From different points they challenge now the sight,
He of the *right* was *left*, the *left* was *right*.

Nor was this all that over memory came,
And flashed upon me with dramatic pow'r;
The house itself no longer was the same,
Destruction in one memorable hour
Had fallen on that which bore St. Stephen's name,
And hungry flames were destined to devour
The scene where patriot chiefs through many an age,
Were wont in sternest warfare to engage.

Yet I had been within those self-same walls,
Which now enclosed me at the former date,
Nor less the change observeable appals;
As in the men, 'twas striking, and as great.
No pictured arras now Spain's shame recals,
When her Armada met its dismal fate—
By DRAKE repelled from our rude island's shore,
Defeat, disgrace, and ruin to deplore.

And pomp with lowliness no longer blends
The humble woolsack, the proud Judge's seat;
No Lord High Chancellor of England tends
The ancient Barons summoned there to meet;
The Throne itself to circumstances bends,
To render the comparison complete;
And Earls and Dukes are moved to other ground,
That Commons *in their places* may be found.*

* After the destruction of the Houses of Parliament by fire, the temporary House of Commons was formed within the walls of the late House of Lords.

A BLIND STORY;

OR,

MRS CLAPPER'S RETURN.

Returning late one evening from Gravesend,
Where she had journeyed with a dear old friend,
Kept till 'twas more than late enough to sup,
Because, like her, the *steam* could not *get up*.
Dame Clapper saw light from her chamber flash
Forth from the sash.
The blind was down but on it fell the shade
Of her loved lord.—Think's she "He's in a fright,
Lest I should not come home to-night;
How glad he'll be to find I have not stayed!"

Thrilling with love, and "all that sort of thing,"
She hastily advanced to knock or ring,
When on the blind another figure fell.
Starting at what she saw,
Fury to seize her soul, rushed out of hell,
She "held her breath for awe."
Then mentally exclaimed, "What's to be done?
Two heads I see, but they approach so nigh,
That in *this case*, two, are not in my eye,
Better than one!"

Who can describe her passion's wild alarms,
Fearing her lord was faithless to her charms!
Tears trickling down, she cried with wild affright,
"*Shadows*"—'Tis King Dicks's speech from Shakspeare's pen—
"Have struck more terror to my soul this night,
Than could the *substance of ten thousand men.*"

The knocker now the lady agitated,
And then with somewhat of impatience waited.
No answer was returned by her loved spouse,
And so she knocked again, in such a way,
She nearly *brought down*—so the neighbours say,
If not her *gentleman* at least the *house*.
Still closed against her, did the door remain,
She felt of course at such exclusion shock'd,
And even louder than before she knock'd,
Rang and knock'd,
Rang and knock'd again.

At last the husband ventured to appear;
Like one just risen from bed in wild surprise,
Yawning, while almost closed his eyes,
His mouth was nearly stretched from ear to ear.

How lovely, Nature, all thy plan!
How equitable are thy laws!
If shut the eyes of drowsy man,
Thy care 'tis to extend his jaws!
This therefore may make up for *that*,
O beauteous scheme of tit for tat!

Of course at being kept so long she frown'd,
And he lamented having slept so sound;
But said he joyed to see his bosom's pride—
He lied.

Now to retire he hinted she had best,
Because he was convinced she wanted rest.
Consent she gave, yet paused upon the way,
"With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay,"
She thought a robber's footstep struck her ear,
Which made her for her tender husband fear.

With careless laughter and facetious grin,
The husband bade her all such notions scout;
No thief, he said, for robbery could get *in*,
He dreaded much, "*The murder would come out.*"
But all in vain was his advice,
His tale was found untrue;
His friend detected in a trice,
And pummelled black and blue.

How long Dame Clapper raved, I have not time
To tell in prose, much less to put in rhyme;
Suffice it then to say her lord's disgrace
Was made complete, and neatly clawed his face.
'Twas then he sighed, "O woe is me!
Too late the moral comes to mind,
That naughty tricks which *none can see*,
May be discovered by the *blind*.
"But wives," he added, "who will roam,
And go and gad about,
Ought to expect when they *come home*,
To find *their husbands out*."

LETTER FROM ONE OF THE SIAMESE YOUTHS.

BATTLE IN THE EGYPTIAN-HALL, BETWEEN TOM HOOD, AND SAM ROGERS.

Egyptian-Hall,

Sir,—Having been taught to read and write by the *Hamiltonian and Carstairsonian* systems, this afternoon, while my brother Ching was entertaining professors from the College of Surgeons, I hasten to communicate some thoughts which have occurred to me since our arrival in London; and which as yet, I have not mentioned to my *bosom friend*, whom, nevertheless, I love so much, that I sincerely think it would be *death to part*. I have not even made known my thoughts to *Captain Coffin* and his lady, though justice requires that I should state that they are as dear to me as Ching himself, and both my brother and I feel that we could hardly endure life *without* our *Coffins*.

Not to weary you with the numerous instances which have occurred to prove the goodness of their hearts, I will only allude to one, to say I shall never forget when, on board ship, Ching and I ran up the rigging, the tender anxiety—the *grave* looks of both the *Coffins* at seeing us in the *shrouds*, which rendered each anything but "like Patience on a *Monument*," to use the words of your own immortal *Breakspeare*.

Though Ching has hitherto been united with me in sentiment, I tremble lest the allurements of a great city should lead him astray; and, in such case, I wish to know how the laws of this country would deal with him, or rather with us.

If Ching should have to pay 5,000*l* damages for a little *crim. con.* affair, and not having the cash, be obliged to pay in person, must I go to prison with him?

Or if he should commit a murder, I being no *particeps criminis*,

but having opposed his wicked design with all my might, am I to be his companion in prison—to be placed at the bar with him on his trial—and, finally, to attend his execution in the Old Bailey? I hope not. Your law, I am told, considers that ten guilty persons had better escape merited punishment than one innocent person suffer. Of that saving principle I claim the benefit, and insist that whatever crime may be perpetrated by Ching, no one has any right to lay hands on him, so as to punish me.

I am led to ask this, because strange ideas are abroad as to our individuality; Mr. Hughes for instance, the proprietor of Vauxhall, says, when we visit his celebrated gardens, he shall not demand payment for two, because he considers us to be *singular*. This is an *odd* compliment, but I and Ching intend to be *even* with him.

Miller, the great fishmonger, by the White Horse Cellar, I suppose wished to remedy our imputed deficiency, for one of his men brought a *pair of soles*. Of course we soon made the fellow take to his *eels*.

Madame Vestris did not seem much pleased with us, because we could not give a very good account of our travels. She said she supposed she must wait till the "King of Siam comes" to obtain particulars about our native country and its capital—Bangkoke. She admired our hair plaited in tails and bound over our heads. Soon after she had left, the following lines were picked up :—

"Why did I here to Piccadilly come?
The spectacle, I say, completely fails;
Though odd it certainly is thought by some,
To see Boys' *heads* surmounted by their *tails*."

Parson Allen, the *pluralist*, thinks very little of our pretensions. He does not consider that we should do honour to the Pulpit; and it has been hinted we might cause "The Church to be in danger," by showing publicly that two persons can do with one *living*.

"I suppose," said Tom Hood, who came in while Sam Rogers was examining our *band* "that your legs are not *straight*." I asked "Why not?"—"Because," said he, "You are both *band-y*."

"Nonsense," cried Sam, while he observed our arms passed round each other, "Their legs are good, and these youths would be particularly fitted to march to battle, as they are always found in *arms*."

"What could be done," enquired Tom, "by a couple of boys, who must be mere infants, because they are not yet—*out of arms.*"

"That has nothing to do with it, Mr. Tom," replied Sam, "for *two soldiers*, where an invading army is to be met, could never be required to *go alone.*

"Pray," asked Hood, "when at dinner with the Captain, have you good spoons, and handsome silver forks?" I replied: "Yes; why?"—"I only wanted to know," said Tom, "if you were satisfied with your *Coffin plate.*

Sam caught hold of my hand in a great hurry, and asked if my finger nails were not much narrower than those of the Captain? I said "Yes."—"I thought," he remarked, "these were not like *Coffin nails.*"

I said the Captain's name had been so often repeated that I did not want to hear *Coffin* mentioned again.

"It begins to *pall,*" said Tom.

"It is usually found to ap-*pal,*" replied Sam.

"You must excuse," said Tom, very civilly, "our frequent mention of the Captain; for as he has undertaken this exhibition, he is a greater curiosity than you."

"Why so?" demanded Sam.

"Because," Tom replied—

"Most strange of all beneath the sun,
Of all yet fashioned by our Maker,
Is he who offers for a pun,
A *coffin* in *an undertaker.*"

Here a gentleman begged that there might be no more punning, as to listen to it was beneath the dignity of an M. P. He added, by way of setting a rational example, that he thought we were two and not one.

"Not *one*, but all mankind's *epitome*,"

remarked Tom Hood.

"*Pit what?*" said I. "What's that?"

"Dryden," said he, "something like this gentleman," pointing to the M. P.

"Dry-den," I answered, "is, I suppose, a hole in the earth rendered dry by heat?"

"Exactly so, and therefore like *Ot-way Cave.*"

"*Ca-ve, Ca-ve,*" exclaimed the M. P. in a menacing tone, and withdrew.

Ching wishes to cross the room, so I must now conclude,

Your obedient servant,

ENG.

P. S. By the by, I hear your country was named before me. I think it ought to have been named *after* me—*Eng-land.*

ON A PURBLIND JUDGE.

My Lord would go upon the shelf,
His friends all say if he were wise;
For *Justice* being *blind herself*,
Wants ministers who *still have eyes.*

MATERNAL LOVE.

Is there a virtue that can thrill,
Rich in primeval beauty still—
Still wearing Heaven's most glorious hue—
To Nature and to feeling true;
Possessing attributes so high,
It might claim homage in the sky;
The world, and all its wealth above?
O yes—there is—MATERNAL LOVE!

See on yon lap unconscious lie
The outline of humanity;
Its moan is harsh, and strange its stare,
Nor speech, nor smile, nor thought is there;
Of interest void to all beside,
That object is the mother's pride:
Mark the fond overshadowing dove,
And marvel at MATERNAL LOVE!

But see, when fleeting months bestow
On infancy its ruddy glow,
And starry glisteners gaily dance,
To thrill the parent with their glance;
While coral lips more soft than silk,
Are white from the sustaining milk,
Then hear the joyous song, and prove
The triumph of MATERNAL LOVE!

Changed is the scene, the laughing boy
No more th' exulting mother's joy,
She sees in the gay cherub's place,
A ghastly—pale—distorted face:
Though anxious Pity, hovering by,
Is oft repelled with peevish cry,
No loathsome sight, no sound can move,
Invincible MATERNAL LOVE!

And hope extinct—life's last spark fled—
Still bending o'er the treasured dead,
The mother makes, in calm despair,
The poor remains her sacred care;
While flowers fall on her blighted bud,
Her eye's shed o'er them sorrow's flood;
And prayers, which angels must approve,
Ascend from thee—MATERNAL LOVE!

Hail God's own essence! Seen below,
Splendid as his bright covenant bow;
Not more sublime burst on the eye
The prophet's chariot from the sky;
Like that, thy all-celestial flame,
Soars to the Heaven from which it came;
Fit inmate of the realms above,
Thrice hallowed name!—MATERNAL LOVE.

CROSS PURPOSES!

OR REFLECTIONS OF THE CHAIR-MAN IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

Why, zounds! what means this botheration?
The town looks at my chairs so coolish,
That I'm afraid the speculation,
Though *penny wise* will prove *pound foolish.*

Ten thousand pence for every day,
Would answer well—so I had planned it;
But all who come refuse to pay,
And say while *sitting* they won't *stand it.*

And other seats, from Court I hear,
Are sent for those who would retrench;
These new *King's Benches* much I fear,
Will drive me to the old *King's Bench.*

Despised are my demands and prayers,
Hoarse discord rages, loud as Babel's;
I shall not through my *penny chairs,*
Have often to consult *pence tables.*

Nay, the crowd deem me such a sinner,
Not only they deny me wealth,
But I'm assured that after dinner
They will not drink the *Chair-man's health.*

I calculated in the dark,
And peevish crowds proclaim my loss;
They seek *Spring-gardens* in the *Park,*
Yet always are at *Chair-ing* CROSS.

A CROSSED ADVENTURER.
His ✕ Mark.

THE MINES IN FULL PLAY—MONEY A DRUG;

OR,

MY GRANDSON'S LIFE AND TIMES.

(To be written by himself in 1925.*)*

Born in 1850, and having reached the advanced age of seventy-five, it might be expected, in the ordinary course of events, that I should be acquainted with many facts well calculated both to interest and surprise persons now in their youth; but some of the changes which I have seen, are so singular, that those to whom they are told, will wonder, not that things are as they now are, but that such a state of society ever could exist as that which was witnessed in England within the last century.

Of political changes I may speak at a future opportunity, but here I particularly allude to alterations in the general economy of life.

A century ago, nay, within my own recollection, the circulating medium of this country consisted of gold, silver, and copper. The mines of South America had furnished but few samples of the first and second, and in consequence of their scarcity, they were called the "precious metals." Ludicrous as it must sound to persons of our habits, the production of a few small pieces of gold would readily obtain all the articles in common use. For these the mechanic gave his labour, the merchant his goods, the doctor his medicine, the advocate his law, and the preacher his gospel.

I was but a lad when the mines were brought into full play. The effects of what was called the success of the speculators who worked them, were curious enough. Individuals, who had been wonderfully enriched, from the uncommonly high charges made for all articles of daily consumption, soon found that their present incomes would not purchase more than an eighth of what the same money could formerly have bought. Cash, in fact, became so mournfully super-abundant that it nearly lost its value. For a time, larger sums continued to be

demanded, but in the end, no quantity of bullion would procure the necessaries of life. The old denominations were still in use, but articles could only be bought by barter. Nothing was more common than for a butcher when asked the price of a leg of mutton, to reply, "It is half-a-crown a pound, but we can't take gold or silver."

The lawyers, who, at the beginning, had raised their fees from six shillings and eightpence to thirteen and fourpence, soon found that with this increased charge, they could not get powder for their wigs. Besides the bags in which their briefs were carried, their clerks were now charged with others, in which were usually deposited their fees, which were commonly paid in bottles of wine, calves' heads, and geese, raw and roasted.

At the theatres, as it was of no use to tender or receive money, an alteration was made in the prices of admission. At the doors, a turkey paid for admission to the boxes, a capon for the pit, and pounds and half pounds of pickled pork for the first and second galleries.

Watches, household furniture, and wearing apparel, were also received for admission, but these it was necessary to send to the box-office, where proper inspectors were appointed to attend.

Excepting poultry, no fresh meat was received at the doors, save on those nights when free admissions were allowed, which, according to ancient custom, was always announced by the words, "No orders can be admitted."

A spacious soup kitchen was erected in the rear of each theatre, from which the actors received their *salary* by the day, in basons. The great tragedians, instead of being paid as Betterton, Kemble, Kean, and Macready had been, made fearful havoc amongst the eatables. *Shylock* was not content with "a single pound of flesh," but put in his claim for *Goose*. Successful authors, in lieu of the receipts of the third night, received a perpetual free admission to the kitchen.

The parsons, especially the dissenters, found it difficult to arrange their collections. Instead of having persons stand with small plates, in the chapel as had been the practice, to receive shillings and sixpences, two trucks were stationed right and left of the doors on the outside, into which the congregation paying as they went in, instead

of as they came out, pitched bread, beef steaks, bunches of carrots, mouse-traps, tinder-boxes, and other articles. I remember attending a sermon, preached for the advantage of a Rev. gentleman, who had been disabled by a paralytic stroke, when I contributed a new wicker cage, with a cock magpie who had lost his voice.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer was obliged to give up his customary budget, and introduced a new system of duties in kind. I had an opportunity of hearing a Right Hon. Gentleman, who filled that situation, very pathetically lament, that the "over-production of gold then, was as great an evil as the over-production of grain had been formerly." Once he added the difficulty was how to get gold; then, the question to be put was how to spend it, for the nation already resounded with the lamentations of sufferers, formerly creditors of the state, but who had been paid off with gold, which was useless, as it would buy nothing.

The physicians complained that they suffered from not being judges of the articles which they claimed as fees. As last, however, they understood the value of commodities, generally, better than the complaints of their patients. I have seen Doctor Drenchem with his carriage so crammed with various articles of furniture, that he looked like a broker, or dealer in marine stores, making his escape before quarter-day.

"A new circulating medium," we must have; "a new circulating medium," was the cry on all sides. It was necessary, as the metals once called "precious," now began to be used for the meanest purposes. It will create astonishment at the present day to state it, but I actually stared like a conjuror, when I first saw a warming-pan of solid silver, and I verily believe, that if we had then seen, what is now an every day spectacle, a poor ragged labourer cooking beef sausages in a golden frying-pan, we should have questioned his honesty, and suspected him of robbing the mint—a building in which metals were manufactured, under the authority of the Government, into what was then called money.

But what ought the new circulating medium to be? This was a question which puzzled many. Salt was proposed by an Oxford scholar, who said the idea was classical. But the hint was thought unseasonable; the clergy did not relish it; and the punsters said they did not wish in that way to *get salt to their broth*.

Lead was next suggested. This, however, proved to have been set afloat by the proprietor of one of the mines in Derbyshire. It was opposed, as bearing some resemblance to the old circulating medium, which was always said to be *too easily melted.*

An honourable gentleman, now no more, made a motion for the adoption of leather as money. But, unfortunately for its plan it was proved, before a Committee of the House of Commons, that, for the preceding three months, the firm to which he belonged had been buying up (by barter) all the hides at Leadenhall Market. This threw discredit on the scheme.

At length it was recollected, that certain enlightened nations on the banks of the Congo and Gambia, used cowries as money. It was proposed that we should do the same. The philanthropists liked the idea; as they contended, with such a circulating medium, there would be no *forgery* and *coining*, two crimes, the nature of which can hardly now be described, On mature deliberation, this hint was approved and adopted. It was agreed that the large spotted shells should pass for five pounds, the small white ones for twenty shillings. By the same act, which established this arrangement, it was provided that guineas and sovereigns (pieces similar to the dumps which boys play with now) should be used as small change.

This was a great relief to the nation in general, but to me in particular. My poor wife, the late Mrs. Ploddington, had always been in the habit of twitting me with "the fortune she had brought me." I was allowed to lead a peaceable life, from the moment in which she found that the five hundred pounds, which she possessed when I married her, were now of less value than so many *Blackamoor's teeth.*

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

'Tis Christmas!—let not care annoy,
  Hence with the dull desponding thought;
And let us study to enjoy
  The mirthful moments as we ought.
But let us not, while smokes the chine,
  Which we unsparingly may carve,
Say "ours the feast and roseate wine,
  No matter who elsewhere may starve."

Ere I to prayer my lips dispose,
  That God my well-spread board may bless;
One pitying tear is due to those
  Who mourn, thirst, hunger, nakedness:
And when the bottle round is passed,
  It will not interrupt my glee,
To know some hold, who else would fast,
  A little festival through me.

Now let the laughing son of mirth,
  Who mocks the puritan's grave tone,
Show, if unclaimed the second birth,
  That he can pity sorrow's moan.
And while his mind, sublimely grand,
  On reason's eagle wing may soar,
Prove by the open bounteous hand
  His heart not rotten to the core.

The merchant, whose important cares,
Nor times, nor seasons, can control,
Who sighs that various grave affairs
Compel him to neglect his soul;
Let him, despising vain parade,
Where woe deplores the winter's chill,
Dispense his charitable aid,
And pay to Heaven, one Christmas bill.

But yon Believer—you who pray
That sinners may escape the rod;
Who, thrice on every Sabbath-day,
Attend the minister of God,
Ah! think how much depends on you!
If you lament that men dispute
On things unquestionably true,
Now "make the *tree* known by the *fruit*."

"The poor," so he of Nazareth sigh'd,
"Shall always walk this globe upon,
The offerings not to me denied,
Bestow on them when I am gone."
Christian, these words your master said,
Then ere you take your Champagne iced,
Look some poor family is fed;
For that's the way to worship Christ.

Pilgrims all bound to the same shrine,
They best will meet the final day,
Who recollect the charge divine,
To help a sufferer on his way:
I ask not what the kind man's creed,
Who checks the tear about to start;
Turk, Hindoo, "Israelite, indeed,"
Religion animates HIS *heart.*

GERTRUDE'S LAMENT.*

"Go, I beseech thee—go, my wife!"
My husband cried; "if seen, I know
Yon fiends will take thy precious life,
To aggravate thy Rudolph's woe.
Hence ere the sun ascends the sky,
Thy love, as treason, to betray;
Ah! doom me not to see *thee* die,
By waiting the return of day."

Nay! 'tis to die with thee I stay,
With whom to live was youth's first choice;
Then let me not be sent away,
While thou can'st listen to my voice.
And then I prayed, "O God! O God!
Who first bestowed this form and breath;
Now, lay aside thy chastening rod,
And give my love repose in death."

The morning dawned, the crowd came round,
And Hugo's wife I saw was there;
'Twas then hope whispered, I had found
A welcome answer to my prayer.
"And bid," I cried, "the headsman's sword,
By mercy urg'd, end Rudolph's woe;
This boon, e'en vengeance may afford,
And gratitude will bless the blow."

* Mrs. Hemans wrote a very elegant poem on this subject; but it will be seen that here an attempt is made to render in verse, the subjoined affecting narrative.

"It may not be," my husband sighed
"Though pitying Hugo has the will
To end my pain, 'tis here denied,
For I am doomed to suffer still."
And then came he—that dreadful man,
Who owns the headsman's horrid trade,
And even down *his* face tears ran—
"God grant the sufferer peace," he said.

His heart, though blood he spilt for bread,
Claimed sympathy with nature yet;
The heart of that base wretch was dead,
Who wore a ducal coronet!
He came to view his victim's throes,
And answered to my frantic cries;
"Methinks 'tis pity that the crows
Still let the traitor keep his eyes."

It was an hour of awful pain
When I, a fond—a faithful wife,
Could wish to see my husband slain—
Could raise my voice against his life!
But, O! while from the hellish wheel,
His swollen eye spoke such agony,
As might have moved a heart of steel,
Who—who could bear such life to see!

Among the crowd were some, who sought,
Refreshment kindly to bestow;
And bread and wine to me they brought,
To hold the sacrament of woe.
But what had I to do with these,
My mangled husband in my eye!
Food, they may crave, who are at ease,
But hunger flies from misery.

A voice upon my ear now broke—
A woman's voice—"Mad wretch begone,"
(It was the Queen's—to me she spoke,)
"And let the felon there writhe on."
But then one urged, in gentle tone,
"The sufferer, how can we remove?
She waits to hear her lord's last groan—
O, gracious Heaven! what faithful love!"

To drag me from the scaffold then
The guards proceed—"Forbear, forbear!"
I wildly shrieked. The wretched men
Respected not a wife's despair.
But he who lately interfered,
Now cried—"Oppose not her desire;
Love such as this should be revered,
And earth shall praise, and Heaven admire."

"O lady, honoured be thy name!"
He added, while he pressed my hand,
"Devoted zeal shall give thee fame,
Through many an age—through every land.
Intrepid love and constancy,
Ensure the brave but tender wife
A place among the saints on high,
And win from death the crown of life."

With Rudolph I was left alone,
And now could freely weep and pray,
The hoarse winds mingled with his groan,
And clouds obscured the parting day.
My tears upon the wheel I shed,
But louder, fiercer, grew the storm;
And then my cloak, I softly spread
O'er Rudolph's shattered bleeding form.

Those lips I felt were parched and dry,
On which with rapture I had hung;
But water, I perceived, was nigh,
And brought some to his burning tongue.
Then, on the Heavens I bade him gaze;
"Not now, my love," I said, "despair—
We after some few mournful days,
May hope to dwell for ever there."

Celestial joy, I thought I saw,
Sweetly illume his dying brow;
I held my breath, with silent awe,
And deemed him more than mortal now,
"No longer, Gertrude, weep for me;"
He murmured, "dearest, fondest friend—
Most blessed am I still with thee,
For thou art faithful to the end."

He paused. I stilled the mournful sob,
That he might not perceive me weep,
But saw his heart had ceased to throb,
His eyes were closed in lasting sleep.
Then God I thanked, with mind serene,
That he had claimed my husband's breath,
And strengthened me, through this sad scene
Of ignominy, pain and death.

[Among the persons who were accused of being accomplices with John of Swabia, in the assassination of the Emperor Albert, was the Baron Vonder Wart; though, according to the unanimous testimony of early and later historians, he had not taken any immediate part in the deed itself. He was bound alive to the wheel. His wife, Gertrude, did not forsake her unhappy husband even in his last moments; and she describes

those dreadful hours in a letter addressed to Margaret Freianstern, which is inserted in a work, published at Haerlem in 1818, entitled, "Gertrude Vonder Wart, or Fidelity till Death; a true History of the Fourteenth century; by J. C. Appenzeller." The following is the letter of the most faithful of wives.

"I prayed under the scaffold on which my husband was fastened alive upon the wheel, and exhorted him to fortitude. I then arose, and with thick pieces of wood built myself a kind of steps, by means of which I could mount up to the wheel, laid myself upon his trembling limbs and head, and stroked the hair from his face, which the wind had blown all over it. 'I beseech you, leave me! Oh, I beseech you!' he exclaimed continually. 'When day breaks, should you be found here, what will be your fate? and what new misery will you bring upon me? O God! is it possible that thou canst still increase my sufferings?'

"'I will die with you! 'tis for that I come, and no power shall force me from you,' said I, and spread out my arms over him, and implored God for my Rudolph's death.

"The day broke slowly, when I saw many people in motion opposite us; I replaced the thick pieces of wood where I had found them. It was the guard, who had fled at my appearance, but had remained near the spot; and, as it seemed, caused a report to be made of what had past; for at day-break all the people, men, women, and children, came flocking out of the town.

"As more people approached, I saw also several women of my own acquaintance; among them was the wife of the bailiff, Hugo Von Winterthur; I saluted her, and begged her intervention with her husband, that he might order the executioner to put an end to my husband's cruel sufferings.

"'He dare not do anything for me,' sighed Wart upon the wheel, again moving his head at this moment, and looking down upon me with his swollen eyes. 'He dare not do anything; the Queen pronounced the sentence, and the bailiff must therefore obey! otherwise, I had well deserved of him that he should do me this last kindness.'

"Some persons brought me bread and confectionery, and offered me wine to refresh me; but I could take nothing; for the tears that were shed, and the pity that animated every heart, and was kindly expressed, was to me the most agreeable refreshment. As it grew lighter, the number of people increased; I recognized also the Sheriff, Steiner Von Pfungen, with his two sons, Conrad and Datlikon; also a Madam Von Neuftenback, who was praying for us.

"The executioner came also; then Lamprecht, the confessor. The first said, with a sigh: 'God have compassion on this unhappy man, and comfort his soul!' The latter asked Rudolph if he would not yet confess? Wart, with a dreadful exertion of all his strength, repeated the same words that he had called out to the Queen, before the tribunal at Brugk (denying the charge). The priest was silent.

"All at once I heard a cry of 'Make way!' and a troop of horsemen approached, with their visors down.

"The executioner knelt; the confessor laid his hand upon his breast; the horsemen halted. Fathers and mothers held up their children in their arms, and the guard with their lances formed a circle, while the tallest of the knights raised himself in his stirrups, and said to the executioner: 'Whither are the crows flown, that he still keeps his eyes?' and this was Duke Leopold.

"My heart ceased to beat, when another knight, with a scornful smile, said: 'Let him writhe as long as he has feeling! but then people may be gone. Confounded wretches! this sighing and crying makes me mad! No pity must be shown here; and she here, who so increases the howling, who is she? what does the woman want? away with her.'

"I now recognized the voice of the Queen. It was Agnes, in the dress and armour of a knight. I remarked immediately that it was a woman's voice, and it is certain it was Agnes.

"'It is Wart's wife,' I heard a third knight say. 'Last night when the sentence was executed, we took her with us to Kyburg. She escaped from us, and I must find her here then! We thought that in her despair she had leaped into the moat of the castle. We have been seeking her since this morning early. God! what faithful love! Let her alone; nothing can be done with her.'

"I here recognized the mild-tempered Von Landenburg. How well did he now speak for me! I could have fallen at his feet.

"'Well, Gertrude,' cried a fourth to me, 'will you not take rational advice? Do not kill yourself! Save yourself for the world! you will not repent of it.'

"Who was this! Margaret. I trembled; it was she who wanted to persuade me at Brugk to leave the criminal Wart to his fate, and pass days of joy with her. Then I too could almost have exclaimed, 'God! this is too much! cease!'

"Agnes made a signal to an esquire to raise me up, and bring me away from the scaffold. He approached me, but I threw my arm round it, and implored my own and my husband's death; but in vain; two men dragged me away. I besought assistance from Heaven: it was granted me.

"Von Landenburg (otherwise a faithful servant of Austria) once more ventured to speak for me. 'Cease to humble her; such fidelity is not found on earth; angels in Heaven must rejoice at it; but it would be good if the people were driven away.

"They let me loose again; the horsemen departed; tears flowed from Lamprecht's eyes; he had acted strictly according to his duty, and executed the will of the Queen; he could now listen to the voice of nature, and weep with me 'I can hold out no longer, noble lady! I am vanquished; your name shall be mentioned with glory among the Saints in Heaven, for this world will forget it. Be faithful unto death, and God will give you the crown of life,' said he; he gave me his hand, and departed.

"Every one now left the place, except the executioner and the guard; evening came on, and at length silent night; a stormy wind arose, and its howling joined with the loud and unceasing prayers which I put up to the Almighty.

"One of the guard now brought me a cloak, to protect me from the wind, because it was night; but I got upon the wheel, and spread it upon the naked and broken limbs of my husband; the wind whistled through his hair; his lips were dry. I fetched some water in my shoe, which was a refreshment to us both. I know not, my dearest Margaret, how it was possible for me to live through such heart-breaking and cruel hours. But I lay as if guarded and wonderfully strengthened by God, continually praying near the wheel on which my whole world reposed.

"As often as a sigh broke from the breast of my Rudolph, it was a dagger in my heart; but I consoled myself with the hope, that after a short time of suffering, the eternal joys of Heaven would be my portion; and this gave me courage to suffer; I knew too for whom I suffered, and this gave me strength in the combat, so that I endured to the very last moment.

"Though Wart had at first so earnestly begged me not to increase his agonies by my presence, yet he now thanked me as much for not having left him; in my prayers to God, he found consolation and refreshment, and it was a comfort to his soul when I prayed.

"How the last dreadful morning and noon were spent, permit me to pass over in silence. A few hours before evening, Rudolph moved his head for the last time; I raised myself up to him. He murmured very faintly, but with smiling love upon his lips, these words—'*Gertrude this is fidelity till death!*' and expired. On my knees, I thanked God for the grace which he had given me, to remain faithful to the end."]

DEATH AT THE TOILET.

It seems that every bard, or clown, or lord,
Finds Death a striking subject to talk o'er,
He who counts syllables, in each long word,
With rhyme, his helpless relatives to bore,
And he who strikes the highest-bounding chord,
Who with immortal eloquence can soar;
Yet nothing make of *Death*, with all this fuss,
But, that he nothing means to make of us.

And some appear intolerably grieved,
While dolefully lamenting earthly woes,
To think that they must one day be relieved:
And gain through *him*, a season of repose.
But I, thank Heaven! have never yet perceived
That I am likely to be one of those;
For, gratefully admiring Nature's plan,
Death seems to me the comforter of man.

From this folks may presume that I am heir
To some old gentleman of property,
Or ancient dame, who to assuage my care
Has been sufficiently polite to die;
Or else a widower, whose *black* despair
Has, after six long mourning weeks, gone by.
But *I*, though Death is certainly my pet,
Have to acknowledge no such favours yet.

I like him for the lesson he gives pride,
And those we 'groundlings' call 'of high degree.'
The heartless rich, by him laid side by side,
Are fairly levelled with poor rogues like me.
Thus feeling sometimes I have almost cried,
Death's circumstances so reduced to see,
For vaccination—stomach-pumps—and peace
I thought would make mortality decrease.

"Great king of terrors! I commiserate
Thy lot severe, for deeply thou must feel,
Through peace, the long postponement of the fate
Of thousands, whom the grave would else conceal.
No longer used for stocking thy estate
Are powder, conflagration, lead, and steel;
Whilst undertakers in the general joy
Turn suicides, their workmen to employ!"

Thus I exclaimed when lo! before me stood
Grim Death himself. I must confess this hurt
My feelings rather, but his civil mood
Restored composure, nay, I soon grew pert,
Though to my blushing face, up rushed the blood,
At being there with one who wore no shirt;
With one indeed, it may be said, who owns
Not even a skin to hide his naked bones.

Yet skeletons I like to view, because
No veil there screens a mean perfidious heart;
No vertebræ incline, to feign applause
Where scorn is felt, but finished life's brief part
The limbs with seeming dignity can pause,
Nor shake with terror nor with fury start;
And Death as seen by me, was, I must own,
A very gentlemanly skeleton.

We spoke of various matters—of Life's ills,
Of sportive subjects now, and now of grave;
I, (thinking of my aunt's and grannam's wills)
Lamented cooking Kitchener should save,
Or Abernethy with his d—ns and pills
So many, whom of right Death ought to have;
And still, to give discourse a friendly turn,
On his account expressed sincere concern.

"Your love I thank," said he, and grinn'd a smile:
"I will explain, but must be brief and free,
For I to-night shall journey many a mile,
And you would hardly wish to go with me.
Rightly you have imagined that my toil
Makes life a little like what it should be.
Few, very few, would covet here to stay,
Were I for one whole century away.

"For how terrific were the tyrant's rod,
Had he no dread that Death might be at hand!
And how relentlessly would Avarice plod,
How domineering would be all the grand,
If me they could forget, as they do God,
And hope to live for ever in the land!
I make proud affluence the poor befriend,
Or bring its sordid projects to an end.

"This, my vocation, sternly I pursue,
In peace or war, submission I compel,
The latter, 'twill sound wonderful to you,
My lists, perceptibly could never swell;
Nay, joined with steam, balloons, *safe* coaches too,
Ne'er furnished out a half per-centage knell.
My blows are most repeated, are most sure—
Where wealth and comfort whisper 'all's secure.'

"I choose not for my arms, the beggar's meals,
His tatters, or his lodging on the ground;
No,—but magnificence my arrow feels,
Where pomp presides and luxuries abound;
In dainty viands, to life's source it steals;
And costly wines, my instruments are found.
These—these to Death far richer harvest yield,
Then all the slaughter of the battle-field,

"More would you learn, to Beauty's toilet go
And see my weapons, in the fair array
Which all around her careful hand may throw,
To decorate her for the festive day.
There, in her gauzes, nets, and muslins know,
My formidable host in ambush slay;
But hast thou seen a nymph, both young, and fair,
For conquest, and for revelry prepare?"

"Yes," I replied, and transports at the thought,
Prompted unwonted energy of speech,
"But yesterday, a blissful glimpse I caught
Of that which mortal excellence may reach;
And this idea to my mind it brought,
However eloquently churchmen preach,
Though with it strange extravagance breaks loose,
Yet's love's idolatry, claims some excuse.

"I gaz'd on all that's fragrant, gay, and bright,
In Heaven above, on earth, or in the sea,
Celestial blue in Chloe's orbs of sight,
And starry lustre there enchanted me.
The blushing rose, and lily, now delight
With pearl and coral, in soft unity.
It was a picture, radiant!—glorious!—rare!
Divine epitome of all that's fair!

"Superb embellisher of human life!
How dear the joy thy influence can impart!
Blest recompense for scenes of care and strife;
Loved tyrant of the subjugated heart!
Beauty! resistless still in maid or wife!
Through being's course—but here you almost start
Afraid that I shall covet when I die,
O Mahomet! thy sweetly peopled sky!

"Source of our bliss! but fountain of our sighs;
The poor for beauty pant—the rich adore;
The madman's vows, the homage of the wise,
In every age are thine, on every shore.
Thy smile inspires our noblest energies,
The warrior's prowess, and the poet's lore;
And our sublimest deeds confess thy sway,
As flowers and fruits date from the sun of May!"

"But saw'st thou," Death enquired, "altho' so fair
And almost more than mortal to behold,
How Chloe, dressing, to her aid called there
Wreaths, toys and gewgaws, more than can be told?"
"I did, and marvelled at the fruitless care,
Thus whitening snow, or gilding purest gold,
And still, when all, as I thought, had been tried,
Her milliner, new finery supplied."

"And while you leisurely could this descry,"
Said Death, "who waited on her did you ask?
Know the attendant you beheld—was I!
'Twas I who wore the officious servant's mask!
The fair was destined in life's bloom to die!
To hand the fatal trappings was my task:
Wholly superfluous I deemed open force,
And let the thoughtless beauty take her course.

" 'Tis thus that Death accomplishes his aim :
Most human beings sigh for what destroys ;
Mirth, Vanity, and Pleasure, play my game,
And crush life's hopes beneath deluding joys.
More perish from caprice and Fashion's whim,
Than by the cannon, battle's rage employs—
But I must hence,—another glass is out,
And I am going to my lady's rout."

COLONEL VERNON, OR THE WARNING VOICE.

A TALE OF THE CIVIL WARS.

"Brief is the date of human happiness, and they who boast that felicity is theirs, should evermore be prepared for an awful change."

It was the venerable Herbert who spoke, and it was while the bride, deeply impressed with the solemnity of the marriage vow, which she had but that moment pronounced, gratefully replied to the kind speeches of congratulating friends, that those words were poured into the ears of Isabel. In the cloudless brow of the bridegroom, and in the beauteous eyes of the bride, he saw that, happy then, they looked for long years of uninterrupted bliss. The esteemed pastor wished to bring down their transports to the sober level of reason. He cautioned them against being too sanguine, that, fortified by a just and salutary apprehension, should sorrow approach, they might endure without dismay. The kind spirit of him who spoke beamed in his countenance, and the gentle tone of admonition falling

"Soft as the dew from Heaven descends,"

from the revered lips which had just pronounced the nuptial benediction was as respectfully received, as it was piously intended. Yet those on whom it was bestowed felt that, if ever it were permitted for mortals to calculate upon happiness, *they* might indulge the hope without presumption.

Theirs was the union of affection, of affection founded on reason, as its basis was a long and intimate knowledge of each other's minds and virtues. High and powerful connections each could claim, and all approved of the union of the families of Vernon and Bolinbroke.

The civil war, which eventually cost Charles the First his crown and life, was then raging: but even this circumstance, however sad for the nation, seemed fortunate for Colonel Vernon. His valour in

the field had already gained him the fame of a loyal subject and a gallant soldier, nor did he doubt but the perfect triumph of the royal cause would eventually yield him additional laurels, and higher honours.

Days and months of domestic happiness and professional success were his, and he would sometimes recal to Isabel the warning voice of the venerable churchman, by the exulting remark, "We have known happiness, but not the awful change." The growing fame of Vernon pointed him out as a fit person to be entrusted with the command of Bletchington House, then deemed a fortress of great importance. Isabel had often seen her husband depart for the field, and lamented that she could not accompany him; but it was possible for her to share the danger and the glory of his present duty, and she determined not to separate from him. The garrison was so well provided, that Vernon anticipated no catastrophe. He consented to her being his companion, and Isabel with her infant, just then beginning to walk, took up their abode in Bletchington House.

Nothing could exceed the ardour felt by Vernon and the men under his command. The knights in the olden time panted not with more romantic eagerness, to gain the victor's prize from the presiding beauty of the tournament, than did he and his soldiers, to prove their valour in the presence of Isabel. An attempt was made to carry the place by storm, but it was repulsed with such loss as taught the soldiers of Cromwell that they had to deal with no common foe. Every summons to surrender was answered with stern defiance, and, despairing of success by other means, the rebels at length turned the siege into a blockade.

Great was the exultation within the walls when this was known. Long before the ample stores providently collected could be exhausted, Vernon was satisfied that the king would arrive. All were animated by the same resolution: all were determined to resist to the last extremity. We will not give in detail the incidents which occurred and the conversations which passed, while exultation resolved itself into sober confidence, and while confidence became mingled with doubt; nor those which followed when doubt gave way, not to fear for his personal safety—for that Colonel Vernon could not know; but to excruciating apprehension for the fate of his men and the cause of

his monarch. Suffice it to say, that the relief expected arrived not —that with all the care he could use, food became scarce, and the garrison began to murmur that they were content to lay down their lives in the field, but not to be starved to death.

One appeal he determined to make to the enemy. The Royalists had, on several occasions, humanely allowed the females and children who were in besieged places, to withdraw. This favour he now solicited. Before giving an answer, the Puritans said it would be necessary to "seek the Lord in prayer," and a message of their own would announce the result.

With some satisfaction he learned, on the following morning, that a Round-head messenger claimed to be admitted. He immediately gave orders that the Puritan should be conducted, blindfolded, to the apartment in which he sat. This was done, and the soldier of Cromwell stood before him.

The bandage removed from his eyes, the man, who was of godly repute, and who, according to the whim of the time, had a most godly name, being called "Fight-for-the-faith Fletcher," with little ceremony, thus delivered himself:—

"Forasmuch as thou, William Vernon, being a man of blood, and a great backslider, hast often in battle proved a slayer of God's people, *the Lord of Hosts shall stir up a scourge for thee, according to the slaughter of Midian, at the rock of Oreb, and none of the ungodly shall pass hence but as captives to the servants of the Lord.*"

"Enough," said Vernon, haughtily; "return, and say to your commander, that, should our situation ever be reversed, I despise the example which he has set too much to follow it."

The puritan calmly replied,—

"*Let the high praises of God be in the mouths of his saints, and a two-edged sword in their hands, to execute vengeance upon the heathen and punishment upon the people; to bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron, to execute upon them the judgments written: this honour have all his saints.*"

"Away, madman and blasphemer!" Vernon indignantly exclaimed, and Fight-for-the-faith Fletcher was removed.

The distress within the walls became horrible, and the heart of Vernon seemed bursting in his bosom, when he saw Isabel, once so

gay, so lovely and so bright, reduced to a pallid and emaciated spectre. Long silent, her eyes alone seemed to reproach his stern decision, but, eventually, duty, as a mother, made her plead with nature's eloquence, not for herself, but for her child. She pointed to the famished soldiers, and called on her husband not vainly to sacrifice them. Thus to act, she argued, was not loyalty but fatuity, as it destroyed those who might otherwise become, at a future day, defenders of their king. He lent a deaf ear to her touching representations, but, at last, her imploring voice, the clamours of his starving men and, perhaps, the feelings of a parent unconsciously moving him to save his offspring, vanquished resolution. He consented to capitulate, and obtained what, under the circumstances, seemed very favourable terms. On giving up the place, his soldiers were allowed to march out with the honours of war, and, having grounded their arms, to go where they pleased. Bitter was the anguish and regret of Vernon, when the true cause of this moderation became apparent, and when it was made known to him that a strong body of royalists were on their way to relieve Bletchington House, who, within the next four and twenty hours, would have compelled the Parliamentary force to retire.

Though Isabel shared the sorrow of her husband, at learning that the king's forces were so near, she still exulted in having saved his life. From the extremity of suffering, previously endured, she doubted if he could have survived another day. The expediency of surrendering the place under such circumstances, was, to her mind, so indisputably established, that, even when a court-martial had been called at Oxford, she looked forward to the result without dismay, and confidently anticipated an honourable acquittal for Vernon.

The court did not close its proceedings till midnight. No messenger announced the result to Isabel. The absence of special intelligence was satisfactory. That Vernon should be exonerated was a matter of course.

And when it was signified to her on the following morning that the *prisoner* desired to see her, she still felt assured his detention was but a matter of form, and approached him with a smile.

"It is past," he sadly remarked; "your fond anxiety to save my life, has destroyed me."

"Destroyed you, Vernon! Can the court doubt?"

"No, Isabel; they do not *doubt*. Their decision has been pronounced, it is recorded, and I am lost."

"How! Are you not restored? Is it possible that their award can be unfavourable?"

"It is even so; and I am proclaimed a coward to the world!"

"And if the world be mean and miserable enough to credit the calumny, then, my Vernon, leave such a world."

"I must leave it."

"And do so without regret; for it merits not your care. Renounce it for ever—despise the phantom fame, and live but to love and Isabel."

"He who is bereft of fame and honour, can have no occasion for life. You, Isabel, must feel this. Start not, then, while I announce what I judged you must have previously learned:—I am sentenced to die!"

Isabel was little prepared for the awful intelligence, that the court had condemned Vernon to death.

"Can it—can it be possible!" she exclaimed, "that my Vernon is to die, and to die for having saved the brave men under his command?"

"Such is my fate—summon your fortitude in the last sad hour; and in the days which are coming, when this poor form shall rest beneath the peaceful sod, remember Vernon."

"Oh! speak not thus! Tell me not that there is no hope of mercy."

"Nay, Isabel, court no vain delusion: before yon sun declines, I shall be no more. Had it been my lot to fall in the field, my last moments would have been cheered by the thought that my death, even if not illustrated by triumph, was that of a soldier! but it is sad to suffer as a culprit; to know that my Isabel will be pointed at as the widow of a recreant, and that my boy will succeed to an inheritance of shame."

"The thought is madness, and I—*I* am the wretched cause of all! But for my voice—my fatal eloquence—it had been yours to live to hope, to happiness, and to glory! But will the monsters give no pause for further enquiry?"

"By my especial desire, the preparations for the fatal scene have been hastened. Be firm—be yourself, my Isabel, and let it be some consolation to that bleeding heart, to reflect, that if Vernon has failed in his duty, he can yet prove that he fears not to die."

"But tell me not that we meet for the last time!"

"Subdue agitation, and let not your emotion shake me in this important hour. When the fatal ball shall have done its part, if the enfranchised soul may seek what it loved on earth, mine shall still hover near you; when the evening star beams with lustre on that bright eye, let it represent my spirit ever waking to guard Isabel from harm; and when the gentle breeze of spring softly agitates those ebon ringlets, believe that it is Vernon thus signifies his presence."

"Oh! misery!"

"And when, life's duties performed, my Isabel reclines on the bed of death, I—so faithful love dare hope—will still be near to sustain the fainting sufferer, to usher her into a new state of being, and to join her unsullied spirit as it journeys to heaven."

"Yet tell me not that we part so soon,—that yet a few moments and we must separate for ever."

"No: it shall not be for ever. In a happier state of being, above the sky, among the spirits of the perfect just, we yet shall meet. Our love was never earthly in its character, and it shall prove immortal."

It was at this moment that Herbert, who, as one of the King's chaplains, was then in attendance at Oxford, entered.

"Reverend Sir, you are welcome," said Vernon, "it was you who, in the most blissful moment of my existence, wisely admonished me that I should hold myself prepared for an awful change, and much I thank you for coming now, to fit me for my passage."

Herbert turned aside to conceal the tears which he could not repress.

"My object," he at length said, "in coming hither, was to assist this fair one through the trying scene of the day. A holy man waits in another apartment to administer to you all the sacred consolation which religion can yield to a weak mortal in his last hour."

"And must he go now?" Isabel wildly demanded. "If the murderous sentence is to be executed, let me perish by his side."

"This may not be," cried Vernon. "Were it even permitted by authority, the solemn duties which devolve on the only remaining parent of a fatherless child, would bind my Isabel to life, if she love the name of Vernon. Now, dearest, take my last embrace. Restrain your tears and still that throbbing bosom. Be assured, that on you my thoughts will rest while life remains, and for you my prayers will ascend, even in that moment, when my emancipated soul leaves its mortal home."

Scarcely conscious of what she did, Isabel clung to her husband, in frantic agony.

"This is not well," he exclaimed, with sternness. The altered tone of his voice thrilled her.

"Take the dear one," he added, with relenting tenderness, gently putting her from him. Herbert received the interesting charge.

"Stay Vernon," cried Isabel.

"It must not be," he replied, "or want of courage will be said to disgrace my last hour. Our adieus have been exchanged, the parting blessing has been breathed, and I have nothing now to do on earth but to die as becomes a soldier and a man."

While speaking he withdrew; and when Isabel, who had for a moment raised her hand to her forehead to conceal her tears, would have looked on him again, she saw him not.

"Is he gone!" she exclaimed. "Is that generous heart to be stilled for ever, and by command of that sovereign, for whom, on the battle field, its best blood would have cheerfully been shed?"

"Daughter, it is deemed necessary that the severe rules of military discipline should be upheld, even at the expense of human life."

"But shall *he* be the victim of relentless principle, who only acted on the suggestions of prudence, where valour could nothing avail. Oh, Sir! there has been base slander at work, the king is deceived. Yet why, feeling this, do I tarry here! I will to his majesty! No force shall bar me from him. I will prove that Vernon has been calumniated."

She advanced towards the door; Herbert opposed her progress.

"Nay, Madam this may not be—*you* must not seek the king. Believe me, all that you would say in Vernon's favour, has already been said."

"Sir! you are cruel thus to bar my passage. Who could plead for the devoted soldier like his wife?"

"*He* might be heard with more attention, whose representations would seem to flow from a love of truth, rather than from affection."

"Yet, let me go. Oh! this is monstrous! not to permit a wretched wife to sue for mercy!"

"Were I not sure the effort must be in vain, I would support your present resolution. But the king's mind, I say it not on light grounds, is made up, and he is not to be moved."

"My anguish will touch his heart, and Vernon may live."

"Believe me sincere when I say it—were I not certain, certain as that I stand here a breathing sinner, that your seeking the royal presence cannot, by possibility, benefit your husband, I would not restrain you."

"Sir, you forget that the wisest and holiest of men have erred, and your reason, in other matters most excellent, may here be defective. Then never tell me that the king may not be induced by tears, by reason, and by startling facts, to change his purpose."

"Again, I say, the effort cannot serve Vernon; therefore be calm."

"Calm! nay, speak not thus. Man of God! can musing on heaven have dissolved in thy heart all sympathy with earth? Shall a wife be serenely resigned, while it is possible that her tears and prayers may save him to whom her faith is pledged, from being murdered?"

"This language you must not hold. Vernon has been sentenced by a competent court, and even his death should not be named a murder."

"Nay, but it is murder—the foulest murder, and may avenging furies pursue those who have willed it! may a God of justice hurl his red lightning on the blood-hounds; and may each monster's dying prayer for mercy be visibly rejected, that the sinner, even here, may see the world of torments in which the great actors in a world of crime will find their eternal home! For the king——"

"Hold!" exclaimed Herbert, who had previously attempted, but in vain, to interrupt the course of her despair. "Sin not against heaven, by impiously arraigning its vicegerent on earth. Late repentance, were this persisted in, would overtake thee, and gnaw thy bosom's inmate with remorse. His majesty is all goodness."

"If it be so, then why am I, with coldly cruel admonition, and even by force, restrained from seeking to know and to acknowledge it?"

"For reasons good, which I now attend to unfold, if your impetuous sorrow will give them audience."

"I want not to know the reasons by which heartless men can bring themselves to approve of shedding guiltless blood."

"Nor are such likely to gain utterance from my tongue. Yet will I vindicate the goodness of my king: he would not suffer the innocent to perish, and his ear is ever open to the voice of supplication."

"Yet, but now, you said that, with respect to my beloved Vernon, his mind was made up, and that nought could save his life."

"Daughter, I told you, that to petition the king would be of no avail. This do I now repeat and with fullest confidence—with irrevocable firmness; because—and now, poor mourner! let thy heart be prepared—for the words which linger on my tongue will thrill it to its core."

"Ha! is it so?—Because—so thou art about to say—Vernon, my brave husband, has already met his cruel fate. Break, wretched heart!—my husband is no more!"

"It is not so—he still lives."

"But is now, even in this moment, to die!"

"He lives, and is—so I hope—destined long to survive."

"Indeed! Blest sound! Welcome chains and dungeons, so his life be spared!"

"He will be restored free as he has ever been, enthralled only by those chains, which love and Isabel have twined around his heart."

"Thy voice is gentle, but still I tremble at thy words. Yet thou —*thou*, who art a holy man, would not mock a weak sufferer. But I fear my feelings delude me, and that I have imagined sounds to come from thy lips, which were not uttered."

"Be tranquil and be happy; Vernon is *not* to suffer."

"Oh, blissful tidings! Then let my heart swell with rapture! But say what meant your speech lately? Even now it tingles in my ears, as it burst on my startled sense, when, like the life-devouring kamsin of the desert, it seemed to burn and blast me as it came, while you announced, that the king would not be moved."

"This did I tell, because he had already pardoned Vernon."

"Bless him, heaven!"

"It became my duty, being in attendance on his majesty, to make him acquainted with all the sad incidents which had caused the loss of Bletchington House; and eventually I satisfied his royal mind that, faithful to his duty, Vernon had only capitulated, when that duty forbade him to sacrifice the lives of gallant men by useless resistance."

"I cannot thank you, sir, with my tongue, for my bounding heart is striving to burst forth to do that office. Yet tell me, if Vernon be pardoned, why is he not here? and why—I shudder while I recall it—why was he taken hence?"

"As yet he knows not that he is to be spared. The king suspects that your beauty and distress had some undue influence on his mind, and therefore willed that, to make a salutary impression on the young soldier, all the preparations should go on for the execution. It is only at the last moment that his pardon will be announced."

"Indeed! my poor Vernon! Then even now he thinks that we shall meet no more? O! what a storm of joy, will he prove—!"

Here the sound of a drum was heard: it ceased abruptly.

"What means that sound?" enquired Isabel.

"That is the muffled drum. The sound is now repeated, and will be so at intervals; such being the custom of a military execution."

"I hear soft, but solemn music."

"That is the psalm tune, which makes part of the ceremonial, when the prisoner approaches the awful spot, destined to be his grave?"

"The sounds are mournful, but yet soothing! Ah! what had they been, had I not learned that Vernon is not to die? Though ever intrepid, I know his fond heart is sad at leaving me. Yet I repine not that he is deceived, reflecting how vast, how pure, his joy will be anon, when he shall learn that he is not to be consigned to the gloom of the sepulchre; but that, restored to those he loves, he may still look on the green fields, the blue sky, and all the glories of nature."

"Objects still more dazzling and sublime," said Herbert, "I hope will occupy his mind—the goodness of that Deity, who—"

"Who spares his being! O yes, kind sir! reprove me not for dwelling on objects, glorious to the mortal sense; for to contem-

plate these will be devotion, as what can my Vernon see of the Creator's magnificence, which will not remind him of his mercy ? "

" So would I hope."

" Sir, methinks it is past hoping. My breast glows with ineffable delight, and is overflowing with rapture. But hark ! I hear a step. He comes ! Now, my soul ! give thyself up to bliss ! "

" Yet still, my child, remember, that they who boast felicity—"

" Not now, sir,—not now. Say not that I can be too happy, when Vernon, snatched from death, returns to greet his Isabel. Surely, in this blissful moment, exultation is reason—is religion."

One entered.

" Colonel Sidney ! " Isabel exclaimed, " I thought—I expected—"

" To see Vernon, madam. That pleasure will be yours immediately. I came to announce it, in order to prepare you. Such, at least, is the excuse I make to myself, for leaving him as I did. But, to confess the truth, the scene was too much for me, and I should have cried like an urchin under the whip at school, had I not beaten a retreat."

" And what is doing ? "

" You shall hear. The scene was made as terrible as possible. First, his coffin was carried before him, and placed on the edge of a grave, which had been prepared to receive it : so at least we wished Vernon to believe. Then, the muskets were loaded with ball, and, by command of the general, it was my duty to see that this part of the arrangement came under the prisoner's observation. Two pistols were prepared as for the provost—to despatch him if the muskets should fail."

" Poor Vernon ! and he—how did he bear it ? "

" Nobly. I did think, such a dismal array would have produced some effect—but, no, he was true heart of oak. To him all these things seemed matter of course. The muffled drum beat, and the fifes struck up the hundred-and-fourth psalm. On a former occasion, when the burial service was thus performed for the living, I saw him tremble, and a tear fell for the poor deserter then about to die. But, in his own case, no emotion could be traced. His step was firm—his air serene."

The sound of muskets was heard.

"Heard ye that roar! Even now, fortified as I am, well knowing that my Vernon is safe, a shuddering thrill runs through my frame. Great God! what would my feelings have been, if the sentence had really been carried into effect! had that awful sound announced the shedding of my husbund's blood. But what is that firing?"

"Doubtless, madam, it was the last experiment on the firmness of Vernon. I did not know the thing was to be carried quite so far. But all must be over now. I hear a confused murmur—footsteps come this way. I fly to meet my friend."

He left the room.

"This suspense, or rather this state of anxious expectation, has been much protracted, sir," Isabel remarked. "Would that it were terminated! But now they *are* coming. How full of rapture is this moment!"

"Lady, remember."

"You would say that human happiness cannot be of long duration."

"And mortals should ever look for an awful change."

"Nay, this is a gloomy thought—bear with me, sir; but I will not cherish it in this hour of transport."

Sidney now reappeared, but he no longer seemed himself. Joy and satisfaction but a few moments before had heightened the healthful glow of his manly cheek. Now, pale and aghast, his countenance exhibited but the unequivocal expression of horror and dismay.

With a faltering voice, he at length broke silence;—

"To the mysterious decree of heaven we all must bow."

"Spare this excruciating preparation, sir. Where—where is he? where is Vernon? Does he live, or—or—" and she paused without power to give utterance to the awful alternative which then, like the vivid lightning's sudden and partial illumination of the night-troubled ocean, burst on her mind. "But no; this is a new device to try my love and fortitude."

"I know not how to answer—but the tidings cannot be withheld."

"Speak. Does he live?"

"He lived when I quitted his side, but, I am forced to add, a fatal accident has unhappily occurred."

"Annihilate me! Tell me all. He lived, but was about to expire."

"The men have fired, and my gallant friend—"

"Has fallen," exclaimed Isabel. "I know it. The dark presentiment came over me with funereal gloom! Oh! sir," she added, while her streaming eyes turned to the sympathising Herbert, who, scarcely less a mourner than herself, was overwhelmed with amazement and anguish at the catastrophe—"was it well thus to sport with the affliction of a heart-broken wife?"

"Trust me, fair one," replied the minister, in a voice tremulous from age, but more so from emotion—"of such conduct I am incapable, and at this moment, even, I know not what has fortuned."

"Unfold it all," cried Isabel, addressing herself to Sidney; "but if he still live, let me go to him."

"With aching heart," said the colonel, "I obey. Arrived at the place of execution, the gallant old general shed tears of joy at remarking the intrepid bearing of Vernon. 'Firmness like this,' he whispered, 'entitles him to immortal glory;' and his heart glowed with exultation at the thought, that instead of giving the signal of death, it would be his duty to proclaim the royal pardon."

"And then—and then—why was it not produced?"

"It had been ordered that the men should reserve their fire till a white handkerchief waved, a signal which they were not to behold at all. The preparations were complete, the last word of command had been given, when the general drew from his bosom the pardon. The delight he experienced at displaying the paper, which was to save his young friend, caused him to produce it with a flourish of triumph. Unhappily this was mistaken for the signal, and—and—"

"My Vernon perished!" sighed Isabel.

Sidney described the anguish of the general at learning the fatal mistake, but Isabel heard it not. Her tears had ceased to flow—her eyes were fixed—for now they rested on Vernon himself, who, sustained by two of his friends, was borne into the apartment. His eyes were still bright, but the ghastly hue of his countenance told, more than even the blood which flowed from his breast and throat, that but a moment intervened between him and eternity.

Pale and breathless, Isabel approached him. He faintly extended his hand to receive her touch, but his eyes closed, as if the feeble effort had exhausted his last remains of life.

"Speak to me," she exclaimed, "let me hear thy voice once more."

"Beloved Isabel," Vernon murmured, "I—I—" Here his voice failed. The wretched wife listened for the close of the sentence. A dreadful doubt came over her—a more appalling certainty succeeded; a certainty that she was a widow.

"He is no more!" sobbed Isabel, "and I am the author of his death."

She clasped the mangled and bleeding remains of Vernon, and remained motionless. When the bystanders separated her from the corse, she uttered no cry—she shed no tear—she made no sign of woe, but a composure was stamped upon her countenance more fearful than anguish, more terrible than despair. The cry of her infant, which was brought to her, produced a momentary convulsion. It indicated recognition, and told that the ear of the mother was still alive to the cry of her offspring, though reason had fled for ever. The good Herbert essayed, but in vain, to administer the consolations of religion.

Looking on the hopeless desolation before him, he reverted to his former warning, and mournfully repeated—

"Brief is the date of human happiness; and they who boast that felicity is theirs, should evermore be prepared for an awful change!"

FALL OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

OR THE PLAYERS' "CRACK OF DOOM."

"A clap of thunder,
To make all heaven and earth and Cato tremble."

ADDISON.

Thy fate, Covent Garden, is wept by the Muse,
All London's alarmed at the sorrowful news:
Reluctant indeed to believe,
The town stands aghast at the doleful event,
Mr. *Thomas*, of King-street, is forced to "lament," *
And its *scene painters*:—Tom and Bill—*Grieve*.

Scenes, dear to my youth, of the *Mountain* and *Dell!*
Nor less loved, ye of *Cavern*, of *Dungeon*, and *Cell!*
No more will ye gladden these eyes?
Your worth—so well *canvass*-ed—a Mistress's gifts,
Could not pleasure me more than you did in your *shifts*,
Must you go with your *wings* and the *flies*.

Ye lustres which gave forth each play-acting night
A starry, deliciously tremulous light,
As ever fond poet has sung,
Am I now to lament as untimely *cut down!*
Those drops—I may say those *new drops*, which the town
Confessed so *efficiently hung*.

* When from unfortunate circumstances some years ago, it was proposed to sell the properties of Covent Garden Theatre. The auctioneer commence his advertisement of the sale, by saying "Mr. Thomas laments to announce."—

Ah! well may Melpomene's votaries regret,
Thy star, Covent Garden, is destined to set,
Where Siddons once taught them to feel:
Where Kemble's fine form, and elaborate pause,
With Cook's thunder often caus'd thundered applause,
And the magical skill of O'Neil.

And ye who love laughter may now shed a tear,
For boards on which Munden was wont to appear,
And Emery's pathos and whim:
Where Gibbs in all humours admirers could fix,
Where thousands have laughed at the tumbles and tricks,
And superlative grin of Joe Grim.

Doomed alas! like "the great globe itself," to dissolve,
This failure untimely must deeply involve
The artists of mirth and of woe:
They furnish a scene, melancholy, but odd,
Here a cobbler, a king,—there a ghost, or a god,
Deplores all his glories laid low.

Poor *Lady Anne* mourns, as with reason she may,
That *Richard* will cease to insult and betray;
There's *starving* 'tis true for *Jane Shore*,
But *King Edward's brats*, you may well pipe your eye,
How the deuce can you *live*, since no longer you *die*,
As *Crookback* will murder no more?

Hamlet weeps,—he's at all times a sorrowful blade,
His good papa's *ghost* to some purpose is laid;
And, with anguish too great to be shamm'd,
Belvidera complains she's not likely to groan,
And *Don Juan* adds, in disconsolate tone,
He now cannot *hope* to be *d—d*.

And know ye, who treat human woes with contempt,
Immortals are not from reverses exempt,
The tale Milton fitly might tell:
For angels and gods have been hurled from the sky,
To join with the frantic, disorderly cry,
Of demons excluded from *H—ll.*

The *links* of your chain—*Hymen,* who shall unite?
Young *Cupid's links now,* serve a crossing to light;
And *Venus,* to feed her small brats,
Descends from the clouds to this care-troubled ball,
Opens oysters, perhaps, at some rubbishing stall,
Or carries a basket of sprats!

Ye turnip-grounds, all within twelve miles of town,
Whatever your own or your master's renown,
For awful destruction prepare:
The folks of *the Garden* must now *take the field,*
And gobble the treasure your bosoms concealed,
Those *globes* so bewitchingly fair!

O Fortune! if *blind,* as base Pagans pretend,
At least *lend your ear* to a theatre's friend,
Your bosom let soft pity touch:
You cannot deem me an impostor, I'm sure,
'Tis pretty well clear one so devilishly poor,
Never diddled you yet out of much.

Deign, Fortune, to send *me* the money to pay!
Or save by your influence in some other way,
That glasses and scenes may not go;
Make Kemble and Harris at last "cry content,"
Let Auctioneer Thomas conclude his "lament,"
And spare the demolishing blow.

NO HOUSE;

OR, A DAYLIGHT SKETCH OF THE OLD HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A stranger in London, when he has seen the theatres, St. Paul's Cathedral, and the lions in the Tower, feels that after all he will cut but a poor figure when he gets home, if he omits to visit the House of Commons.

Aware of this, I, a few weeks back, directed my steps towards St. Stephen's Chapel. I had nearly got through Westminster-hall, when a person, standing about two-feet-six *with his shoes on*, threw his head back, as if a balloon had just been passing over him, to get a view of my face; and having succeeded, he civilly asked "if I wanted to see the House of Commons?" I answered in the affirmative; upon which I saw his little broad-back waddle before me as expeditiously as the two duck-legs belonging to its owner could move with such a load. We passed along a short passage, and ascended a few steps, when my guide, pushing open a door, beckoned me to follow.

"This is the lobby, sir," he called out; "and *there*," pointing to the spot on which I stood immediately after entering, "Mr. Perceval was murdered."

I was about to indulge in some reflections on that mournful event, when my hand was suddenly grasped by my neighbour, Squire Heathfield, a very worshipful magistrate, and the owner of an estate considered worth five thousand per annum.

Of course solemn meditation instantly gave way to polite recognition. I expressed satisfaction at seeing Mr. Heathfield so well, and, as I ventured to remark, in such excellent spirits.

"Why," said he, "I am a little in spirits, for I have succeeded in two things which I wished to accomplish by coming here."

"Indeed," said I, concluding that something very great had been done for the county as well as for himself.

"Yes," said he, "I was lucky enough to get hold of our member Old Boroughby, and at once secured a frank for my letter, and an order for the gallery."

I passed with Mr. Heathfield to a staircase, which I understood led to the gallery, towards which I began to ascend, when my dwarf guide again presented himself before me. He spoke not, but the turn of his eye furnished a memorandum not to be mistaken. It cost me sixpence.

A few steps higher brought us to a door, where my neighbour shewed his order. I, at the same time, exhibited half-a-crown, and both were admitted.

On entering the gallery we ran helter-skelter towards the front seat. But on looking round I perceived that the reporters of the debates preferred the back seat of all. It struck me that they must know which was the best place, so I retrograded and took my seat immediately in front of them. Heathfield did the same.

If no other good resulted from the movement I had made, I flattered myself that a material advantage would be secured by my getting in the immediate vicinity of the historians of the day, who could so easily explain anything which I might not comprehend, and moreover tell me who was who. Feeling that I should have occasion for their services, like most persons in the same situation, it never occurred to me that it was at all likely they would have something else to do than to attend to me.

I began by addressing a gentleman who had snuffed with me. By way of preface I remarked that "I supposed a debate was no treat to him." Next I said, "I took it for granted that he could point out all the members, and for what places they sat," and when he replied "a considerable number of them," I rejoined that "I could not think how he could possibly do it."

Matters being in this promising train, I now proceeded to business, by asking if the clerk sitting at the table in a gown and wig, was the Speaker? if the messenger, with a silver-gilt representation of the King's arms suspended from his neck, was the Serjeant at Arms? and which was the Treasury Bench?

I received courteous answers, but I thought the reporter looked rather disposed to smile as I put my last interrogatory. Every

thing however, went on very smoothly, and, the ice being fairly broken, I rapidly multiplied my questions, still demanding "Who's that—who's that—and who's that!" as the members entered.

Squire Heathfield, profiting by my example, was not backward in making his enquiries. His great anxiety however was to see Mr. L————, to whom he said he had been introduced in the country.

The gallery was now crowded. The reporters near me were calculating at what time the debate would begin, and whether the motion would be acquiesced in or opposed. I continued my questions, and inwardly resolved to do so till I found some difficulty in getting answers.

"Who is that?" said I (it was my fiftieth question), as Mr. Wilberforce approached the table. I have since seen this gentleman at a public meeting. "That," said my informant (I really wondered at his patience) "is Mr. Butterworth." I next pointed to Sir J. Newport and desired his name. "Sir Robert Vaughan," was the answer; and next my eyes glistened with joy at beholding Mr. Secretary Canning, as I supposed, in a senator, whose name I have since learned is really Mr. Spring Rice.

"We are in luck, Heathfield," said I. He smiled assent. A few minutes afterwards a note was put into his hand, addressed "Heathfield Esq. Gallery." My friend read it attentively, and then put it into my hand, saying—

"We are in luck indeed—at least I am."

I read as follows:—

"Mr. L———— presents compliments to Mr. Heathfield, and, understanding that he is now in the Gallery of the House of Commons, if convenient to Mr. H., would be glad to speak with him for a moment in the messenger's lobby."

I handed the note back, and Heathfield resumed his comment.

"It is a good thing for me I came here. I have no doubt Boroughby mentioned me to Mr. L. to-day. He has been solicited, I know, to get my cousin Tom a place in the Customs, and to a certainty he wants to speak to me about it."

So saying, he rose from his seat, and offered to make his exit by the centre door. Here, however, he was met by the *corps historique*. That door was exclusively theirs, and none but *members*

must pass that way. Both *Whigs* and *Tories*, *the Chronicle* and *the Post*, *the Old Times*, and *the New Times*, here concurred in opposition. They were too potent for the Squire who in vain pleaded the note from Mr. L., and was finally obliged to pass along to the door by which he entered. His application and failure caused a good deal of merriment on the back-seat. I myself could not help laughing while I saw him, with a face as red as the gills of a laying hen, fighting his way through the dense mass at the door, begging of them to let him out, yet steeling their hearts against him by adding, "I am coming back," in the hope of preserving the seat which he had just left from invasion.

"Order!" "Hats off!" "Sit down gentlemen!" were now bawled out by the messengers. The last command was reiterated with some sternness to one or two refractory strangers, who had but indifferent accommodation for sitting, it being held as disrespectful to stand in the presence of the House of Commons, as it would be not to rise in other places where personages of importance make their appearance.

Prayers were then read by the Chaplain; *how well* I shall not say, When these concluded, the Speaker and the Minister, each placing himself by one corner of the table, bowed, and with such exact regard to time, that their heads were near meeting in the centre of the space between them. "Noodle and Doodle!" whispered one of my neighbours.

The Speaker, sitting at the table where I had seen the Clerk whom I had mistaken for him, now began to count the members. At this moment a burst of laughter which ran all along the back seat, commanded my attention. I did not at first understand the cause of it, but looking to the door by which Heathfield had vanished, I saw him with a face even redder than before, and covered with perspiration, fighting for re-admission. With great difficulty he carried his point, and returned to his seat, leaving one skirt of his coat in the hands, or under the feet of the enemy. The space which he had previously occupied on the seat had insensibly diminished, notwithstanding my best efforts to prevent it, till there remained scarcely room for a pamphlet of moderate thickness to be placed between me and the gentleman now next to me, but previously next but one.

But a celebrated comic novelist has told us, that "it is the nature of— (I must not use the word, as it might shock the 'ears polite' of modern readers) the internal parts of the human machine to give way when pressed." This experiment was here made; for Heathfield, plumping himself down, without manifesting any superfluous anxiety for the inconvenience which he might cause to be experienced right and left, succeeded in wedging himself in as tightly as need be. The pressure I experienced caused me to liken our situation to that of figs just packed for a voyage.

"Well," said I, "it's all right I suppose for your cousin Tom, but I wish his preferment had been put off till to-morrow."

I was not aware that there was any thing remarkably droll in this speech, but the reporters near me found it exceedingly whimsical. They had before tittered, but now they laughed outright; and their mirth caused me to laugh also, while I inwardly reflected that a man often says a good thing without being conscious of it himself.

But the cause of their risibility being thus excited I soon read in their faces, while I listened to Heathfield's answer, was not exactly what I had supposed, though the speech above quoted I am by no means prepared to regard as a contemptible specimen of my humour.

What Heathfield reported was to this effect,—Having made his way to the Messenger's Lobby, he dangled about at the door of the *smoking room* without seeing or hearing any thing of Mr. L————. He was getting tired of waiting, when the officers of the House directed him to "move on one way or the other." Upon this he inquired for Mr. L————, just at the moment when that gentleman happened to pass. He then mentioned to Mr. L———— that his name was Heathfield. To this he did not receive that sort of answer which he expected, and he therefore added that he was the gentleman to whom he (Mr. L.) had written in the gallery. While speaking, he handed to the honourable gentleman the note which he had received, and was confounded at hearing him say, "I know nothing of this—it was not written by me." Before Heathfield could recover from the confusion into which he was thrown by so unexpected an answer, Mr. L. had retired, in compliance with a request from some one that he would "just step in to put the Speaker in the chair." My friend did not know what to make of this, till one of the messengers who

had been enjoying his embarrassment, had the kindness to tell him that the note must have been forwarded by some one who knew his name, merely to make a fool of him, by setting him to scramble through the crowd, while the writer, perhaps, took possession of his seat.

The Squire was highly incensed at the freedom thus taken with him; and, though I gave him several hints not to entertain with his resentment the gentlemen behind, who had evidently commenced their authorship that afternoon with the note by which he had been hoaxed, he persisted in gratifying them with the expression of his indignation till the words "There will be no house," pronounced in a tone of dismay by a stranger in front of us, checked his career and made him silent from apprehension.

It was curious to mark the strongly-contrasted expression of countenance which the present situation of things produced. From the second seat downwards, all was agitation and alarm,—behind, all was merry expectation and hope.

"It is foolish to adjourn," said the gentleman in advance of me, who had spoken before, "because there are not forty members present just as the clock strikes four."

"This is too bad," cried one of the literary rank, in a tone of vexation, and looking at his watch. "Right or wrong he is determined to have a house. It is now half a minute after time and he is not yet in the chair.

I ought perhaps here to explain that at four o'clock, if the number already present be under forty, the Speaker passes into his Chair and counts the members again, and, if still deficient, the House stands adjourned till the following day.

"The late Speaker," added the scribe, who had previously breathed his vexation, "would not have delayed in this manner."

At this moment, (it was exactly four by my watch) Mr. Manners Sutton took the Chair. He certainly did not seem in a hurry, and very deliberately called out "Order, order.—Gentlemen will be pleased to take their places."

There was a short pause, which two of my neighbours of the pen and press thus filled up.

"Did you ever see any thing like this before."

"Never. It's the way he always does."

The Speaker having collected his gown in one hand, and grasping his cocked hat in the other, now began pointing with one of the corners of his hat as he spoke.

"One, two, three—please to sit down, Sir,—four, five—order, order.—Six, seven, eight, nine, ten.—An honourable member walking with his hat on."

"You see," cried the reporter with whom I had conversed, "he is spinning out as much as possible."

"Yes," his friend replied, "this irregularity in the Speaker is, in my opinion, quite unconstitutional."

I thought this was a joke, and laughed accordingly.

"I am serious," he went on, "for as by the rules of the House, forty members meeting after four o'clock form no House, if the counting is thus delayed, and a sitting take place in consequence, the decisions come to in that sitting may afterwards be questioned, as being those of a body meeting contrary to the law and constitution of Parliament."

"While this was being explained the Speaker arrived at thirty. He proceeded—"thirty-one, thirty-two—order at the bar—thirty three—the honourable member will be pleased not to leave the house,"

"He's at it again," was grumbled from behind.

The Speaker went on, "Thirty-four, thirty-five;" he added, "I am afraid I have miscounted.—Order under the gallery."

"Zounds!" exclaimed one, or more than one of the *literati*, "he is going to begin again. Why does he not say at once he will not move till forty arrive?"

And the Right Honourable Gentleman looking behind his chair, first to the right and then to the left, recommenced counting, pointing with his hat, as before.

When he again got above thirty he proceeded rather expeditously.

"O, he's got a House," cried one in the rear, "you may tell that by his counting more than one a minute."

Heathfield looked, and I felt a little consoled at this, especially as the Right Hon. Gentleman reached thirty-eight, but the next moment he added. "This House is adjourned," and hope was no more.

For us, I mean, not so for the historians behind, and yet hope

was at an end too for them, having ripened into joyous certainty. While a solemn "Ah!" followed by "what a pity!" ascended from the front, a loud laugh, with the exclamation "Devilish near, Mr. Speaker, but you could not do it after all," invaded my ears from the back seat, or rather from those who had lately occupied it, and who were now gaily retiring.

I had gained the passage, not a little afflicted by the catastrophe, when I met my friend of the gallery.

"I suppose they will not think it necessary to return the money," said I.

"You wish for your half crown again, do you?" said he.—"To be sure you have a right to it. Mention it to that lusty gentleman with a broad face, and ask for it at once. He will return it, of course."

I went towards the individual thus pointed out, and was about accosting him, when looking round I perceived the giver of this advice watching me with a smile, which very plainly told me that he was waiting the result of a new hoax. I, therefore, abstained from speaking, and was turning away, when the words "Can you favour me with a frank, Mr. Hume?" told me that I had been about to demand half-a-crown from the honourable member for Aberdeen. Convinced more than before that my appeal would not have been of much service, I was glad to make good my retreat, and, bowing to the gentleman who had played me the prank, I walked sulkily down stairs with the squire, contending for the necessity of a speedy reform in Parliment.

THE TONGUE AND THE HEART.

AN EPISTLE IN RHYME TO A FRIEND IN PROSE.

I know, my dear generous friend, you design'd,
To glad your own bosom, by giving mine pleasure;
But learn, and be careful how next you're so kind;
You have vex'd me and plagu'd me, almost beyond measure;
My *Heart*, which your goodness so suddenly thrill'd,
(Oh, think not I jest, or at all wish to prank ye!)
Could have said what a Newspaper half might have filled,
Yet my *Tongue* hardly knew how to stammer out "thank ye."

Now my *Heart* and my *Tongue* I have wished to agree,
As a sailor would say, "well, in all kinds of weather;"
And you ought to own, and proclaim it with me,
'Twas wrong by the *Ears* thus to set them together.
I was vex'd with them then, and am hardly pleas'd now,
To think what a dunce I appear'd as I stood,
But as neither the other his way would allow,
I carried them both off as fast as I could.

Arriv'd at my home, but what pass'd on the way
Minutely to paint, if you love, don't implore me,
As a Justice of peace, whom none dare disobey,
"I summon'd these quarrelsome fellows before me.
"And so, *Mister Tongue!*" I exclaim'd with some heat,
It seems for your master you care not a souse,
When a hundred fine things I'd have had you repeat,
You spoke but two words, and were still as a mouse.

"And you, *Mister Heart* too, who close were behind,
You (who now an excuse are begining to mutter),
I think, might have manag'd a something to find.
And to whisper to *Tongue*, that was proper to utter."
Then each his defence made, and, I must confess,
I knew not how further the rogues to pursue;
But I thought, then, report them I could do no less,
Send their speeches—and leave the decision—to *you*.

TONGUE'S DEFENCE.

I did not mean to move your spleen,
But *Heart* would not be quiet;
And who, the deuce! could words let loose,
Where there was such a riot?
If *he* or *you*, a thing or two
Had given, and bid me tell,
I now declare, nay more, would swear,
I should have done it well.

But Heart so jump'd, and knock'd and thump'd,
I thought the Old-one in it;
In his wild way, he bid me say
A hundred things a minute:
On him the blame, and all the shame
Should fall, oh never doubt it,—
You'll find 'tis so—more would you know,
Enquire of him about it.

HEART'S APOLOGY.

A lonely, trembling pilgrim I,
Whom words, whom looks alone subdue;
Unseen I live, unheeded die,
Priz'd, or in life or death, by few;
For while I grateful incense bear,
To offer at my Maker's shrine,
I feel no wish, I know no care
Among the proud or great to shine.

When friendship made me late expand,
I could not what I prov'd reveal;
I could not utterance command,
You know my province is—*to feel.*
Then blame me not if *Tongue* was still,
Nor think me careless, I beseech,
Because I knew not how, at will,
To bring down thankfulness to speech.

Reproach me not, if I did bound,
Though I your eloquence put out,
Your *Tongue* I meant not to astound,
I knew not what *he* was about.
And, once by Bounty's voice awoke,—
Such I confess my want of grace,—
I through your breast had easier broke
Than calmly rested in my place.

Forgotten be such errors soon,
Me to my proper office give;
And trust your *heart* to make the boon
For evermore in memory live,
I will revive it, you shall find,
With joy's exhilarating glow;
And whisper it, to soothe your mind,
In all calamity and woe.

And the kind friend you shall descry,
In all that charms or care beguiles;
Now, in your Celia's brightening eye,
Now, in your children's artless smiles.
Blame not my boundings, then, though rude,
Nor harshly reprehend my heat;
But let me beat with gratitude,
Or let me—let me cease to beat.

THE PRESENT;

OR, TRAVELS OF A HARE AFTER HER DECEASE.

Many of those individuals whose deaths are recorded for the edification of the public, are the cause of much dull reading being sent into the world about their lives. Because the exit of a man attracts attention, it is supposed to be of importance to state when he was born, who were his parents, and where he went to school. I shall take good care not to fall into this error, by avoiding all mention of my "birth, parentage, and education."

Passing then, at once, to that period of my travels when I lost my life (it is much to be regretted that few travellers reach that period so soon), I begin by telling you, that the week before last, I had the misfortune to get my neck dislocated by a stick thrown from a rustic's hand, who, being unconscious of the inconvenience he had occasioned me, went on without offering me the smallest assistance.

A moment afterwards Captain Cockleshell, of the Lumber Troop, (who had just succeeded in wounding a hay-stack which stood within a hundred feet of the place from which a covey of birds had sprung,) came to the spot where I lay, very busily engaged in performing my last convulsions.

The captain did not mistake me for one of the birds that he had missed. He very soon found that I was defunct; and, being quite satisfied that I should not run away, he, with that presence of mind and composure which distinguishes the true hero in battle, serenely retired three paces, reloaded his gun, and discharged its contents into my prostrate carcase, which he forthwith carried off in triumph, as an undoubted proof of his shooting prowess.

Arrived at his house in Little Eastcheap, I was introduced in form to the captain's lady, with a very minute account of the manner in which the redoubted lumber-trooper thought proper to say that I

had come by my death. According to this, it appeared that he had tracked me for more than a mile and a half, and at length perceived me just retiring into a thicket, when he levelled his piece, and shot me dead, at the distance of a hundred and fifty, or a hundred and sixty yards.

For three days every person who came to the house was entertained with this little interesting narrative, and treated with a sight of my person, which placed the truth of the statement beyond all doubt. The lady at the end of that time, considering that I had been sufficiently productive of *éclat*, proposed to have me for dinner. I was glad of this, for the weather was so cold, that I felt quite impatient to be *dressed*.

But the captain objected. A tame rabbit, twice as big as I happened to be, might be bought for half-a-crown, and would be a better dish, while I was worth more than the money he had named, to forward to some person of consequence, or friend, as a present. With this feeling he finished by proposing to dispatch me to his cousin Street, at Margate.

"Why should we send it to him?" enquired the lady, "What does he ever send us?"

"Nothing.—Nor would he give us sixpence to save us from starving. I would only send it to mortify him, by letting him know that we are getting up in the world."

This satisfied the lady, who forthwith wrote a very affectionate letter to announce me, and, that same night, off I started by the coach to the Isle of Thanet.

My carriage, including the porter's demand, cost *but* two shillings and tenpence. The servant took me in with a smile, but I met with a very different reception from the mistress, when she returned from her morning walk.

"What!" said she, "am I and your master to be robbed of two and tenpence for such a trumpery present as this! Why, I could at any time buy a better of the poachers for half the money! A pretty thing, indeed, to——"

A double knock interrupted her eloquence: but only interrupted it to give it additional energy, when a letter from London, charged eightpence, was given into her hands, to tell that I was coming, in

order that she might send to the coach-office, and save the expense of porterage.

I shall not follow her through her transports, nor detail the many civil things with which she entertained her husband on the subject of his fine London relations; but I must remark, that she behaved very unhandsomely to me, whom she called "a miserable little starveling, not worth cooking, or even eating, if I had been sent ready cooked."

After a very short debate, both came to a resolution, that I was absolutely good for nothing, and, in consequence of this, they determined on dispatching me to a very particular friend at Canterbury, and speedily I became the subject of two letters. The first, from Mrs. Street to Mrs. Cockleshell, run thus;

"My dear Madam,

"Mr. Street and myself beg to return you our best thanks for the beautiful hare which you were so good as to send us. It arrived very opportunely, for it came when we had a large company of fashionable folks to dine with us, and we had been everywhere trying, but in vain, to procure such a thing for love or money. We are, however, very sorry that you should rob yourselves of such a treat, for it was the nicest ever tasted, and must earnestly beg you will not think of conferring on us a similar favour for the time to come, as we are quite distressed from not knowing how to make a suitable return.

"I remain, my dear Madam,

"With best remembrances to the captain and all the family,

"TITALINDA STREET."

"To Mrs. Cockleshell, Little Eastcheap, London."

The second was as follows:

"My dear Sir,

"As a very small return for the many favours which I and Mrs. Street have received at your hands, we take the liberty of sending you a leveret, which we hope you will do us the favour to accept. We fear it is hardly worth presenting, as it is but a small,

though, we trust, a very fine one; but we know your kindness will take the will for the deed. I should have called to return a part of the cash you were so good as to favour me with as a loan in the summer, but that I understood you were a great deal in town, and feared that you would be out of the way. By the end of next month I shall make a point of coming to Canterbury. Hoping it will not be inconvenient to wait till then,

"I am, my dear Sir,

"With best regards from Mrs. S.

"Very faithfully your's,

"HUMPHREY STREET."

"Charles Longpurse, Esq. Canterbury."

Though I went carriage-paid, and the letter post-free, to Mr. Longpurse, that gentlemen did not treat me with all the respect in the world. "What!" he exclaimed, "here's another sprat! Well, its my own fault if those who send you catch a herring, that's one comfort."

I now found myself introduced to the society of half a dozen hares, and about as many pheasants and braces of partridges. The footman was told the next day that he might have me (on account of the smallness of my size) to deal with as he pleased. He being surfeited with such things, sold me for eighteen pence to a journeyman-apothecary, his friend, who gave me to his master to inspire some respect for his connexions; and the apothecary, on receiving the present, as from his journeyman's uncle, a great landholder, sent me with all speed to the house of the rector, through whose interest he hoped to be promoted, on the first vacancy, to physic the paupers in the parish workhouse.

The person for whom I was intended was really (as the son of *Galen* knew) very fond of all sorts of game. But he happened to be out when I arrived, and his wife, not being at all partial to the trouble of cooking a hare, which he always expected her to superintend herself, I was again sent on my travels, and started by the first Dover coach that passed for the metropolis.

Arrived in London, a bailiff paid the porter, who was entrusted to carry me from the inn, and took me at the door of the house to

which he had been directed, and to which the legal functionary pretended to belong. He had the honesty to return with me, having himself assumed the garb of a porter, and, in this disguise, he easily gained an entrance, touched the gentleman for whom I was destined on the shoulder, and conducted his prisoner, with little delay, to a sponging house in Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane.

The debtor had now to consider of finding bail. No person seemed fitter to be applied to on such an occasion than his friend, Captain Cockleshell, of the Lumber Troop. To prepare him to accede to such a request, he bethought himself that he could not do better than to send him a hare. He therefore wrote a letter, dated Hampshire, describing me to have been killed the day but one preceding that on which he was writing, and on the manor of his friend, Lord Sharpset; and with this statement, back I went to my old master.

"Look here," said the captain (who immediately recognized me), addressing himself to his wife, "the hare has come back again; I can swear to its being the same that I killed last Monday."—He meant that he found dying.

"No, sure it can't be," exclaimed the lady: "Yes, it is."

"And Diddle says he shot it the day before yesterday."

"Indeed!"

"And on the manor of his friend, Lord Sharpset."

"How ridiculous," said the lady, "do such people make themselves, by endeavouring thus to shew their consequence."

"Is it possible," the lumber-trooper added, "to tell such bouncing falsehoods, and unnecessarily! Well! it puzzles me. How can people make up their minds to advance what they know is not true!" And they both agreed to condemn such conduct as most absurd and improper; though this had not occurred to the captain when I first fell into his hands. It was now debated whether or not I should be sent anywhere else; but from the circumstance of their finding it convenient to close their nostrils when their noses were turned towards me, it was thought that would be rather *too high* a joke. The idea was accordingly abandoned, and I, ordered into the kitchen for the servants, am now *roasting*.

I am, Mr. Editor, *truly* your's, PUSS.

A VOICE FROM THE THAMES TUNNEL.

What sound is that strikes on my ear!
It comes from *Red'riff!* Hark, again!
It cannot be the Engineer!
But listen—listen to the strain.

"How sad—how painful is this thrall!
For evermore my labours stopping:
Opponents I could *conquer all,*
If Fate would let me go to *Wapping;*

"The timid shareholders still shock,
By want of proper resolution:
I would near *Execution Dock,*
But they, alas! *Dock Execution.*

"When waves on waves big ruin hurl'd,
I fought them, and soon under got 'em:
To make it clear to all the world
That *I* had, what Thames wanted,—*bottom.*

"I mourn the sufferers, who in haste
Were sent from this, to meet their Maker;
For fun'rals are not to my taste,
Tho' I am *here,* an—*under-taker.*

"To very odd straits I am brought here,
My head,—if I aspire to wreathe it,—
I must not hold '*above the water,*'
My study is to *keep beneath it.*

But soon, all men a change shall see,
For now I scruple not to tell,
At present, though the *bell bears me*,
I hope, ere long, to *bear the bell;*

Those who now fidget in dismay,
And would to difficulties yield,
Shall one day raise the joyous lay,
In praise of my advancing *shield.*

" And one day, all my trouble past,
I shall exult on yonder shore—
My *boring* has prevailed at last,
And given the world '*a perfect bore.*'

"Then hence these impotent delays!
The Tunnel's sound and dry!—but mind,
Though Brunel could the *water raise*,
He don't engage to '*raise the wind.*'

"No, let the Shareholders do that,
And, they may grumble if they please,
To raise it would become each flat,
As much as kicking up a *breeze.*"

BROAD HINTS;

OR, THE COMMISSIONER'S PRIMER.

THE following sensible and very useful hints, were lately picked up in Old Broad Street. They are supposed to have been addressed by some fat ancient bloodsucker to an unfledged Commissioner:—

Being appointed a member of an "honourable Board," nominally established to prevent frauds, you will bear in mind that, while you look to the revenue, it is not your business to prevent frauds on the subject.

Take care to ascertain, without loss of time, that the Solicitor to the Board is partial to fees.

Such lawyers are scarce, but, with proper diligence, ONE *may* be found.

Should the clerk, or any other person in the employment of a trader, show that the revenue has received twopence-halfpenny short, in the duties claimed on the transfer of property worth some thousands of pounds, do not suppose this to be a mistake, but forthwith threaten prosecution, and report that proceedings have actually commenced.

If the clerk, or party employed, with whom the error originated, be the informer, show the gentleness of your disposition by receiving him with all kindness, proceed upon his evidence, aud in no case let the master know the name of his accuser.

But, as this cannot be managed if you go to trial, contrive that he shall be called upon for a mitigated penalty of forty or fifty pounds. That pays best in the long run.

If the accused should be so ill-behaved as to assert his innocence, call your honourable Board a gang of ———, and insist upon being brought to trial, you must mind how you go on with such a fellow as that.

First of all, let your messenger tell him that on trial he is sure to be cast.

Next, that, were it otherwise, as the Crown never pays expenses, could he triumph, the cost would vastly exceed the amount of the fine which, in the plenitude of official benevolence, has been imposed.

And tell him too, that, if cast, he will be allowed no mitigation of the fine, but must pay four times the sum in the first instance demanded.

If these representations have no effect, advise him to petition the Board to remit the fine. It would be better actually to remit it than to go to trial.

If he should petition of his own accord, and complain of the Solicitor, send his petition *to* the Solicitor, who will tell you what answer to return.

When you claim the fine, do not make any written communication; *that* you know might hereafter be brought forward. Send a verbal message, which can be moulded at a future time into shape, according to circumstances.

When the man who was, as you are thoroughly persuaded, falsely accused, and who craved inquiry, pays the mitigated fine, make him sign an acknowledgment of guilt.

For that purpose, keep ready-prepared a form drawn up to this effect:—"That the Honourable Commissioners having resolved to prosecute A. B., and having abundant evidence to convict the said A. B., and it being their constant rule never to institute any proceeding without the clearest proofs of intended fraud—(you can say so, you know)—on A. B.'s humble petition and full confession, you have mitigated the fine to ——" (specifying the sum you actually extort), and preserve such paper when signed, that, in case of the subject being brought before Parliament, it may be read amidst well-rehearsed shouts of "*Hear, Hear, Hear!*"

Do not give a receipt for the money you receive. That would be too much like business, to accord with the dignity of a body whose very existence is identified with business.

The dignity of the Board—I ought, perhaps, to have mentioned it sooner—must, in no instance, be compromised.

But perhaps you do not know what dignity is. I will teach you.

Did you ever hear the late Recorder of London run down a poor publican of blameless character, because he had been unfortunate? Well, that is dignity.

Did you ever hear the Rev. Parson Owen storming at the parishioners by whom he lived, but to whom he seldom preached, in language not to be surpassed "at Billingsgate, in the sprat season?" Well, that is dignity.

Or, did you ever mark the overblown condescension of a certain M. P. in the lobby of the House of Commons, when handing an order for the gallery to some diffident applicant, as if he were throwing a bone to a dog? Well, that is dignity.

Acting up to the spirit indicated by the distinguished individuals I have mentioned, you and your colleagues will secure your dignity. By the ignorant, who suppose your Board ought to have some respect for justice, you may be reviled as negligent or oppressive. The sordid tradesman, who does not like to submit to a penalty when he has knowingly committed no offence, may denounce you as a scourge and a nuisance; but, so as you are able to feather your nest, what need you care for the curses you may provoke, the growling churls you may annoy, or the silly women and children who may object to being left destitute.

Vulture.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS WHICHCOTE,

Aged 66.

Death means to change his *habits*, it appears,
Passing "from gay to grave," the grisly rake
Has, after pondering more than sixty years,
Made up his mind at last *Which-cote* to take.

NEWS FROM SWAN RIVER;

OR, THE LAWYER'S LAMENT.

You wish to learn how we get on,
So a letter I'll try to produce,
To tell at the River of *Swan*,
What I find for amusement or use.
Of all common comforts, alas!
We're here so deficient and bare,
That Nebuchadnezzar, at grass,
Could hardly have lived on such fare.

Mrs. Wiggins, you know, has a taste
For meads and meandering brooks,
And only could think, in her haste,
Of garlands and sheep-tending crooks:
I wish she had brought out instead,—
But my wife says "the thought is quite shocking,"—
A needle or two, and some thread,
To sew up a hole in my stocking.

Mr. Gusset, from Tottenham-court-road,
Who'd fain be our fashions refining,
Imported of patterns a load,
With samples, for facings and lining:
But, shrewdly I guess, a sheep's hide,
Though a garb than which few could look rummer,
Will be worn all the year; wool inside,
Through winter;—turned outside in summer.

Mr. Bunnion, of corn-cutting fame,
Our toes would in order be putting,
But here are so few feet to lame,
He finds he has gained no *good footing*.
May's-Buildings' great chief, Mr. Wrencher,
As dentist has made himself known,
But our teeth stand so firm that, at trencher,
He will not soon wear out his own.

For me, when determined to come,
I packed up my wig and my gown,
Expecting the settlers to hum,
And gain loads of cash and renown:
In raptures I strutted away,
Rehearsing my smiles and my fury,
"On oath, fellow, mind what you say,"—
"Please your Lordships and Gents of the Jury."

But landed, how perfect the bore,
To see not the ghost of a brief,
To find that this desolate shore
Can't furnish out one decent thief:
That honesty here is redundant,
I can't say I think or believe,
But goods are so little abundant,
There's really nothing to thieve.

Some dolts, in the country we left,
Have long been expending their time,
To prove they of sense are bereft,
By toiling to extirpate crime:
They may call it a curse, if they will,
The statement I boldly deny,
I swear that, instead of an ill,
We should hail it a boon from the sky.

Have you seen in the halls how they eat ?
Have you seen, at the sessions, how gaily
At dinner, the Judges all meet
The Barristers in the Old Bailey ?
The mirth in the towns of Assize,
When sweetly the merry bells chime,
While beauty decked out charms the eyes ?
These ! these ! are the blessings of crime ?

Here, alas ! all is dolefully still,
Or at best the dull buz of a hive ;
No arson with interest to thrill,
No murder to keep us alive ;
No grievance to yield the heart ease
By giving a theme for haranguing,
No duels, no *felo de ses*,
No coroner's inquests, no hanging.

" Our coasts here are teeming with duck,"
One *Semple* cries ;—faith, I would wager,
The gloriously long-sighted buck
Must needs be of kin to the *Major :*
Some ducks here, no doubt, soon will feed,
Whom scorn from old England has hurl'd,
Waddling ducks, of the true *Henty* breed,
Gulls and *geese* from all parts of the world.

But, for this time, I finish my say,
Inviting all friends who are willing
So far as Swan River to stray,
To give for one acre a shilling :
Comfort now, and renown ever after,
They're offered, and if they should feel
The spec bring more sorrow than laughter,
They can but return to—*a Peel.*

WILLIAM WIGGINS,
Barrister-at-Law, late of *Pump*-court.

TRAVELLING TITLES;

OR, OMNIBUS CUSTOMERS.

We are certainly becoming a vehicular nation. No man—at least no man resident in London or in the suburbs—now thinks of walking a couple of miles, without first debating in his mind the question "Will it not be better to take the omnibus?"

I found myself, a short time back, at the south-eastern extremity of the City Road, when (though I consider walking an exceedingly healthful exercise, and always tell my wife and daughters so when we go a little way out to dinner,) as a drop or two of rain happened to fall, I at once moved the order of the day for taking into consideration the omnibus question. On the one hand, I was but three miles and a half from home, and the little rain then felt could do me no harm; on the other, the time that would be saved, and the probability of the weather becoming more unfavourable, were pressed upon me, together with the reflection that to ride would only cost sixpence. In the end, a resolution to ride was carried.

Just then an omnibus approached, and I drew myself up with an air of no small importance, intending to answer the solicitation of the driver, indicated by the customary graceful and conciliating flourish of the uplifted whip, with a condescending nod of assenting patronage. But this was not to be. The hero of the box took no more notice of me than if I had been the post against which I rested; and when, as the convenience had nearly got by, I abandoned my well-considered attitude, to beckon to the conductor, that functionary, instead of detaining his predecessor, descending the step and opening the door, gave me an awful shake of the head, something like that which the spectre on horseback, in the drama of *Don Juan*, uses to terrify Scaramouch, whom I, by my discomfiture and surprise, represented tolerably well on this occasion.

A second, a third, a fourth, and even a fifth passed, and all were full. I now concluded that my only course was to walk to the Bank; but, having got through Finsbury Square, I had one more chance. I beckoned to the Jehu as he approached. He had the courtesy to notice me, but only to annihilate my hope. The guard, however, said, "Yes, we have room for one."—"You forget," said the other, we have an *Eagle* to take up."—"No, I don't," said the guard; "but I have a *Star* to set down."

I entered, and found a seat next the door vacant, and felt not a little obliged to the conductor for his patronage. But the brief dialogue I had heard roused my curiosity; and being somewhat of an amateur in *stage* matters, I took it into my head that the *star* who had been mentioned must be an *actor*, and determined without loss of time to question the *Epilogue* of the omnibus.

On my doing so, the man stared at my ignorance, and briefly explained that, as persons in his situation could not know the names of their customers, they were in the habit of distinguishing them by those of the places at which they desired to be taken up or put down. "That afternoon, they had a passenger to take up at the Eagle Tavern. I had been in the first instance refused; but as one of the folks inside was Mrs. Fish, who lived next door but two to the *Star*, at the corner of Old Street Road, why, when she got out, there would be a place left for the *Eagle*."

I was amused with the titles thus bestowed. The conductor thought I was laughing at the close packing arrangements. These, he assured me, they were obliged to make; but he added, they did not allow such tricks now as were formerly played on the Strand Road. One night there they got sixteen in, and a precious row there was.

"What about?" said I.

"Why it was all nonsense," he replied. "You see we had that night a *Spotted Dog* and a *Temple Bar*. It happened, unluckily, that, while getting in, the *Spotted Dog* trod on *Temple Bar's* toe, upon which *Temple Bar* sung out. The *Spotted Dog*, who was very polite, begged pardon; but *Temple Bar* roared and grumbled like a bear with a sore head: he in fact said, *Temple Bar* did, 'Let me out!' In course, I did'nt like the idea of *Temple Bar* getting out in Cheapside, and so I told him the *Spotted Dog* meant no offence. Well, just as

we had got into St. Paul's Church Yard, we took up a *Somerset House*. *Temple Bar* then seemed a little better; but as *Somerset House* moved forward, bang went one of his iron heels on the same toe that the *Spotted Dog* had crushed. *Temple Bar* then kicked up a greater row than before; and when he saw the *Spotted Dog* shake hands with *Somerset House*, and found that they were old friends and neighbours, he swore they were not gentlemen. *Somerset House* was just offering a pinch of snuff to the *Spotted Dog;* but he no sooner heard this, than he knocked *Temple Bar* down. The *Spotted Dog*, who had begun to *growl*, upon that laughed, and said he might take his change out of that; but *Temple Bar* called the policeman, and insisted that *Somerset House* should go to the station-house. However, the policeman refused to take the charge, because why, he did not see the assault; and so *Temple Bar*, to spite us, afterwards informed against the buss for carrying more than the proper number."

While this narrative was being delivered, the *Star-Fish* glided out, the *Eagle* flew in, and I began to look about to see who my neighbours were. I soon made out that the vehicle contained one *New River*, an *Angel*, a *Small-pox Hospital*, a *St. Pancras* (so called for shortness, meaning a *St. Pancras Church*), an *Old King's Head*, a *Regent's Park*, a *Marylebone Work-house*, two *Yorkshire Stingoes*, two *Edgeware Roads*, and one *Wheatsheaf*, making fourteen with the *Eagle*, who proved an additional *Edgeware Road*, and myself. The *Eagle* was a bouncing, fresh-coloured young woman, of six or seven-and-twenty. As she got in, she experienced the politeness common in an omnibus—that is, every one seemed to think her an intruder, and opposed her advance as much as they could by their dogged reluctance to make room. Each seemed to think "You may get on as you can: I shan't assist." The *Angel* was a very plain old woman; and the *Small-pox Hospital* a fine lady, or lady's-maid, perhaps, who seemed to contemplate the vulgarity of all around her as a perfect novelty, which she could not regard but with wonder and dismay.

I do not know how it happened, but the *Eagle*—so, for distinction, I must still call the fair passenger who last joined us—in taking her seat, had the misfortune to give some offence to the *Small-pox Hospital*. I saw the last-mentioned lady give her nose a most dignified toss, while she muttered that she had not been used to such company. The *Angel*,

upon this, became rather *high*, and said it was a pity such very genteel people should be constrained, by their beggarly circumstances, to ride in a sixpenny convenience.

"I did not speak to you, madam," said the *Small-pox Hospital;* "I only referred to low people, who do not know how to behave themselves."

The *Eagle* took this to herself, and, in order at once to establish her gentility, pithily remarked, "I have been in an omnibus before to-day!"

This was saying something rather grand; and the speaker evidently felt that it was so. A volume on the subject of her respectability could not have told more. But the *Small-pox Hospital* magnificently replied, that "she could not make the same boast, as her relatives, (among whom she might number the late Lord B——) had always rode in their own carriages."

"Yes," said the *Eagle* (who had a pretty talent for compliment), "and your husband, I believe, had a seat on her majesty's own Bench in St. George's Fields. But it is a pity the relation of the late Lord B—— could not find a more genteel home, after passing through the Insolvent Debtor's Court, than the raggamuffin neighbourhood of Battle Bridge."

How she came to learn where the *Small-pox Hospital* would alight, I cannot tell. To me it was quite clear, from this, that the *Eagle* knew more of the *Small-pox Hospital* than that lady had bargained for. She was evidently bursting with rage, which she feared to vent, and affected contemptuous silence, which the *Eagle* laughed at with unaffected gaiety. Every one saw that the *Small-pox Hospital* had been touched in the tenderest part. I do not know what might have been my own feelings, if such disdainful mention had been made of Battle Bridge, had I been in the situation of *Small-pox Hospital.*

It ought not to be forgotten, that the *Old King's Head* repeatedly attempted to make peace between the fair wranglers. He offered some judicious remarks on the folly of throwing out personal reflections, and taking offence at trifles; but his well-meant efforts failed. The impracticable tempers and untameable hostility of the *parties,* not a little bothered the poor *Old King's Head;* and not, as I have since heard, *for the first time.*

A sulky silence ensued; which, however, lasted but for a very few minutes. I suppose, either the rappee of the *Old King's Head*, or the Scotch snuff of a *Yorkshire Stingo*, got up the nose of the *Small-pox Hospital*. It would be dangerous to speak positively on this point. The *Yorkshire Stingo*, and the *Old King's Head*, too, may both be as innocent as I was myself; but certain it is, the *Small-pox Hospital* sneezed.

"Hold hard!" cried the conductor.

There was nothing remarkable in these words, which are bawled out from behind as often as the vehicle is required to stop; but the manner in which they were roared, just after the *Small-pox Hospital* had sneezed, seemed to tickle the fancy of the *Eagle* amazingly, and she laughed out.

Another passenger entered, who turned out to be another *Wheat-sheaf*. The laugh of the *Eagle* had evidently given new offence to the *Small-pox Hospital*, who "looked crab apples" at her, as brother Jonathan would say, and might probably have given speech to her displeasure; but, just then, the rappee, Scotch Snuff, or whatever it was that annoyed her before, again disturbed her dignified scorn, and she sneezed a second time.

"All right!" cried the conductor; meaning thereby that the vehicle was to proceed, which it accordingly did.

The words "All right!" succeeded the sneeze more instantaneously than the exclamation "Hold hard!" had done; and the *Eagle*, notwithstanding the lowering aspect of the *Small-pox Hospital*, laughed again.

"I wish," said the *Small-pox Hospital*, half-aside to the *Angel*, "they would go faster. In these common vehicles, one meets with such insufferably low company—people who do not know themselves."

"Yes," said the *Eagle*, "and sometimes with those who know others."

"I do not want to have any conversation with a cook," said the *Small-pox Hospital*, with an air which I thought vastly sublime. It, however, betrayed to every one, that she and the *Eagle* did not then meet for the first time. The latter, outraged by the tone in which her profession had been mentioned, from that moment considered (to use a kitchen saying) that "the fat was in the fire;" and it was

sufficiently evident to all present, that a *flare-up* was in consequence to follow.

The *Eagle*, who looked well-disposed to use her *talons*, pounced on the *Small-pox Hospital*.

"And a cook," said she, "since you come to that, does not wish to speak to the wife of a gaol-bird. Sawney Fumble, the bungling lithography man, and his stuck-up dowdy of a wife, had better pay their way, as I have done, before they give themselves airs about being—(people may believe it if they please)—a dead lord's scamping, shabby relations."

"Zounds!" exclaimed *St. Pancras*, "we have now had quite enough of this!"

The *New River*, *Marylebone Work-house*, the *Old King's Head*, and the *Yorkshire Stingo*, were evidently of the same opinion.

"Don't I know," resumed the *Eagle*, preparing for one of her *highest flights*, "as how that this fine lady, with all her brag about relations, has hardly a shoe to her foot that's paid for? and, in fact, if I am forced to tell the truth, is little better than ——"

The *Small-pox Hospital* seemed in a fury, and *St. Pancras* was evidently *innoculated* with her rage.

"Death and the devil!" roared the Saint (who seemed addicted to swearing), more impatiently than before; "I can't sit here and listen to such language!"

The *Small-pox Hospital* was deeply affected by the generous warmth with which *St. Pancras* had marched to her assistance. A tear trembled in her eye, and a smile of gratitude followed. She gave another move of her head, indicative of scorn for her assailant, but in so delicate and lady-like a way, that it seemed rather intended for the eye of *St. Pancras*, than for that of the *Eagle*.

The *Eagle* was a little startled by the coarse exclamations of the Saint, and abashed by the disapprobation indicated, though not expressed, by the *New River* and Company, and that moody silence ensued which usually prevails in an omnibus.

St. Pancras, having restored peace, manifested by his looks the kindest sympathy for the lady he had defended; and the *Small-pox Hospital*, touched by his benevolence, assumed a very interesting appearance. Inwardly I reproached myself for not having acted the

part of the Saint, and used my best exertions to save so tender a being from the *roasting* of the cook.

So, on we went, till the vehicle reached the further end of Battle Bridge, where the relative of the late Lord B. was to alight. She got out, and *St. Pancras*, suddenly changing his destination, rose to follow. He held the sixpence for the conductor in his hand, when he had the misfortune to drop it, and it instantly vanished beneath the straw, which thickly covered the floor of the *buss*. He stooped, and groped for it, but in vain.

"A plague on it!" cried the Saint,—"let it go—no matter;" and he gave another in payment of his fare.

He had, however, scarcely left us a minute, when it was picked up by a *Wheatsheaf*, who very properly called after *St. Pancras*, that his money was found.

"The gentleman don't hear you," said the conductor. "Well, it can't be helped. The tizzy will do to buy me a drain of rum-and-water, when we get to the Sheaf."

But the finder again called out, "Here's your money,"

"You must strain your pipes a little more to make him hear," said the *Eagle*, very maliciously; "he is thinking about something else just now, and trying to console the late Lord B.'s kinswoman."

I had supposed the Saint got out from a wish to contemplate the *Cross* (King's Cross) there established; but the *Eagle*, pointing after those who had just left us, made me see, and I recall the sight with horror, that *St. Pancras* had offered the lady his arm, and that he and the *Small-pox Hospital, spotless* as I believed that lady to be, were at that moment entering a gin palace!

The vehicle resumed its course, and now the *Wheatsheaf*, who had found the sixpence of *St. Pancras*, with all the gravity which the importance of the affair demanded, called the attention of the company to the speech which had been made by the conductor, touching the disposition of the money, which he considered involved an assumption materially affecting the interest of all omnibus travellers, as it amounted to nothing less than this,—that property left in a vehicle of that description belonged to him, the conductor, and not to the finder of the same.

The *Old King's Head* apprehended that, in law, it must be regarded

as *treasure trove*, and was, consequently, the property of the crown.

Marylebone Work-house thought it had better be given to the poor of the parish.

The *Wheatsheaf*, who, by the by, I recognised as a rich old stock-jobber, pricked up his *ears* at this; but did not seem to approve of the suggestion.

The *Yorkshire Stingo* thought it was quite clear, that the conductor had nothing to do with it.

The *Regent's Park* and myself were of that opinion.

The *Eagle* proposed that it should be divided equally among the six who last remained in the coach,—a proposition which, as she was an *Edgeware Road* (so, indeed, I was), I thought very disinterested and reasonable.

But it did not so strike the *Wheatsheaf*. He had heard that "possession was nine points of the law;" and, so far as I could see, had no intention of giving any one of them up.

While this matter was in debate, a vacancy, which had been left by the *New River*, as well as the sites of *St. Pancras Church* and the *Small-pox Hospital*, had been filled up by some *Lisson Greens*. The *Workhouse* and the *Regent's Park* successively vanished: and—this I ought to have mentioned before—at the corner of the Hampstead Road, the *Old King's Head* dropped off.

Still, on we went. A couple of new *Wheatsheafs* entered; and at length every inmate of the vehicle was an *Edgeware Road* or a *Wheatsheaf*.

The debate on the bullion question had died away. With that indifference to constitutional rights which many persons exhibit, the *Yorkshire Stingo*, as well as the *Old King's Head*, and others of the company, had withdrawn, leaving a point so important to our omnibus successors undecided. Mentally, I censured their apathy, but prepared to follow their example: for, deserted by them, what could I do alone?

The *Wheatsheaf* who had the money, stepped out of the buss, and paid his fare.

"But the sixpence you found," said the conductor.

"You have nothing to do with that," said the other: "it is not yours."

"But it is mine."

"No, it is not,—for you were paid your fare; the gentleman gave you another sixpence."

"That's nothing to you," said the conductor, "if the gentleman chose to give me a shilling. Whatever is found in my buss belongs to me."

"The devil it does!" said the *Wheatsheaf;* "but you shan't have it."

"Then you shan't go."

"You detain me at your peril. You will find," added the *Wheatsheaf,* "that I am not a man of *straw*.

"You don't move," replied the conductor, "till you give me sixpence, for all that."

By this time, the passengers had all got out of the vehicle, and gathered round the disputants. Others soon joined us; and I, fearing for my pockets, thought it prudent to retire to the outer edge of the multitudinous assembly. The *Wheatsheaf* was bravely obstinate; the conductor determined to conquer.

Another *buss* came up, when the driver of ours thought fit to take his horses to their stable. The contest continued; but the *Wheatsheaf,* annoyed by the jeers of the mob, a large proportion of which was furnished from the neighbouring inn yards, and were evidently the cronies of the conductor, and the general curiosity of which he was the object, at length gave up, not the point, but the coin, threatening the conductor that he should hear of it elsewhere. The latter treated the threat with contempt, and ran after his comrade. In the joy of triumph, he overlooked me, or at least omitted to claim my fare. He was out of sight in a moment, and I did not know where to seek him; so I was obliged to go off without paying. I thought I should have an opportunity of settling with him in a day or two; but it is now three weeks since. He has not yet been paid, and I begin to doubt whether, if I meet him to-morrow, I shall know him again.

THE

LOVER'S ADDRESS TO TIME.

I'll tell you what, Time,—if I now had a scourge,
With which I could follow you thro' your dull track,
Your steps to a something like speed I would urge,
And stripes without mercy inflict on your back.
And I would so deeply lay on the keen lash,
Your writhings deriding and mocking your groans,
That forward with desperate speed you should dash,
And smarting, each limb strain, to save your old bones.

Here musing disconsolate, lonely, forlorn,
I languish till evening's calm silence returns;
I've sighed for it long,—but, alas! still 'tis morn,
And rising, the Sun still insultingly burns.
Its warmth and its brightness no joy to me give;
I faint with its heat, and I prize not its light;
It keeps me from her for whom only I live;
I may not seek Laura before it is night.

D'ye answer—that still fast as ever you go,
Nor pause on your way to Eternity's sea?
D'ye mean to assert that your course is not slow,—
That since you were born it no faster could be?
'Tis false, and you know it,—I'll say it again;—
Honest mem'ry shall tell you, 'tis false to your face;
You stop or move slowly when I am in pain;
When you think I am happy, you quicken your pace.

In chilhood, ere yet I knew sorrow and care,
And joy's purest blossoms each day saw expand,
When tasting of bliss, without dreading a snare,
The flowers of life seem'd to grow for my hand,
How then did you hurry!—how then did you fly!
Your course then was smooth, but less smooth 'twas than fleet,
You snatch'd up my playthings, and, mocking my cry,
You trampled my happiness under your feet.

You first told me all which then charmed me would last,
So bright, so delightful, so fair, so serene,
Nor did I discover before it was past,
How soon I for ever should lose the gay scene.
The dew-drop of bliss, which, in life's early day,
But glistens a moment before it is lost;
You whisper'd was permanent—would not decay
Absorbed by the heat, or congeal'd by the frost.

Ah, then how resistlessly rapid your course!
How gloomy the void which it left to my sight!
You took what most pleas'd me with ruffian-like force,
And chang'd what you could not bear off in your flight.
The joys which once gladden'd my path to the tomb,
Lost all which entitled them first to regard,
As the lava Vesuvius heaves from her womb,
Transparent, warm, soft,—becomes dull, cold and hard.

You answer, 'twas *Fancy* alone and not you,
Who first sent young *Hope* to make fool of my sense;
That anxious I should not wild phantoms pursue,
You open'd my eyes not intending offence:
Hope and Fancy but told of the future gay bloom,
You nurtur'd the bud which you meant to destroy;
Then, giving me knowledge to feel my sad doom,
You took, as the price of your lessons, my joy.

D'ye mutter, that now old and feeble you grow,
And endeavour to palm it on me as a truth,
'Twere vain to expect you as swiftly can go,
As you formerly did in the days of your youth?
Peace, hypocrite!—blush, mean impostor, for shame!
Hence, hoary old rogue, nor attempt to deceive;
Because you now limp just as if you were lame,
Do you think I am likely the tale to believe?

What all of a sudden thus checks your career?
Say, feel you of palsy, or gout, an attack?
If old age you affect, pray make it appear;
Its weakness has been coming on some time back.
But late when the rosy god's jovial throng
I join'd, say, did age then your footsteps control?
You fled just as swift as the youthful and strong,
And tore from my view the convivial bowl.

Nay more, but last night, when I clasp'd in my arms
The nymph I adore, and bade care lie at rest,
With envy, as tho' yourself longed for her charms,
You hastened my Laura to tear from my breast.
Were you then lame or old?—Were you then slow in flight?
New wings from my transports you gain'd, rather say,
To bear off (rich booty!) the amorous night,
Or send to destroy her—her foe, ruffian day.

Day appeared like a felon, who drunk, to repose
Had laid himself down; but unable to sleep,
All angry and wild, red and bloated, he rose
To rob those who gladly their couches would keep.
It may be I wrong him; the flushed feverish glow,
I mark'd as he came, in each orient streak,
Might possibly be (but the fact I don't know)
The *blush* which your malice had *brought on his cheek.*

Yes, I think that asham'd of his office he came,
Commanded by you to lift night's sable veil;
And reason he certainly had to feel shame,
Who the dame could profane, and then publish her tale.
Night fled with alarm, in disorder and sad,
She fled from the ravisher, wild with despair:
I saw her affliction,—it drove me near mad,
Yet could not relieve it, 'twas mine but to share.

The tall nodding sun-flower lifts slowly its head,
When Sol in the morn first illumines the skies,
It mourns that the night and that silence have fled,
And weeps tears of dew, call'd so early to rise:
It turns to the bright orb now flaming on high,
As hoping its grief the Sun's course would restrain;
So rising, I look'd on light's source with a sigh,
My grief was unheeded, my sigh was in vain.

Thus ever, when Laura with transport I meet,
Your glass faster runs, and your scythe cuts more keen,
As frighten'd you hasten to bid us retreat,
And, stepping between us, your rage show and spleen.
Unfeeling old churl! and why thus chase our joy?
Oh! why with such rancour our footsteps pursue?
We never have plotted your course to annoy:
Together, we never had one thought of you.

If, in truth, you no faster at present can go,
It must be because you are now out of breath;
And your speed, I confess, when I bade you go slow,
Was almost sufficient to jade you to death.
But once more exert yourself, go, swift as thought,
As you flew to distress me, for once fly to please,
And, when you the moment I sigh for have brought,
Then stop at your leisure, repose at your ease.

TIME'S ANSWER TO THE LOVER'S ADDRESS.

You tell me, young man, if you now had a scourge,
With which you were able to follow my track,
To greater exertion my limbs you would urge,
And " stripes without mercy inflict " on my back.
I'll tell you this, Stripling—if Reason your mind
Had not quitted, disgusted at Folly's career,
Had passion not far left your judgment behind,
Snch language would never have burst on my ear.

You weep that 'tis morn, and, repining at light,
Complain you forlorn and disconsolate rove,
And sigh for the gloom and the silence of night,
To give with your Laura the raptures of love.
But think you for this I should quicken my pace,
And leave at your pleasure my regular course,
To run with irrational throbbings a race,
To vie with your wishes in folly and force ?

Unfeeling, ungen'rous, unjust is the boon
You ask, for you ought on reflection to know,
The swiftness which brought to you rapture to soon,
Too soon would another immerse deep in woe.
Yon dungeon's sad tenant observe, mark him well—
Death to him were the speed which your pleasures dare crave;
The sun which now faintly illumines his cell,
To-morrow will pour its warm rays on his grave.

But you say, if I see you, in pain I go slow,
And, when you are blest, all my energies strain;
Permit me to tell you, the fact is not so,
That I, and not you, have a right to complain.
When *rich* in enjoyment, you scorn to regard
Or to notice the friend from whom all must proceed;
You seem not to know me; but *poor*, and press'd hard,
Recognise, watch, and ask me, to succour your need.

If things I have taken which yielded delight,
Remember they were but advanc'd as a loan;—
Can you really think to complain you've a right,
Because, having lent—I resume what's my own?
And if I have chang'd what remains to you still,
Thanks, rather than censure, I claim as my due:
For such your caprice, that to change is your will,
I am forc'd to conclude, when your actions I view.

My pressure may injure the objects you prize,
But, ere it is felt, you must own, if you're just,
Uninjur'd, they often no more charm your eyes,
Secure in your grasp, they soon kindle disgust.
Much faster than I, full enjoyment can turn
What once, rich in rapture, youth thought ne'er could cloy;
Self doom'd, PASSION sinks in his own flames to burn,
Having first wrought to madness and suicide JOY.

Has the bloom of the fair one, for Laura now scorn'd,
Been blasted by AGE, or assaulted by TIME?
No—the roses and dimples which lately adorn'd,
If safe from your falsehood, remain in their prime.
And thus 'tis with most of the blessings in life,
All sated with bliss, ye their worth cannot see,
Till lost—then remorse in your heart wakes a strife,
And for slighting my gifts, you are angry with me.

From the joy of to-day you have frequently turn'd
(Absurd and unjust as ungrateful in this);
For what FANCY has promised to-morrow, 'tis spurn'd,
Or barter'd to ponder on yesterday's bliss.
Ah, when will man's weakness at length find an end
Must his life still remain by his follies o'ercast?
Will he ne'er prize the good his Creator may send,
But when crav'd as the future, or mourn'd as the past?

You call me "Impostor;" harsh, undeserv'd name!
But this to your ignorance I must impute.
For reason and knowledge possessing, e'en shame
Would bid you withold what your own words refute.
What schoolboy but knows me, of TRUTH the warm friend,
Of FALSEHOOD the firm, the inveterate foe;
My pride 'tis her veil of delusion to rend,
And let through its chasms truth, long conceal'd, flow,

When first the ETERNAL this globe roll'd in space,
And fill'd it with life, and on man bestow'd breath,
In NATURE's procession I held the first place;
I march'd on before her—behind follow'd DEATH.
Assign'd was my office in mercy to man,
To warn him of DEATH, well to teach him to live;
To aid him his fate and his duty to scan,
And knowledge, improvement, and wisdom to give.

God bade me to picture man's hopes to him plain,
In SPRING's op'ning bud, and the bright bloom of MAY;
His joys in the riches of AUTUMN's gay reign;
In WINTER's stern frown, age and certain decay.
And, more, lest the emblem (though strong, on man's mind,
Were lost, if but seldom ordain'd to appear,
Me, throughout my long course, he in thunder enjoin'd
To repeat the same lesson at least once a year.

This, faithful to duty and friendly to you,
I've perform'd, nor once heedlessly quitted my track;
For this 'tis your rancour my steps would pursue,
"And stripes without mercy inflict on my back."
As the sick peevish infant repels the kind hand
Which the draught brings of health, as the foe to its peace,
You spurn my indulgence, nor yet understand
I study your welfare, and not your caprice.

Yet all that can give to existence a charm
From me is deriv'd, must own me as its source;
The frolic of youth which Old Care can disarm,
The firmness which gives to maturity force.
I present to your view all that's precious and rare:
'Tis I ripen Beauty, from me rapture springs;
The nectar which dwells on the lip of the fair,
Is the dew which I shake in my flight from my wings.

'Tis true life at best is but rapture-streak'd grief,
Its joys, lightning's flashes, which bright'ning consume,
Or lamps, to give Being's long night some relief,
While glist'ning's stars tremble to gaze on its gloom.
Though not all its evils—I bring all life's good;
All are nourished by me—all not brought to decay;
The monsters which run by my side (a fierce brood)—
Contending Diseases, oft bear you away.

These so rapidly snatch you from life, all my strength
Fails to carry me, them and the victim between;
And, robb'd of my right, I'm contented at length
To follow their route, their poor leavings to glean.
Yet still as the ravager I am revil'd,
As though I alone laid man's happiness low;
For swiftness I'm censur'd where Fortune has smil'd;
And scorn'd as a weak halting cripple by Woe.

You, thankless for favours I've heap'd on your head,
Have mock'd and insulted me in my career;
But one day you'll own fast enough I have sped,
If you live till Time whisper your exit is near.
Oh, yes! when I drop age's snows on your brow,
My steps you will own were sufficiently fast;
And, struck with remorse for traducing me now,
At least to my swiftness do justice at last.

EPIGRAMS.

ON SIR JOHN SOANE'S LEAVING HIS CELEBRATED EGYPTIAN COFFIN TO THE PUBLIC.

Sir John, unlike most other men who thrive,
Pursued a course which few desire to tread,—
For he enjoyed his *coffin* while *alive*,
And leaves it for *survivors*, now he's *dead*.

ON THE OUTCRY RAISED AGAINST A CERTAIN NOBLE LORD, FOR MANŒUVRING TO TURN UP ACE OR KING WHENEVER HE HAD THE DEAL.

By *Knaves* of *Clubs* severely chid,
For violating honour's laws;
The world must own that what I did
Was done in "*Honours'*" cause.

THE MINISTER'S FATE.

Now that the Session of Parliament has been duly opened by Majesty, "as is the manner of our country," sketches and recollections of public orators, with touches at the gallery M. P.'s or "gentlemen of the fourth estate," as the reporters have been termed, will, of course, become redundant. But for scribblers who have known St. Stephens but a session or two, to attempt a thing of this sort, so as to satisfy those who take a real interest in the doings of the Senate, is out of the question. To deal with such matters properly, a man, as Pierce Egan says of the important mysteries of boxing and slang, "must be brought up to the business from a *young un*."

It is not my purpose to deal with matters of the day. My sketches may go a quarter or possibly half a century back. Graham's celestial bed, Dr. Dodd's execution, and Lord George Gordon's riots, will scarcely be out of my reach. Though I set off with what relates to the House of Commons, from having known many of the distinguished writers who have, at various periods, laboured there, other scenes may occasionally recur to me which it may be worth while to bring, with the details none but an eye-witness can give, before the reader.

I did not, however, know, but from reading of them in the newspapers, the parliamentary orators of my time, till after the opening of the present century. The last stars of a galaxy, admitted to be of more than ordinary splendour, had not yet faded, when I made my *debut* in the gallery of St. Stephen's chapel. Pitt and Fox, Lord North and Burke had "shuffled off this mortal coil;" but Wyndham and Sheridan and Tierney remained. Of them and of their latter contemporaries, I have many recollections; some of which, connected as they are with matters of historical interest, it may be entertaining, at least, to recall. It will not be important to observe strict chronological order, so each scene is kept by itself, the colouring not exaggerated, and every fact narrated with scrupulous regard to sacred truth.

Shades of the departed! how ye rise to "my mind's eye" as I prepare to enter on my task. On the right, as we looked from the gallery of the old House, that is, to the left of the Speaker's chair, I see Ponsonby with his portly form, white hair, and red chubby countenance; Wyndham, a tall spare figure, with a head partially bald; Tierney, with his lowering brow, apparently waiting to spring on his victim; Sheridan, exhibiting an aspect but too indicative of the thoughtless career he pursued; Romilly, maintaining an air of solemn dignity, with an appearance of exhaustion from severe mental toil; Whitbread, robust, shrewd and never weary—his deportment might have passed for that of a blunt resolute farmer—but always at his post: during the session the House of Commons was his home. Opposed to these, I see the keen, sarcastic and animated Percival. He had a bright, penetrating eye, and a nose which rather inclined upwards, and which the H. B.'s of 1807 converted into a most ludicrous pug nose. His figure was small, and he had little hair on the crown of his head, but he wore a long thin queue behind, which, in debate, from the vivacity of his manner, was continually showing itself over one or other shoulder. Near him sat Castlereagh: He boasted an elegant figure, a handsome countenance, and often carried the polish of the drawing-room into the tumult of political warfare: but sometimes abruptly dropping it, and striking the table or the box before him with almost farcical violence. The capacious forehead and fine features of Canning were generally by his side: The well-powdered head of Old George Rose was seldom very distant; and the bald shining skull of "Brother Bragge," as Mr. Bragge Bathurst had been facetiously called by Canning, was added to the group.

Memory now turns to the gentlemen up stairs, nor ought these to be thought beneath some notice, remembering how many have since descended into the House to furnish occupation to their reporting posterity. Woodfall as I was told, for I do not remember him, used to sit in one corner of the gallery. He commonly held a gold-headed cane in his hand, which he continually turned round one way when listening to a first speech, and then caused it to revolve the other way attending to the reply. The smiling suavity of Hogan, the dry good humour of Donovan, (these gentlemen went out Chief-justice and Judge-Advocate to Sierra Leone, where they died,) the severe

glance of Keating, the gracious swagger and laugh of Edward Quin —the "amiable obliquity of vision," as Peter Finnerty called his unfortunate squint, the ardent warmth of Power, and the overflowing merriment of the senior Dowling, all seem to return, with the peculiarities of many others who, like them, are no more, and a much greater number of those gentlemen who fortunately survive.

The consequences of a war of unexampled length were severely felt in 1812, and much of the distress which then prevailed was affirmed to have been produced by our own "Orders in Council," which were issued to meet the decrees of Buonaparte. Earl Grey was their strenuous and persevering opponent. A parliamentary enquiry into their operation was instituted. In the Commons, Mr. Whitbread greatly exerted himself in support of the views of his noble friend Earl Grey, and the investigation was entered upon by the whole House in a committee. The interminable examinations which followed exhausted public curiosity to such a pitch that the gentlemen of the press had instructions not to report them. In consequence of this, when the Order of the day was moved for going into the committee, they closed their books, entered into conversation and sometimes left the House.

The gallery was at that time, on such occasions, nearly deserted. Two or three reporters, indolently reclining on their seats, and from twelve to twenty visitors were all the audience the subject commanded.

Of the last-mentioned individuals, some few, from their own interests being affected by the matter then under inquiry, came frequently enough to get in some degree acquainted with the writers, and among them was one individual who usually took his place on the back seat, though he was always ready to resign it to those who, as they went there for business and not for pleasure, considered that they had a right to claim it as their own. There was something singular in this person's manner, and the eagerness with which he surveyed the members by means of an opera glass, often excited the mirth of his waggish neighbours. He asked many questions, but timed them so well and always deported himself with so much respectful good humour, that any information he asked was readily given.

One fine summer's afternoon I, and some of the representatives of

the journals, availed ourselves of the leisure which the sitting of the committee afforded, to enjoy a walk on the bank of the river. On our return, near Milbank, a person, who had some knowledge of us, enquired if we had heard that a duel had taken place between the Earl of Liverpool and Mr. Percival, in which the latter had fallen. We laughed at the improbability of the story, but were seriously assured that we should find it true. Still incredulous, we said we would soon ascertain the fact, and accordingly advanced to Palace yard. There the closed gates, and the crowd assembled outside, and the information communicated by a thousand tongues, soon placed it beyond all doubt that the minister was no more, having within the last hour been shot, not by his noble colleague, but by a stranger, named Bellingham.

Mr. Percival was in the habit of coming down to the House shortly after five o'clock. On this day it was about a quarter past that hour when, as he entered the lobby, he was shot through the heart. He staggered a few paces, fell against one of the pillars and almost immediately expired. The assassin was instantly seized and taken to the bar of the House, where a crowd of persons, members and strangers, mixed in extreme confusion, assembled round him, and as soon as an attempt at restoring order could be made, the Speaker directed Mr. Whitbread and other members to precede and follow the prisoner to a place of safe custody. This was done, and these facts were generally known to the multitude which now beset all the avenues leading to the two Houses.

From mouth to mouth the mournful tidings flew with unexampled rapidity. The very prominent situation in which Mr. Percival stood —the active and important business he was daily seen engaged in, made men almost seem to doubt if it were possible that such a career could so suddenly be closed for ever. The rumours sent forth had the same effect on every one they reached, I might almost say that it has been shewn they had the same on me and my companions. All who heard that the Right Honourable gentleman was dead, seemed to determine instantly to verify the fact by repairing to Westminster. It was about a quarter past five in the afternoon of the 11th of May, that Mr. Percival was shot in the lobby of the House, and by six, countless thousands poured down the Strand and all the streets

leading to Charing Cross. Second editions of the evening papers were got out with astonishing expedition, and by the time I have mentioned one had been carried so far towards Westminster as the end of Parliament Street, opposite Downing Street. The extreme eagerness of every one to know all that could be known, I remember, instantly got a crowd round the bearer of it. Ownership and ceremony were not thought of. Every one who could get hold of the much-coveted broadsheet considered that he had a right to it. I, among the intruders, gained there, in the manner described, a connected detail of the catastrophe.

As the night closed in, the crowd became immense, and some discreditable exultation was expressed by the lowest of the mob, but the general feeling created was that of humane commisseration and unmitigated horror.

Admiring the public talents of Mr. Percival as I did, and impressed with a conviction that he was most amiable in private life, my own sorrow was great, and I rejoiced at the thought that the murderer was in safe custody and would, possibly, before a single week should have elapsed, suffer the last penalty of the law.

Never shall I forget the spectacle which the House of Commons presented on the following day. Those who have been in the habit of going there must have noticed, with some annoyance, the ceaseless murmur which prevails for the first hour, or hour and a-half, after the Speaker has taken the chair, while private bills and petitions of little interest, are being disposed of, and papers presented at the bar. The monotonous repetition, by the Speaker, of the words "so many as are of that opinion, say 'aye'; those who are of a contrary opinion, say 'no';—the ayes have it," on putting questions which are unopposed; the careless slamming of the doors frequently heard; the creaking of shoes of some Honourable Members, who seem to delight in displaying their elegance by marching up and down the body of the House, as if to let their friends—the strangers in and under the gallery—see how very grand it is possible for them to look; and the frequent cry of "order, order," "bar, bar," from the Speaker, given forth, as was the case, with the full-toned dignity of Mr. Speaker Abbott, (the late Lord Colchester,)—altogether gave the idea of a careless irregular assembly, anything but a place where the most important

business of a great nation was to be transacted. Such was its usual aspect in those days; but, on the 12th of May 1812, widely different was the scene. The attendance was most unusually full, but solemn funereal stillness marked the approach of each to assist in the proceedings growing out of the recent and melancholy fate of the Minister.

"How silent did his old companions tread" on that floor over which they had so long been accustomed to pass with him whose fall they now lamented. Party feeling was annihilated; all mourned and many wept for the deceased, as if he had been their nearest, dearest friend or relative. A space on the ministerial bench was pointed at from the gallery as that which Mr. Percival had been used to fill. But this was accidental. I am not aware, though he generally sat nearly in the same place, that any precise spot was particularly reserved for him, and, on the occasion which it is my object to recall, certainly no such theatrical effort at effect was made, and the vacant chair was soon occupied by one of the late Right Honourable gentleman's colleagues.

Not only was there the abstinence from conversation which I have noted, but action, the common ordinary motions of gentlemen meeting in assembly, were suspended. The benches were filled with unwonted regularity, and their occupants scarcely venturing on a whisper, and hardly changing their position, seemed almost like breathing statues, while they awaited, with awful interest, the announcement of what steps the Government proposed to take, and what information had been obtained respecting the event which had deprived the administration of its chief.

The silence which prevailed was at length broken by the Speaker, who, with an effort at firmness, but in a tone somewhat subdued, pronounced the name of Lord Castlereagh, who had at that moment presented himself at the bar.

His lordship, in a faltering voice, stated that he was the bearer of a message from the Prince Regent.

"Please to bring it up," was the matter-of-course reply, and his lordship advanced from the bar and handed the paper to the chair. It was forthwith read. The Prince expressed his deep regret for the event which he could never cease to deplore, and recommended the House to make a provision for the family of Mr. Percival.

It was then moved that the House should resolve itself into a Committee to take into consideration the message, and, this being done, Lord Castlereagh entered upon the task of addressing the members on the painful subject on which they were to deliberate. His Lordship spoke with great feeling. A more than official attachment seemed to connect his lordship with the late premier. On an occasion then recent, when the conduct of his lordship had been the subject of grave accusation, respecting the disposal of certain seats in that house, Mr. Percival had defended him with great earnestness and success, and doing so, his declaration was: "I raise my voice for the man I esteem and the friend I love."

In the course of his statement, the noble lord had, in connection with the awful event of the preceding day, to make known the convictions of the ministry, from all the enquiries that had, down to that hour, been made, that the act of Bellingham was perfectly unconnected with any general scheme or conspiracy. Proceeding to speak of the domestic distress it had caused, he said the children left by Mr. Percival were twelve in number. "For the widow," he added, "her happiness in this world has closed;" and the painful feelings by which he was oppressed so overpowered him that he was unable to proceed. He burst into tears, and, with strong emotion, raised a handkerchief to his eyes and concealed his face for some moments.

With a knowledge of subsequent events, I cannot but recall this passage of Lord Castlereagh's address, though pefectly appropriate at the time, with a cynical glance—a something between mirth and sorrow. Looking at the picture drawn of Mrs. Percival, and remembering that horror at learning the fate of her husband was said to have almost petrified her; that, wild and unconscious, the most fatal effects were anticipated from her excessive woe, till, by the advice of her medical attendants, she was led into the room where the corpse of her lord was deposited, when that ghastly spectacle caused her tears to flow, and thus afforded the bursting heart some relief; I cannot recall these things, without connecting them with the news which the fashionable world was destined at no very distant period to receive, that this afflicted and broken-hearted lady—the mother of twelve children, had been again led to the altar by a gallant officer considerably younger than herself. Of the matrimonial discord that followed, I will not speak.

I am not going to copy from the journals of the House the particulars of the grant proposed as a provision for the Percival family, nor from the papers of the day, the debates to which the event gave rise. What I propose to do is, merely to give a few sketches of the attendant circumstances which may be thought interesting now, but were lost sight of then from the pressure of matters of greater importance.

Let it, then, suffice to say, that the House cordially approved the course recommended by the crown. Mr. Whitbread who had been one of the most unsparing opponents of the departed premier, was frequently in tears. He bore testimony to the amiable personal character of the late minister. "I never," said he, "carry hostility to those from whom I differ on political questions, beyond that door," pointing to the door in the lobby; "with that man it was impossible to carry it so far."

It is due to that honourable gentleman to say that this was not a mere *post mortem* compliment. With the deceased he had often come into collision. Mr. Whitbread was irritable, and was sometimes deeply stung by the sarcasms launched at him by Mr. Percival. In one debate, the latter having adverted to predictions formerly made by Mr. Whitbread, which had not been borne out by events, and to new ones then hazarded, applied to his assailant the words of Pope:

> "Destroyed his web of sophistry in vain,
> The creature's at his dirty work again."

Mr Whitbread, nettled at this, spoke to order, and demanded that the words should be taken down. A very brief and simple explanation restored his good humour, and the subject was dropped. On another occasion, not long before Mr. Percival's death, when some personal altercation had occurred between them, the Right Honourable gentleman, in explaining away that which had given offence, took occasion to say that, among all his failings, and he knew that he had many, want of respect for the Honourable member was not one of them. Mr. Whitbread, in cordially accepting the explanation replied that, "Among all the Right Honourable gentleman's virtues, and he had many, there was none more to be admired than the promptness with which he could return to friendly conference from the heat of political debate."

There was, indeed, much affability about Mr. Percival's manner. Many anecdotes of his condescension were published at the time. Two instances of his courtesy and good nature occur to me which have never appeared.

One day, on his way to the House, he was just entering the lobby, in which he was afterwards to receive his death, when he perceived that he was closely followed by the reporter of a morning paper, and, instead of carelessly releasing the door the moment he had passed, Mr. Percival stepped aside, and held it open while the member of the fourth estate walked in.

At one of the city feasts in Guildhall, the publisher of a morning paper having taken wine rather freely, was hoaxed by some mischievous friend into the belief that Mr. Percival was one of the officers of the Hall, and, under this impression, accosted him with a theatrically pompous air, which the individual (a well-known character at that time among the votaries of the drama) loved to assume, saying, "My good fellow, I wish to step into King Street for a moment; you'll take notice of me and let me in again," at the same time offering to slip half-a-crown into the hands of the Prime Minister. The gift was declined; and Mr. Percival replied with a smile; "I am sorry it is not in my power to oblige you, but you had better speak to some of those gentlemen," pointing to the marshalmen: "they may be able to do what you want."

While the good qualities of the deceased were rehearsed, and the consequences of his fate to the government and to the country were discussed, curiosity naturally turned to the cause of the important change. Great was my surprise to learn that the individual was not wholly unknown to me. I was soon reminded of the singular personage who had attracted notice by his manner and his opera-glass in the gallery—that was no other than Bellingham, and two of the gentlemen who had been in the habit of meeting, and perhaps of conversing with him there, were the first who advanced, after the dreadful deed, to secure him in the lobby.

The remainder of that unhappy man's story is soon told. In the course of a day or two, the coroner's inquest returned a verdict of wilful murder, and the grand jury a true bill against him. On the Friday he stood at the bar of the Old Bailey, to take his trial. He

made a long rambling defence, and, in some parts, his agony was so great, not for his impending fate, but from recollection of the sufferings of a wife whom he described with fondness, that it deeply affected all present. It was attempted to prove him insane, but certainly there were no grounds for considering him in that state which the law requires shall be proved, to exempt a murderer from capital punishment. He himself opposed that plea. A verdict of guilty was returned, and, on the succeeding Monday, the sentence of death was carried into effect. The case was from the first so clear, the evidence so conclusive, that the prisoner was, perhaps, the only man in England who expected any other result. He seemed to look for an acquittal. With every one else, conviction and death seemed inevitable: indeed, so much a matter-of-course, that the following singular announcement, through some slip of the pen in one of the papers of Thursday, "the trial will take place to-morrow, the execution on Monday," was hardly received as reprehensible, hazardous or extraordinary; though certainly such an one, but in that single instance, I have never seen.

[The exact spot on which Mr. Percival fell used, for years afterwards, to be carefully pointed out to all comers by the messengers in the lobby. In 1834, when the conflagration of both Houses took place, it, of course, vanished for ever.]

LOST IN THE SNOW;

OR, TOM HOOD IN THE STOKE POGIS MAIL.

'Twas mine, in the Stoke Pogis coach,
To be lock'd up by frost and by snow;
As London we strove to approach,
We all felt, alas! 'twas *no go*.
In Crusoe's famed isle, we are told,
Many beautiful trees he could see;
More hapless—but one, we behold,
And that was the coach *axle-tree*.

So shrewd was the cold, on our way,
That in the most pitiful sheds
We all wished our noddles to lay,
And, going through *Bucks*, sighed for *Beds*.
But when the coach came to a stop,
The stoutest of hearts it made quail;
With fear each was ready to drop,
Although we were "walled up *in mail*."

Before us of snow a dense wall,
Our advance so completely was barr'd;
To send for assistance we all
Spared one of our horses and guard.
Mrs. Gizzard, the poulterer's dame,
Her sandwiches dropped in despair;
I stole them, I own 'twas a shame,
Un*guarded* as she was left there.

'Twas sad the poor horses to know,
Silvered over their ears and their manes,
So dreadfully chilled by the *snow*,
They could not attend to the *reins*.
But they'd one advantage—because,
While we pined for bread or for meat,
Each of them had a *bit* in his jaws,
A bit more than he wanted to eat.

The beasts seemed aware of disaster—
Hope, even in horses, oft fails;
They fear'd a sad *story* their master
Would tell, when *re-counting* their *tails*.
They set up no sort of *horse-laughter*,
But mourned of that moment the pains,
Though death might assure them thereafter,
Of peace to their *ma-nes* or *manes*.

Small joy 'twas for each frugal sinner,
With transport though else he might skip,
To fear there no *whip after dinner;*
We'd no dinner *after our whip*.
And famine, in each bosom upper-
Most dreaded, was present to all;
The ladies saw, no chance of supper,
The *snow* without wish for a *ball*.

Half buried, so mighty the danger,
To fly they would make any shift,
And only hoped some friend or stranger,
Who strolled there, might *make out their drift*.
And such, too, their kindness, each she,
Though *colder* than ever, I guess,
Would never again wish to see
A *mail* in so deuced a mess.

Returning, the guard led at last
Our squad to a hovel for rest;
We mourn'd our *slow* course, but a *fast*
Supplied scanty comfort at best.
And the tidings the man bluntly popp'd,
Made us stare at this Winter's odd pranks,*
Which not only rivers had stopp'd,
But stopp'd (so the guard said) the *banks*.

The *fair ones* all sighed for *fair* weather,
Yet shook with delight while they shivered,
On quitting their prison of leather,
O'erjoy'd to be safely deliver'd.
And I will be called a Tom Noddy,
If soon after, when the coach dined,
They did not get on pretty oddy,
For ladies so lately *confined*.

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* This was written in the winter of 1836.

A PRAYER,

Proper to be inserted in all Books.

You, who for reading feel a boundless rage,
And penetrate beyond the title page—
To you this rude petition I address,
In hopes you'll kindly lessen my distress.
But chiefly, Ladies, your support I crave:
Oh! deign your helpless supplicant to save.
In me you view a wretch of strength devoid;
Like you, too oft neglected, when enjoy'd:
Ah! make me then the object of your care;
Tear not my leaves to ornament your hair.
If married, save me from your children's gripe,
Nor let my pages light your husbands' pipe.
My plates and binding spare! for these defac'd,
Spite of my innate worth, I'm oft disgrac'd.
If I attend you when you sip your tea,
Be careful not to spill it over me;
Fill not my bosom, when you eat, with crumbs;
Turn me not o'er with damp or greasy thumbs;
Aside your face turn when you sneeze or cough,
And spare my corners when you last leave off.
Avert such ills! or I, exposed to all,
May, unoffending, prematurely fall:
So shall my pages legible remain,
And at some future period chase your pain;
Amusement with instruction strive to blend,
And soothe your sorrows when you want a friend.
So may your days be spent in social peace,
Your cares diminish, and your joys increase;
Your charms shine forth unrivall'd to the view,
And gain the homage to your merit due.

GHOSTS OF DIGNITY;

OR, GREAT FOLKS HERE, ON THEIR TRIAL ELSEWHERE.

The last trumpet had sounded, the graves gave up their dead, and I, rising from my coffin, found myself as well as ever I had been in my life.

When I say as well as ever I had been, I do not mean that I merely felt as much health and bodily vigour, but that I was even as well attired. My judge's gown, my best, when new, was not better than that which now covered my newly regained mortal person; my wig was as well curled and combed as if it had just come from Carey Street, and, more than all, I had as good an opinion of myself as when I sat on the judge's seat at the Old Bailey, and in the Court of King's Bench.

But it was not universally the case that those raised from the dead appeared as they were at the most fortunate periods of their earthly existence. Some were clothed in deplorable tatters, and appeared in great anguish and despair. The cause of this difference I could not at first comprehend, though in the sequel it was fully explained.

With the same feelings I had formerly known, I shrunk from coming into contact with these wretches. It was not so much their poverty and unsightly aspect that made me anxious to avoid them, as the important consideration that they were evidently persons of bad character. There was one fellow whom I myself had formerly sentenced to death for robbery and murder, who now pressed forward as if he thought he had as good a right to be where I saw him, as I, "one of the Judges of the land," as I used to be called, had myself. The dignified urbanity which, in my judicial career, I had studied, prevented me from remarking aloud on this indecorum, as I had now no officer to turn the intruder out of court. I, however,

gave him a look which I thought would not be thrown away. But that, I was sorry to find, so hardened had he become, seemed to have no effect.

It gratified me exceedingly to perceive, at this moment, my old friend the Bishop of Multum. He was no less favoured than myself. The canonicals he wore were in the most perfect state, and he looked as if he had just come from a coronation.

It was with real pleasure that we recognized each other, and we had hardly shaken hands, when, to our mutual satisfaction, we were joined by General Bombard, who had just marched out of his family vault in full uniform, and to heighten our glee we were immediately afterwards hailed by Dr. Mangles, the far-famed physician and celebrated demonstrator of anatomy.

I believe we all inwardly felicitated ourselves on retaining our worldly dignities. We expected that these, seeing that they were so carefully preserved, would procure us much consideration in the new country or world in which we found ourselves; though we did not feel it necessary to offer any unseemly homage to certain personages who had once been *above us* in the old concern. George the Fourth sneaked by, unnoticed by any of the party, and the General did but slightly touch his hat, while I scarcely lowered my wig an inch to his brother William. We all knew that in their time these had been dissipated characters, and felt, so far as they and ourselves were concerned, that "Death levels all distinctions."

"How vain is earthly pride!" exclaimed the Bishop. "Those poor spectres, George and William Guelph, were great in their day and thought themselves vastly above us. Alas for them! They will find here, as I feared not to tell them from the pulpit, that kingly rank and regal pomp and state, could nothing avail when the hour of death arrived. If they now experience a mournful surprise, they were timely warned of it by me."

The Bishop gained confidence while he spoke, and looked almost as grand as he used to do in his church. It was obvious that he had some ground for feeling at his ease, as had the General, the Physician, and myself, for when we gazed around and saw not only the chapfallen, flabbergasted Royals I have named, but the multitude of terrified shadows or renewed substances near us, it was impossible to

doubt that we, from some cause or other, were more provided for than our neighbours.

Many of those who were before us we regarded with dignified compassion. We knew enough of their misdeeds in life to be able, without hesitation, to predict among ourselves what would be their lot in eternity. But strange to say, not a few of these when they approached the barrier where we expected something serious would occur, were, by the celestial functionaries stationed there, subjected to a very brief examination, and they cheerfully passed on.

"It is not for me," said the Bishop, "to take exceptions to the conduct of any servant of Heaven. The discrimination and wisdom of the august Personage we approach, no doubt exceed mine. But if I were to utter the suggestions of my unassisted reason on what we have just seen, I should say the leading of a holy life would appear to be less important than I had supposed. Mercy has been almost universally extended to the vilest and basest of mankind."

"To wretches," said I, "who never had a shilling in their lives; to barristers who never held a brief, and to attornies who have been struck off the rolls."

"To rascally quacks," said the Physician, "to the disciples of St. John Long, to the believers in Hahnemann and Homœopathy, and to the venders and swallowers of Morison's Pills."

"To corporals, private soldiers, drummers and deserters," added the General.

"Certainly I am astonished," resumed the Bishop, "for if all are to be saved *en masse*, and, from what we see of the treatment experienced by the wretched, Sabbath neglecting rabble, lately before us, such would seem to be the case, I can hardly guess of what use in the world were bishops and other church dignitaries,"

The General, the Physician, and myself agreed with the Bishop, that "for anything we had as yet seen, it did not appear that he and his brothers of the cloth had been of much use on earth.

Though we were somewhat amazed, not to say hurt, as I believe each of us was, for I know such was my feeling at finding all sorts of tag-rag and bobtail had nearly as fair a prospect of happiness as ourselves, we were relieved from very awkward misgivings which had occasionally come over us as to what our own lot might be.

When we saw scamps and ragamuffins, even the lowest of the low, received with indulgence, it seemed quite evident that we, fortunately distinguished as we had always been from them, could have nothing very dreadful to apprehend.

So we moved forward, slowly, but with much calmness. If we advanced leisurely, it was not, let me observe, from any reluctance to answer for ourselves, where so few questions were to be put, nor was it that we were particularly anxious not to press on the mob in front, but the fact was, we shrunk, with some remains of our old earthly pride, from mixing with such a dirty, shabby, dissolute crew. We had an expectation that directions would be given from some quarter to make a clearance for us, that we might pass with less inconvenience, for the forms about us being as full of flesh as ever, we were really exposed to all the squeezing of a London crowd, though, to do my neighbours justice, they did not push forward with the same indecorous eagerness which I had on many public occasions thought fit to reprehend.

Of the pressure we were sadly complaining, when Lady Straightlace was discovered in the midst of it, and she suddenly fell back upon us in dismay. Her ladyship had been much respected by us all. To me she was recommended by the industry with which she distributed pious tracts, which the Bishop had approved, among the prisoners I had condemned. She was the General's own sister, and had died under the skilful treatment of the Physician,

We all made an effort to afford her assistance, and succeeded so far as to get her among us. To her this was some consolation, but she was still very languid, and as we soon learned she had been overcome, not so much by the closing in of the crowd, as by the surprise which she had experienced at seeing, not merely the female convicts, for whom she had formerly interested herself, allowed to pass, for, as she had moved in their behalf, mercy for them was to be expected; but she had beheld the Marchioness of Frailshire, and Lady Charlotte Kicksy, who had six children and no husband, and many loose characters of meaner note, all pass on as if they had nothing to answer for.

This fact being vouched for by Lady Straightlace, who assured us

she had witnessed it with her own eyes, appeared to puzzle the Bishop as much as any thing he had previously seen.

"On earth," said he, "it has been known that our officers (those of the bench of bishops he meant), even our rectors and curates have neglected the pious commands which we issued, and from carelessness or some sinister motive permitted strange disorders to occur. We could not be cognizant of all their doings. But here the agents of Omniscience, from whom nothing can be hidden, I thought would not have been remiss in duty. Surely it never can have been ordained that vice and virtue, that the good and the bad, are to be utterly confounded."

"If this were from the first intended, why was there ever a session of Oyer and Terminer:—why were there ever judges appointed on earth?" said I.

"Why, indeed!" exclaimed my friends simultaneously, and all were prepared to admit that, looking at the state in which the world had remained, as evidenced by what was now in our view, sessions of Oyer and Terminer, or anything else effected by lawyers, had not done much towards extirpating that "vice and immorality," on which they had always professed to make war.

"But if," enquired Lady Straightlace, "such characters as I have seen pass on, apparently in the right direction, are to be admitted to eternal happiness, what sort of a place is it that we are going to?"

"Heaven, you mean?" said I.

"Of course I do, for if I knew less than I happen to know of the eminent virtues which distinguished the whole of the present company in the world, when I see what wicked, debased, good-for-nothing creatures are received with forbearance and with favour, it surely is not presumption to suppose that thither we are going."

"Certainly," cried the Bishop.

And the General, the Physician, and myself agreed that on this subject we, for our own part, could not see any just cause for entertaining a doubt.

"I hope and trust," resumed the lady, "that we are right, and to say the truth I think we do not flatter ourselves, when we see what sort of people have gone before us. I mean that we at least may

feel tolerably secure where so many others, whom we know to be worse than ourselves, and indeed anything but fit for good society, fare so well."

Reflections of this consoling character kept our small, well-dressed, and, without personal vanity I may say, good-looking, assemblage in very tolerable spirits, while, by a process which I did not understand well enough to be able clearly to describe, we gradually ascended towards the—paying-place I was going to say,—I mean towards the barrier at which all were liable to be questioned, and which I could no more hope to get by here, without examination, than I could elsewhere, to pass over Waterloo Bridge without paying toll. Our spirits were very tolerable, I say, for we had come to a resolution that we were better than our neighbours. Lady Straightlace, indeed, felt that some explanation, not to say apology, would be due to her for being saved in such company as she feared awaited her at her final destination. For my part, however, I felt a very unpleasant sensation. I recollected the gay effrontery with which some human beings had stood at the bar of an earthly tribunal where I had presided, and how little that fearless carriage availed them when the evidence of their doings had been brought forward. I had seen men smilingly advance, anticipating honourable acquittal and restoration to liberty, who had gone back convicted, to the condemned cell and sentenced to die.

But here," thought I, "a good, a wise, a merciful judge, who cannot be deceived, is to decide on my fate, and his award must be just."

"*True*," a still small voice—it was that of *Conscience*—replied. "It must be just, but will that benefit *you?* Whatever you passed for among men, what have you here, where the veil which deceives mortal eyes must be lifted, that the naked truth in all its deformity may appear; what can you suppose you have here to expect from a just decree? Examine your heart, recall the scenes of your past life, and answer truly for yourself."

Then occurred to my recollection some incidents of my early days, aye, and some of a later date, after I had taken my place on the judgment seat, and a sickly feeling came over me, for which I but too well knew how to account, which I could not dismiss. A little

liqueur or a taste of brandy would, perhaps, have been welcome at this moment; but *spirits* were not to be found there; I mean *spirits* of that description.

"It is of no use to tremble," thought I to myself. "And it is of no use to affect firmness where you have none," *Conscience* rejoined; and I trembled through every joint.

Still I did not, anxious as I was for the removal of these doubts, so far forget the rules of common politeness as to attempt stepping before the lady, when we approached the halting place. The General, the Physician, and the Bishop were equally courteous, and drew back with exemplary good-breeding. She, however, taking hold of the General's arm, retrograded with such velocity that she passed the prelate in a second, who, though I acquit him of any unbecoming anxiety for preferment in this case, was thus left in front of his company, and was, in consequence, first taken in hand by the examiner.

A sage, benevolent, but shrewd and determined-looking personage, now fixed his awful eyes on my shovel-hatted friend, who nervously shrunk from his enquiring gaze. If he really felt alarmed, which I began to suspect he did, he promptly shook off the appearance of it, and, with an air of dignified composure, would fain have passed on.

"Stop," said the angel, saint, or spirit, I do not exactly know his rank, but will distinguish him by the expression last used; "whither so fast?"

The bishop's feelings were evidently hurt by this unceremonious address.

"I would fain pass," said he, "to the place reserved for the true and faithful servants of the Most High."

And so saying, he again attempted to get by the barrier with a truly lofty bearing.

"You expect," said the spirit, "high advancement."

"In accordance," replied the Bishop, "with the claim which I urged and established elsewhere."

"But," resumed the catechist, "the circumstances under which claims were admitted in the place to which you now refer exist not in this. There is no patron here whose listlessness you will amuse —whose vanity you may flatter—or to whose weaknesses you can

administer; and, therefore, your onward progress may not be so easy as you expect. You aspire to eternal happiness; on what do you found your claim?"

"On the good I have done—on the good life I have led in the vale of sin and tears below. Having finished my course, and kept the faith, I expect '*a crown of righteousness from the Lord*,' as held out in the *second epistle of Timothy, the fourth chapter, and seventh and eighth verses*."

"Why, this is well said," answered the spirit. "Your right to enter heaven is not to be disputed, if indeed you have led a good life and done good. But how do you prove that you have done so? The record of your career is before me, and I see little to justify the bold appeal you make."

"I zealously defended the Church; and if the Church be good, he does good who manfully stands up for it."

"The Church may be good, and yet small credit due to him who, circumstanced as you were, stands up in its defence. What covetous infidel assailant can you name, who would not bravely have fought in the cause, as you did, had he been promised as his reward half the emoluments which were yours? You, fighting for the Church, fought for worldly goods—not for heaven, but for pounds, shillings, and pence. If, then, as you would have it understood, you fought and conquered, you had your pay in the world, and have no arrears to claim."

The Prelate looked pale. To learn that he had received *all* in the other world, and was to have no remuneration elsewhere, deeply affected him; though he certainly had the consolation of knowing that he had not trusted to heaven more than he could avoid; that he, as was the custom of his order, had taken excellent care to grasp as much as he possibly could on earth.

"If," sighed he, "anxiety to provide for human necessities is to disqualify the Christian soldier altogether, I fear the working out of the principle will awfully reduce the glorious army of martyrs."

"To a skeleton regiment it may be," said the spirit. "Religionists, like patriots, will suffer more if all are rejected who acted from other than pure motives, than they would from decimation nine times repeated."

"Yet, still, though not free from the selfish love of present ease, he who strove from conviction, as I can conscientiously avouch that I did, I was ever taught to believe would find favour after death. Are we not distinctly told in the *first of Corinthians, second chapter and ninth verse,* that *'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor have entered into the heart of man the things which God has prepared for those that love him.'*"

"Your conviction, or love of God, it may be feared was as much the offspring of careless indolence as of diligent, just, searching enquiry. Happy in your actual situation, and exulting in your prospects, it was convenient to be convinced, and you strove not against your own immediate obvious worldly benefit. But admittance to joyous immortality is not to be won simply by attending to the well-paying concerns of life."

The tone in which this was uttered I thought very unmusical, and the aspect of the speaker had become most unamiably severe. I deeply felt for my friend, the parson, and I began to fear that if he fared so ill, it would be likely that I should have some annoyance when it came to my turn. But the Bishop, though at first he recoiled in evident confusion, to do him justice, manfully rallied.

"If," said he, "my services as a Christian warrior pass for little now that the battle is at an end, I still claim to pass on, without let or hinderance, for my good life."

The spirit looked for a moment amazed, and there was an expression in his eye which I, forgetting that it would be beneath the dignity of an immortal, expected would ripen into a laugh. I soon found that I was in error.

"Your good life!" said he, in a tone of thrilling reproof, that left sarcasm far behind. "And what constituted this good life thus daringly put forward by one who, through so many years, was in the habit of preaching that *'all righteousness was but as filthy rags.*"

My friend did not at all relish being thrust at by a weapon from his own armoury, and his shovel-hat shook like a leaf in his sinister hand. He, however, replied:—

"*'By the fruit ye shall know the tree.'* If my life was good I should hope it cannot be imputed that my heart was bad. Not presuming to question your rectitude or judgment, as truth, I am sure,

cannot offend your ear, I scruple not to say that some have gone this road to-day who dared not in that respect urge for themselves what I could."

"Indeed! Why not?"

"Because to my knowledge they were Sabbath-breakers, drunkards, and swearers. Such, I take upon myself to declare, have been admitted by you, yet I—I, an eminent divine of the Reformed Chnrch, am thus detained."

"An eminent divine of the Reformed Church will do well to recollect himself," said the Spirit. "He should not forget that he speaks where '*his down lying and his up rising are known.*' If he had really preached from a deep-seated sense of duty in his heart; if he had felt a thorough conviction of the truth of what he taught, he might have been less surprised at finding mercy is shown to sinners. The Sabbath-breaker who passed failed to go to church on Sunday it is true; but, doomed as he was to unceasing toil through the week, it was only on the seventh day that he could breathe the fresh air, and walk forth to gaze on the verdant scene prepared by the great Creator's hand for the enjoyment of all. His earthly task-masters were more to blame than himself. The pardon, therefore, promised by that great foe to hypocrites, Jesus of Nazareth, in certain cases where Pharisee observances were broken in upon, was justly pleaded by him. Privation and suffering, his unsteady companion showed, had weakened him, so that a slight excess in drink got him the drunkard's name, while you and others who sinned more largely over your cups escaped reproach, and even suspicion. The swearers, as you term them, were weak uneducated men, who, born in poverty and bred in toil, merely spoke the language of the place in which their lot was cast. It was idle, contemptible nonsense, but their transgression, more largely partaking of folly than of crime, was therefore overlooked."

"But faith, in which I was not deficient,—"

"I have shown," interrupted the spirit, "was, in truth, your worldly stock in trade."

"Yet still, as I kept the law—"

"You had little or no temptation to break it, in comparison with the unhappy whom you presumptuously conclude were greater

backsliders than yourself. In you a bland expression of countenance, a calm deportment, and courteous speech were extolled as virtue. They gained you friendship, affluence, and fame; and, aware of this, your face was made up—your mien was regulated—and your voice trained with all the anxiety of an actor about to appear on the stage, and with precisely the same object in view,—not the glory of God, but the applause of men, and the profit consequent on that applause."

"If applause and profit were certain to follow in my case, was it not so in that of others who still forgot duty?"

"Forgot their interest, say rather; yes, there were meaner capacities than yours on earth; but shall I remind you of all that occurred in your clerical career?"

The thrilling emphasis which the spirit laid on the word "*all*" caused the Bishop to start back with involuntary emotion.

"Have you overlooked the sordid eagerness," demanded the examiner, "with which you strove '*to reap where you had not sown?*' While as rector you got from your flock, as you not improperly called those whom you so barbarously *fleeced*, at least two thousand pounds per annum, did you not profess to think that fifty pounds was enough to allow the curate, who was to perform by far the greater portion of the duty? And when the legislature, disgusted at such revolting avarice, declared that it should be unlawful to give a minister of religion, under such circumstances, so paltry a stipend, did not you violate the statute?"

"Not so," replied the Bishop; "I religiously complied with the letter of the law."

"*Religiously!*" echoed the spirit. "Disdain has no expression in the vocabulary which I must use while addressing you, that can convey the scorn I feel at the use, or rather the abuse, just made of the word. You complied *religiously* with the letter of the statute, did you, while steadily acting against its spirit? You agreed to give your curate a hundred pounds per annum, but took a bond from him that he should resign the living into your hands when you required it, which you intimated would be instantly done if he did not return you one half of the sum you had covenanted to pay. This jugglery being your object, did you not reject a worthy man, who had a wife and seven children to maintain, and accept a raw, brainless lad, not

because he was fit for the office, but because his wealthy friends allowed him an income that would enable him to give the bribe your rapacity demanded ?"

"I thought—"

"You thought you were acting *religiously* in gratifying the base selfishness of your nature, in seeking livings in Sussex and in Yorkshire, in Devonshire and in Essex at the same time, in which others were to do the work while you received the pay. Is it for such as you '*to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goes*,' who on earth only resembled the followers of the lamb as you manifested the ravening all-devouring hunger of the merciless wolf? Always telling those not of the Church, that '*the labourer was worthy of his hire;*' what sort of pay did the poor wretches receive who were hired by you ?"

The Bishop caught his breath quick—he essayed to speak, but had not a word to say. The spirit proceeded :—

"Shall I remind you how severely you preached up one line of conduct, while secretly you for yourself pursued another ? I speak not merely of youthful excesses, nor even of the steady pursuit of pleasures you denounced in church when you had reached maturer years; but forget not, when you vaunt of your good life, how eagerly you scrambled after wealth. The same insatiate exacting principle runs through your whole career; it made you an unprincipled time-serving sycophant at its commencement, and an overbearing, heartless tyrant at its close. Look at the tithes wrung from the poor,—look at the property alienated from the Church itself, which you pretended to reverence and defend,—and look at the long leases granted in your old age, in contemplation of early dissolution, to rob the successor to your see: remember these things, and tell me on what the confident hope which you seem to have cherished when you first approached, was founded. Was it on the text from which you so often preached, that '*It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God?*'"

The dismay of the Bishop was great. I felt for him sincerely. I had previously congratulated myself on being in such society, considering that the friendship of so famous a divine would, in itself, prove something for my piety, but now my ideas had undergone so

perfect a revolution, that I thought it prudent to look another way, and, indeed, to act as if we had been total strangers. I, therefore, when the Prelate shrunk back, and the General very courteously made room for me to take my turn at the bar, declined availing myself of the compliment, not merely from politeness, but from a feeling that it would do me no good to appear too close to him, as I had not, up to that period, been able to ascertain that the old saying of "Birds of a feather will flock together," had no authority there.

The consequence of this was, that the General, though I by no means accuse him in this, any more than in the former instance, of impatiently scrambling before me, was at once brought under the notice of the spirit. Thrown into some disorder by the pressure and derangement which I have endeavoured to picture, the man of war tried to collect himself in the best possible style; and to the questions put to him, when he would fain have marched forward, in substance the same as those put to the Bishop, he set forth in good set terms that he had fought in all climates in the cause of his king, that he had never betrayed his duty, and the flag of his country had waved over his head in unsullied glory to the last.

"High sounding words!" exclaimed the spirit. "Mean you to say that your sword was only drawn to defend the good and to coerce the wicked? Was it never employed to work out the plans of tyranny and oppression; and in the prosecution of schemes of conquest, did you never participate in, favour, or permit the spoil of an unhappy, vanquished people, for whom the cup of misery had been sufficiently filled, had the climax not been supplied by your avarice, and the licentiousness of your soldiers?"

"I," the General replied, "was a soldier, not a statesman. It was my business to obey the instructions I received, and not to debate their wisdom or their policy. This task I faithfully performed. If the cause in which I fought was other than good, the fault was with the government, whose servant I was. That the advantages accruing to me in my command were eagerly secured, I do not deny. They were necessary to my standing in society; and if rapine and violence had ever countenance from me, it was only in particular cases—to stimulate the energies of a storming party, or to recompense gallantry in the field, after a signal victory, when to hold out

strong inducements, and liberally to reward, was just and necessary, and highly beneficial to the service."

"I need say little to you," observed the immortal functionary, "for you in your defence pronounce your own condemnation. You admit, while claiming lasting felicity for your soul, that you could deliberately, sordidly debase that soul by making yourself like your sword, the unreasoning instrument of another's ambition, forgetful or rather in scorn of the claims of justice and humanity. And this you did in the profaned name of honour. You unfeelingly grasped the golden prize for yourself which others had won, and yet talk of *liberally* rewarding meaner butchers at the expense of sufferers, who looked to you in vain for pity. Man of blood, be these thy claims to happiness and Heaven?"

The severe tone of the speaker while putting this interrogatory, caused the General to falter. Such a charge he had never been accustomed to meet. He, however, ventured to say he was not aware that he had been worse than others. He had steadily pursued the line marked out for him by some of the most illustrious members of an honourable profession. If engaged in sanguinary scenes, it was that which he individually could not help, and some who had been in the same battles, who had perpetrated the violences with their own hand, to which allusion had been made, had not been so severely questioned as he was. He had beheld more than one or two even allowed to pass the barrier who had deservedly been shot for deserting the colours of their king and country, which, for his part, he had never done nor thought of doing."

"Nor would those of whom you speak have deserted the colours of their king and country, had the General's uniform, the General's pay, and the General's honours been theirs. And you, General, scornfully as you regard those who could thus retreat from a service to which you continued faithful to the end of your life, would, perhaps, steeped in the poverty which was theirs, subjected to the hardships which they endured, and exposed to all the capricious tyranny which rendered their existence identical with misery, have forgot the fidelity of which you loved to boast, and run from your colours as they did."

"But not having done so—"

"Favouring circumstances, not high-minded principle, induced you to be faithful to duty, interest being bound up with it, which otherwise you would, in all probability, have betrayed. Claims like yours cannot be admitted. On these you pass not here."

"I thought so," whispered the Physician, "and indeed, though personally I had a great regard for the general, it seemed to me ridiculous that a man, who had been occupied through his whole life in destroying his fellow men, should on this side the grave expect to find a place with *us*," glancing first at himself and then at me, "the preservers and benefactors of mankind."

A multitude of thoughts occupied me, so that I could not then reply to this civil speech; but my feeling, I remember, was distinctly this, that so far as I could see, there was not such a vast difference between the Physician and the General, as the latter was willing to believe.

The excellent terms on which he appeared to be with himself, did not escape the observation of the spirit, who now, in a voice of stern command, called on him to stand forward.

Of course, nothing short of prompt obedience was thought of, and the Doctor advanced with that self-satisfied air which all his brothers on earth continue up to this very hour to wear.

With considerable alacrity he proceeded to exhibit his diploma from the Royal College, ten or a dozen prizes which had been awarded to him by various medical societies, and several letters of thanks addressed to him by individuals who said they had been much relieved through prescriptions which he had furnished.

"What do you mean," demanded the examiner, "by producing all this rubbish for my inspection? Do you suppose that what in the world itself was called 'humbug,' can be of service to you here? You will next, perhaps, offer to write a prescription for me. Negligence or favouritism gave you your diploma; your prizes, you very well know, came to you, granted as a reward for booby blundering, perfectly inexpiable, by a shabby, cheating scheme in which you were one of many conspirators, and for your letters, some were indited by credulous ignorance, and others by prudence—by parties

wishing handsomely to get rid of your attentions, and, therefore, pretending to be so far recovered under your treatment as to require your professional aid no more.

"As to that," said the physician, "if people chose to act the part you describe, it was no fault of mine. I did what I thought right."

"You lazily sheltered yourself under the names of others. If an ardent anxiety to relieve affliction had carried you through a course of laborious studies or painful experiments, you might not unreasonably hope for some favourable distinction. But what, if your mean and selfish nature degraded that which ought to have been a science into a trade or game, and caused your most anxious researches to be, not for what might cure, but for what might pay?"

"I was solicitous to cure."

"You were solicitous to walk through life in an easy gentlemanly way, and, therefore, desired to cure, certainly, but mainly with a view to gain. Such anxiety as you must feel, will prove but a very slender recommendation here. How often, instead of honestly confessing ignorance, did you bravely swagger on—write prescriptions hap-hazard, and kill with dignity, rather than hand over your patient to another? How often did you countenance cruel operations in the hospitals, which might gratify curiosity, but which had no higher object? And how numerous were the brutal vivisections perpetrated by you on animals, which could lead to no result interesting to humanity?"

The doctor looked aghast at this. He had always plumed himself on his experiments, and considered that it would have been beneath the dignity of science to give the agonies of brutes a thought. To be catechised on such a subject was what he least expected.

"I aimed—I aimed," said he, "at eventually benefitting mankind by dissecting living animals."

"The aim, as pursued by you, at least in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of every thousand, was folly. What benefit could result to man from stirring up the brain of a living cat, or from sending burning phosphorus through the frame of a dog? The truth is this;—under the name of science you carried on a trade in horrors, of which animals—and not animals alone—were the victims.

Your pupils and students paid well, and that was for you sufficient."

"In all ages," said the physician, "such means have been judged not only allowable, but praiseworthy."

"Yes, by those who found their account in them."

"Celsus," replied the doctor, "was, for aught that I know to the contrary, disinterested; and he praises Hierophilus and Erosistratus for dissecting criminals while still alive,—'*Optime fecisse Hierophilum et Erosistratum qui nocentes homines; a regibus ex carcere acceptos, vivos inciderint.*'"

"If," said the spirit, "Celsus really thought that the physicians he names acted well in prevailing on kings to give up their prisoners to be dissected alive, he might be pardoned for acting on the impression. In your time, enough had been done to prove, as no healing system had been established that could stand the test of time,—that was not, in all its essential principles, overthrown; or, at least, questioned, in the course of a century or two,—enough, I say, had been done to demonstrate that nothing had been gained from such enormities that could at all justify their continuance, or any approach to them. Yet you, forsooth, turned up your nose, but a short time ago, because certain parties, whom you termed quacks, and practitioners on a plan differing from yours, were not sent back."

"I," said the Doctor, "considered the conduct of those who gave out that any one medicine would cure all diseases, as rank impostors."

"So they might be, and yet not much worse than you. The grotesque specimens of ignorant jargon, which you called prescriptions, and of which you were so absurdly vain, were quite as likely to destroy life as to restore health; yet, with reckless ignorance, you could joyously go on. So that the fees did not fail, you cared not how many constitutions gave way under your treatment, and that of your accomplice apothecary. The difference, then, between you and the uneducated pretenders to an infallible specific, for whom you affect to feel so much contempt, is not great. They, if they have gone forward, owe it to their humility and contrition; but you, who would ride over them, must stand aside. Make way for the lady—homicide—make way."

Lady Straightlace had congratulated herself that her case was essentially different from each of those which had recently occupied

the spirit. She clearly showed that she had lived in good report, had no studiously-concealed sins to answer for, and, therefore, she felt the hope within her strong, that eternal happiness would be the reward of a well-spent life.

It was with equal grief and surprise my fair neighbour learned that she had flattered herself. Her course had been taken to gain the admiration of mankind; her devotion had been mere heartless matters of form, similar to those of the Japanese worshipper, who, by spinning a whirligig round once, or oftener, in a day, thinks to win salvation.

"Dear me," exclaimed the lady, "you are really very difficult to please, Mr. Judge; that is, in the cases of respectable people. With vagabonds you are easy enough. You allowed Mrs. Granville to pass; and who was she? Why, it was notorious that after her husband's death she had half a dozen favourites. Then there was that slattern, my own maid, whom I was obliged to turn away because she had a little boy by a journeyman baker, and, though I gave her good advice, with several excellent books, I afterwards heard very bad things of her."

"She erred most fearfully," said the spirit, "but still there were some palliating circumstances. The death of her husband reduced the female you first named to destitution. She had children, who looked to her for support."

"It was the more incumbent on her," said Lady Straightlace, "to set them a good example. In kindness to them she should have been content to endure every privation; and, dying, leave them an inheritance of virtue."

"A noble precept, madam, but one which a weak, suffering mother was but too likely to forget, when her offspring were crying for bread. The sublime resolution which you commend to her would not give her little ones food. If you wish to know whether, with a view to maintaining her helpless children, adherence to the virtuous rule you lay down, or departure from it, was most likely to avail the sufferer, ask those great patrons of virtue, the Bishop and the Judge, your reverend and venerable friends by your side."

This was a hard blow for the parson, who had been one of the favoured admirers of the party alluded to, and it was personally

offensive to me. To touch on the private character of a judge, I, and all my friends on the bench, had uniformly condemned as highly improper, and wholly irrelevant to the matter in question, whatever that matter might be.

"Your pious tracts and shillings," the spirit resumed, addressing her ladyship, "were insufficient to keep a wretched family alive. To you it may seem a most heinous offence that such being the case temptation should prevail. If you did not fall into the same errors, you were not exposed to the same trials. Had such been your lot, it is more than probable that you yourself would have pursued the course you now so virulently condemn."

"I beg to say, and I must crave to be heard on this point," she resolutely answered, for, to do her justice, she was as resolute to talk here, as the whole of her sex are to do the like elsewhere. "I acted from principle—from a love of virtue—from a loathing of vice."

"You were not a vulgar profligate; you were not rendered familiar with the horrors of the cellars of St. Giles's, nor with the riot and disorder of Wapping. From the consequences of being so exposed to contamination you were preserved, and for that you deserve as much praise as you merit for not catching the plague, through a fortunate absence from the scene of its ravages. But, loving virtue for herself, what did you do to extend her empire on earth? Your feeble efforts in the cause hardly went beyond what was necessary to save yourself from reproach in the class to which you belonged. If you subscribed to the asylums established for the unfortunate of your sex, how largely did you contribute to people them by the cold-blooded meanness with which, through your servants, and even in your own person, you beat down the prices of all articles which were produced by the poor creatures who sought to gain a livelihood by the needle or the loom."

"It was necessary to abate the demands of Madame Pollio and Mr. Faddle, which were enormous. I did no more. They, perhaps, cruelly took advantage of their workwomen."

"They," said the spirit, "have both been here, and been sent where they had a right to expect a place. It was, however, clearly proved by them, that in many instances they were obliged to reduce the pittance of the unfortunate operatives through the tyrannous

exactions which by you, and others like you, who, prating about virtue, were not ashamed to deck yourselves out in finery, and even talk about your charity in doing so, though if you had deigned to give the thing a thought you would have known that the wages of those who laboured to sustain or to heighten your attractions, from the beggarly prices paid for the finished articles, must have been so contemptibly insignificant, that without having recourse to expedients, which you affected to regard with horror, it was utterly impossible for them to exist. Thus were those requited who struggled, by dint of labour, to be respectable; thus were they encouraged by Lady Straightlace to adhere to that virtue on which she prided herself."

My fair friend blushed, and, I shrewdly suspect, would have fainted, had she not reflected that hartshorn, salts, and water, and the other essentials of a respectable swoon, were not at hand as formerly. Of course, I deeply commiserated her condition; but she was in some degree relieved in a manner I hardly approved, for on me the eye of the spirit now rested, and I was required to give an account of my past life and present expectations, similar to that exacted from my predecessors. Remembering the little courtesy shown to them, I entered on my task with a confused stammer, so that my speech must a good deal have resembled some of those ludicrous abortions passed off for orations in parliament, which those truly unfortunate creatures, the reporters for the public press, have to lick into shape, so that they may look like common sense. Noble peers and honourable members of the lower House afterwards go over them again, and make these effusions something near what they were intended to be; and perhaps some expect that I am about to claim the same privilege here. This record, however, is of a character too solemn and important to be confounded with works of fancy like the "Parliamentary Debates," the "Mirror of Parliament," and similar publications, in which the members of the legislature below used to hoax their friends with fictitious eloquence, and, therefore, my lame affair shall go unreported.

That it was lame, I cannot doubt; for, strange to say, the spirit treated it with as little respect as anything that had been hazarded in the course of the day,

"You, a *judge!*" said he; and the tone and manner used when

the last word fell from his lips were such as to drive my thoughts with lightning-like rapidity through a great part of my earthly career. It seemed to say—*You*, so culpable as you know yourself; so great in pretension, so mean in action, so base in thought,—you, so dull, so helpless, so stupid,—you, so defective in heart, and so unfurnished in head,—you to stand here forsooth! or anywhere else as a judge, is more extravagantly ridiculous than all the rest,

After receiving a seasonable hint, that what I had been saying was nothing at all to the purpose, and admonished that what sufficed to mislead a dozen earthly dunces would have no effect where intellect prevailed, I came, as I thought, very much to the point, by literally picking my words, so that little but those sounds, which, in Lincoln's Inn Hall, at the Mansion House, and at all grand public entertainments, were regarded, I may say, as the plums of my oratorical pudding, and relished accordingly. My new acquaintance was, in fact, treated with a selection of "Elegant Extracts," my very best phrases, such as the touching declaration that "I had ever felt it my sacred duty to stand up for the laws and constitution of my country, as handed down by my ancestors;"—"That a judge's duty, to the extent of my ability, I had endeavoured, obedient to the dictates of conscience, faithfully to perform, never forgetting that I was under the solemn obligation of an oath;"—"I desired but to tread in the steps of the great men who had gone before me;"—"I did my best and left the rest to God."

I certainly thought that I was growing eloquent, and gave the usual indication of a determination to make a long speech, by saying: "It is not my wish to take up the time of the—"

"Really!" exclaimed the spirit, in a tone which at once conveyed to me that it was his pleasure to dispense with my intended rigmarole, and proved its inutility if uttered. "Those carefully studied periods are such matters of course with those solemn jokers below, who claim the glory of being 'judges of the land,' that there may be some excuse for your mechanically repeating them, if unchecked, but it is not necessary that you should proceed farther in that strain. When you talk of duty, of dictates of conscience, and even use the sacred name, you waste Eternity, which, though not capable of being exhausted like Time, may as well be kept free from

such puerile idling. Instead of trying to slip as it were into celestial repose by pronouncing a Lord Mayor's dinner speech, it would be well if you could show me that, pure of heart and meek in carriage, you never prostituted such talents as you possessed, to the basest, meanest, most hateful ends. Did you always, as a barrister, honestly labour to do good? Was it your ambition to save the calumniated weak from the malignant strong? Did you never exert yourself with unhallowed zeal to induce men, who had sworn to decide truly, to declare what you knew was false—to say 'Guilty,' where 'Not Guilty' should have been the verdict, and *vice versa?* Has your selfishly cruel heart never known a glow of ignominious triumph when, through your labours, an acquitted miscreant has again been sent forth to prey upon that society which he had previously outraged? And have you not exultingly gone to a feast, to swagger over a conviction which you had reason to believe would send an innocent man to the scaffold?"

"As an advocate, I did my duty. It was for me to know no person on earth but my client."

"Do you conceive, then, it will be admitted here that it was virtue to abet villainy, so it brought fees, and that you had a right to trample on the wretched, who had done no wrong, without pity or remorse?"

"I pursued the same course as my learned friends."

"In that case, if you only did as others did, and are content to be doomed to perdition as others may have been, more need not be said. But you have presented yourself here as a candidate for the bright reward reserved for virtue. On what does your claim rest, I would gladly know? for, in the multitude of full-sounding, but little-meaning words, which fell from your lips, I found nothing to the point on that subject."

"I—I," said I, a good deal confused by his coarse, brow-beating manner, as I thought it, "I endeavoured to administer justice with purity and impartiality."

"What proof can you offer that you had any higher object in view than the saving of appearances with the world? You found the law, I mean when you had become a judge, a mass of tangled absurdity, and left it as you found it. It answered your purpose, and therefore

you cared not to effect a reform. What if an honest man were despoiled of all his property, or sent to a gaol for telling the truth of a scoundrel! it was the law, and you unblushingly pronounced its sentence. To you it mattered not, seeing that you were magnificently provided for, even though a wretch, who cut off the head of his own infant, escaped all punishment, though his guilt was unquestionable, —nay, admitted, through a misnomer which a child could have satisfactorily corrected. Though law oppressed the humble, crushed the innocent, and spared the guilty, you slept in peace, well content to draw wealth and honours, as they were called, from playing with the contradictory incongruities of a systemless system, impudently and ridiculously called 'the administration of justice.' "

Such censure utterly confounded me. There was no committing of him, so I merely said:

"I could not make such alterations as might be desirable, however I might wish to see them effected."

He turned from me in a way that indicated that to me, individually, he deigned no further reply.

"This, then, is the case; you," said the spirit, in his most awful manner, addressing us all, I mean myself and companions, "you, once the great on earth, the favoured by circumstances,—you, to whom 'much was given,' and from whom, you were, therefore, well instructed 'much would be expected;'—you, possessing the means of largely benefitting the human race, and of contributing to make the world such as a benevolent Deity might look down upon with pleasure,—you, I say, it is in proof, forgot your sacred duty, betrayed your high trust, and surrendered your weak and wicked souls to luxury, avarice, and ambition, yet still audaciously presume that the virtue you were supposed to possess in the other world, entitles you to salvation in this, and dare to erect yourselves above those who were once your victims, and whose fearful crimes and melancholy fate may, with little difficulty, be traced to your corrupt and sinful doings. And great indeed the weight of charge against you would be, were it not known to the All-seeing Eye that those sufferers, though unfortunate, were not faultless. Mean and vicious, like yourselves, had you changed places, as their crimes would certainly have been yours, yours would unquestionably have been theirs. What

they suffered through harsh inflictions by you; were but expiations for them. The power that abates your pride, does not, without measure, exalt their humility. All have erred, each in his degree, and, alas for the truth! to the extent of his capacity. It were fearful to tell what the whole mass would have to expect for their stubborn insolence and foul ingratitude to the Giver of all good, were justice—strict juctice to be done. But the Eternal knows the weakness which he permitted to be yours, and the ignorance in which the wisest of you lived.—On this plea—on this alone—not on your merit must your hope be founded. 'Enter not into judgment with us, O Lord!' is the only prayer fit for the lips of the least sinful of your company, save the brief but expressive aspiration—'God be merciful to me, a sinner.'"

I was abashed and startled as he proceeded, but somewhat consoled as he closed his speech. The presuming confidence which I had lately known was no more. I felt indeed that humble supplication for pardon, was all that I could rationally venture upon in the presence of the spirit, and as my past transgressions occurred to my recollections, whether I could urge even that with a reasonable hope of finding it listened to, became matter of serious doubt. The dreadful alternative then presented itself to my imagination!

I started in an agony of alarm, and would gladly have retreated, but I knew not whither to fly. My emotion became great in the extreme; "Mercy! Mercy!" I despairingly exclaimed. The sound of my own voice awakened me, and I was not sorry to find myself safe in bed.

THE PARTING WORD.

Adieu! Adieu! 'tis understood
That better fortune calls away;
And if to go, be for thy good,
Beloved, I would not have thee stay.
But, although reconciled to part,
And almost anxious thou should'st go,
With unfeigned heaviness of heart,
I sorrow that it should be so.

For few beneath yon ample sky
The pilgrim in this 'vale of tears,'
Can find on whom he may rely;
Whose friendship stands the test of years.
Poor human beings seldom long
Converse, ere foul Suspicion's curse
Disturbs with dread of something wrong;
With miserable doubts—or worse.

But thou unchanged, still kind as bright,
Succeeding years have found the same;
To soothe in woe, in joy delight,
Was evermore thy generous aim.
Attached, though coldness might appear,
When care has overcast this brow;
Though often schooled in tone severe,
And never justly praised till now.

If I reproof could e'er employ,
Believe if not unkindly done;
I wished for gold without alloy;
I liked not spots upon the sun.
Where Heaven so largely had endow'd,
A little blemish did I meet,
I felt disturbed because it shew'd
A lovely picture incomplete.

I have seem'd backward to admire,
Because, far far from me away
The sordid wish—the mean desire,
Which basely flatter to betray.
Prompt thy deserts to recognise,
I deemed that honest friendship's love,
Should less thy merits eulogize,
Than censure where it might improve.

Forgive me all privations known;
Attribute not to cold neglect,
Cares thou hast felt, but would'st not own,
Which 'twas my place to recollect.
And, O! forgive—forgive if I,
Thy power unable to withstand,
Have sometimes met thine angry eye,
Too warmly pressed thy lip or hand.

Believe me, with affection fraught,
Which not a parent would disclaim,
I, could my deed have reached my thought,
Had loved thee with an angel's flame.
Thy smile—the lustre of that eye,
That roseate glow deranged my plan;
Still chained me to mortality,
And made me feel I was but man.

Though some few months—at any rate,
A year, thy presence will restore ;
My bosom feels as desolate
As if we were to meet no more.
But I will hope, in laughing health,
To see thee, and to see thee soon ;
And bless'd with all life's dearest wealth,
While still admired in beauty's noon.

I deprecate the idle cant,
Which ever must apostrophise
The deity, with sickening rant,
Or here or there to cast his eyes ;
Yet those most dear beheld no more,
I deem it neither weak nor vain,
But hold it reason to implore
The God who made them to sustain.

And trust me, whilst thou art away,
Still object of my anxious care,
For thee, with each succeeding day,
Will rise the silently-breathed prayer.
With joy or woe, as good or ill,
Thy coming letters may proclaim,
My heart will swell, ordained to thrill,
Or tremble at thy very name.

There are who would thy feelings wound,
Creatures, who know they must appear
Contemptible where thou art found :
Unfit for the same hemisphere.
Be their disparagement thy mirth ;
For, even in aspersing, they
A tribute to superior worth
Involuntarily must pay.

Some tell, emotion mars the song—
That rhymes, when true, can never move
If such opinion be not wrong,
How wretched must these verses prove;
For, while beholding thee depart,
I, picturing my regrets and fears,
Present a transcript of my heart,
By feeling prompted, penned with tears.

Adieu, with Fortune's favouring gale,
Go, as the wanton breezes free;
Should stern calamity assail,
I charge thee, hasten back to me,
Pass this not by with proud neglect,
The wish I cannot now retract;
And this, dear girl, is—recollect
The only pledge I would exact.

TO THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN,

ON THEATRICAL PERFORMANCES BEING INTERDICTED IN LENT.

While pancakes we may eat, your plan
Bids us in vain to plays aspire:
You dread lest from the *frying-pan*,
We sinfully *jump towards the fire*.

THE DEVIL AND HIS INTENDED;

OR,

THE MARRIED BOOKSELLER.

The Devil took wing, and saw earth in a trice,
And looked out for no common sinner;
But, anxious for something remarkably nice,
A Bookseller ordered for dinner.
He had picked out a plump one, and wondered the spit
In his kitchen so strangely had tarried;
That as yet, it turned not, with his chosen tid-bit,
When to home he from London was carried.
But soon was explained what had puzzled his wit,
The Bookseller just had got married.
Poor Satan, of course, at the tidings look'd glum,
As he knew when men "married, they could not come."

Indignant, he first threw a glance of scorn,
Extended his talons, and brandished his horn,
And swore that no man, of a woman born,
Should thus put him out of his way;
He returned then to seize him, as if but a King,
An Emperor, or some such a trumpery thing,
But soon he was glad to be off on his wing—
For he found it was useless to stay.

He had been at all courts, and had mocked all the guards
Which kings had surrounded for ages;
But a Chieftain like this ne'er was sung by the bards,
Who had hundreds of thousands of *pages;*
And scores of young *Devils* to give him a beating
Were ready: the slang folks would call it—a *sheeting.*
"Take that," said the Devil, and e'en while he spoke,
Gave of brimstone a blast quite enough
For twenty strong men, but 'twas here quite a joke,
Opposed to a *Bookseller's puff.*

"My eyes," exclaimed Satan, and hungry he sniff'd
His *match,*—(his intended *repast*),
By the Fates it would seem that this seller of *Swift*
The Devil himself will make *fast;*
And though all around him much *board-ing* I see,
'Tis certain that he has no wish to *board me.*"

The *heads of the chapters* he read in the books,
"No wonder," thought he, I am done,
Such thousands of thousands of heads, odzooks!
Must needs be 'too many for one.'"
And not only so does the Devil account
For the matter in which he thus fails,
Though the *heads,* he perceived, were of no small amount;
He saw there no end of the *tales.*

And those for number and for length
Might ten infernal monarchs cow,
Though equal they had deem'd their strength
To any *Paternoster* ROW.
As scorned the fox, the grape's most luscious treats,
Beyond his reach, so Satan, while he frowned,
Exclaimed, "Why take a man while he's *in sheets!*
I'll have him one day with his *consort—bound.*"

RHYMING RECORDS.

As a veteran punster, deeply injured from having been put under ban by Dr. Johnson, I beg to advance my claim to be considered a good member of society; and for my art, that it should be held worthy of more favourable notice. If we are for ever to have it thrown in our teeth that "a man who makes a pun would pick a pocket," let it be remembered that Cicero and Shakespeare are liable to the imputation, for they disdained not to be punsters. The puns of the Bard of Avon are known to every one; and of Cicero it is recorded, that when a Roman matron bought lands of Caius Julius Cæsar, on singularly favourable terms, the said lady having obliged the seller with the best services of her daughter *Tertia*, the orator remarked on the low price paid for the estates, adding in the vein of a modern word-catcher, "but *Tertia deducta est.*"

In ancient times, before the invention of letters, and

"When music, heavenly maid, was young,"

the poets of a country were also its historians. To them was confided the important task of transmitting to future ages the great events which were held to reflect glory on their race. Embalmed in immortal song, by their art, the fame of by-gone heroes has been perpetuated even down to our day, whose achievements must otherwise have perished with their flesh. It was these poet-historians that treasured up the renown of the truly great, and enabled the departing warrior or sage to exclaim, "*Non omnis moriar,*" with all the confidence of the modest *Flaccus* himself.

But when the invention, discovery, or adaptation of Cadmus brought the alphabet into common use, the task of saving passing events from oblivion was entrusted to other hands. Song was reserved for rare occasions, and records in prose were rapidly multiplied. The case became still worse for the poetical professor, when the art of printing

came among us, and poetry, as regarded historical facts, was beaten out of the field. In consequence of such a state of things, common-place readers may suppose that, if the narrations now prepared for posterity are less elegant than formerly, at all events, they are more exact, and, besides that, much more copious. This is a vulgar error. I do not deny that speeches in Parliament, in Common Council, and at Public Meetings, are given at greater length than heretofore, but these and similar matters, which engage the attention of speaker, reporter and editor, almost exclusively, are attended to, at the expence of other matters, which in my humble judgment, are at least equally worthy of preservation. When I read over my works, which, though I have no wish to appear singular, I often do, I find in them a "brief chronicle" of the times in which I have lived, and they fail not to recall many odd and amusing incidents and scenes, which it is deemed beneath the dignity of modern history to give at length, if, indeed, it condescends to notice them at all.

I have it in *serious* contemplation, to write at no distant day, "Forgotten Incidents in the History of England." What I propose to offer in this paper will give some idea of the plan on which it will be written. I mean it to comprehend facts which were deemed curious at the time they occurred, and as such made the subjects of poetical celebration, ludicrous or otherwise, and I promise myself that the prose in this, my meditated history, will be as interesting, (which is saying a vast deal,) to most readers, as even the accompanying poetry.

The first trifle I shall offer, recalls a fact which was deemed of great moment. It was known at one period of the Peninsular War, that the Earl, or Marquis of Wellington, whichever he then happened to be, had joined battle with the enemy. So much had been transmitted by a vessel named the *Sparrow*. The announcement of the result was reserved for another arrival, and the *Fancy*, which was the ship expected to bring it, was so long on her passage that it was feared she was lost. Great excitement prevailed for some days, which was at length happily calmed by the ship just named bringing the news of a victory. This, which our grave sages who have assumed the chair of Hume, have scarcely deigned to mention, was properly commemorated, in form and manner following:

ON THE DELAY BETWEEN THE ARRIVAL OF THE *SPARROW*, AND THAT OF THE *FANCY*.

"You peevish, old churl," cried Britannia, inflamed,
As anxious she cast her eyes over the sea,
"My Arthur has fought, and you might be ashamed
To keep back the tale of his doings from me."

"Bright Goddess," he answered, "O blame not in thought
Old Neptune, who glories in seeing you blest;
A Sparrow made known that your hero had fought,
To *the Fancy* I thought I might leave *all the rest*."

Though only four years ago, few remember the great Puddle Dock contest. The idea of removing a venerable lay-stall from that neighbourhood, filled some of the members of the Common Council with great constitutional alarm; and a determined effort was made in its defence. The merits of the case will be understood from the lyric below:—

A CONSERVATIVE SONG,

WRITTEN FOR A WORSHIPFUL ALDERMAN TO SING AT THE EASTER DINNER.

"Bold citizens of London town,
Determined to be free,
And fix'd to gain a vast renown,
Unite yourselves with me.
My object must ensure applause
From every tough old cock;
I rouse ye in no common cause—
The cause of Puddle Dock.

"Shall puny fribbles, over nice,
Disturb our ancient muck,
And storm our lay-stall by advice
Of Dr. Clutterbuck?
From immemorial time, this stench
Our ancestors would mock;
And shall the frantic cry, 'Retrench,'
Now reach to Puddle Dock?

"Let us all, rallying round the throne,
Claim, while we wave our hats,
The Britons' right to smell our own
Departed dogs and cats.
We know, while the reforming riff
Pretend so great a shock,
That beauty pines when lost the sniff
Of fragrant Puddle Dock.*

"Things now have reached that awful pitch,
We every nerve must strain,
Or soon behold fill'd up Fleet Ditch,
And widen'd Leather-lane!
Smithfield and Cow-cross shake with fright,
And Field-lane feels the shock;
Rise, then, brave friends, resolv'd to fight
And die for Puddle Dock!"

THE ARMLESS BRIDE.

In November, 1832, there was married at St. James's Church, Bury, to one of the showmen, a woman without arms, who had exhibited at the fair held in that town. The ring was placed by the bridegroom upon one of the bride's toes! The number of spectators assembled to view this ceremony was immense. It gave rise to the subjoined stanzas:—

How the deuce did this Benedict court,
Is what I would fain understand?
For the lady had thought it but sport,
If told that he looked for her *hand*.
And some men would think it unkind,
Nay, queer and indecent to *boot*,
If, on saying, "To wed I'm inclin'd,"
The fair, in return, *gave her foot*.

But happy their union may prove—
Should they quarrel at cribbage or whist,
He may give *a bad hand*, but his love
Will ne'er pay him off with her *fist*.

* It was gravely stated, that one family lost their health by removing to the Regent's-park, from the vicinity of Puddle Dock.

Should a fight happen, those who have seen 'em,
Say she will not care to begin it—
Though, if they've but one dish between 'em,
"Her *foot*" she perhaps will "*put in it.*"

If discord should ever occur,
And the husband be forced to succumb,
At least he may boldly aver,
She can't get him under her *thumb.*
And pranks that would drive others mad,
Will not on *his head* bring disgrace,
Because, be the facts e'er so bad,
There can be *no* ARM *in the case.*

If left by his friends in the lurch,
Should enemies bear him to gaol;
She proved, when he took her to church,
Her talent for giving *leg bail.*
Felicity, from such a start,
May fairly be hoped on the whole,
Where the bridegroom his bride gives his *heart,*
And the bride yields the bridegroom her *sole.*

Mr. Bunn's determination to have no stars at Drury-lane Theatre, though sufficiently remarkable, contrasted with his afterwards engaging Mr. Charles Kean to *star* it at fifty pounds a night, might be forgotten, but for the following:—

ON MR. BUNN'S BECOMING LESSEE OF BOTH THE WINTER THEATRES.

Of all the chiefs who have made millions stare,
Greatest, perhaps, is our illustrious Bunn,
With whom, in boldness, no one can compare,
Excepting "Joshua, the son of Nun."

One, Heaven's great lights could order to *stand still,*
The other, makes two theatres *go on;*
The *Sun and Moon* were stayed at Joshua's will,
But Alfred can bid *all the Stars* begone.

A FARTHING FOR RICHES.

In July, 1832, a very amusing business came before the public, which those who wish to read it now, will be puzzled to find, but in certain drowsy law books. Mr. Riches brought an action against a Mr. Pugh and his wife, for breach of promise of marriage. The lady had some independent property, and Riches had become her admirer, while she was a Mrs. Ruddall. He was twenty-eight, she was forty-six. In the course of the trial it was proved that he wrote sentimental verses and pathetic letters to the lady; but, notwithstanding these, regardless of his feelings, she became the wife of a Mr. Pugh, who was stated to be seventy-five years of age. Mr. Riches then took a very stern tone, and threatened the lady awfully, and at last brought his action for breach of promise. The jury gave the interesting suitor one farthing only. The subjoined stanzas appeared a few days afterwards, as

LINES WRITTEN BY MR. RICHES, ON HIS FARTHING VERDICT.

Sentimental as I am,
Horribly this verdict twitches;
Judge and jury join to d——n
Ev'n the very name of *Riches.*

Who can fancy woman's tricks?
Who of love conceive the hitches?
Since she flies to *seventy-six,*
Merely to escape from *Riches!*

Age she fancies, youth to shun,
(Plague on such fantastic witches!)
Weds her *sire,* to 'scape her *son;*
Flies to property from *Riches!*

Scarlett, quizzing all like me,
Gave me some infernal switches;
That's the way he earns a fee;—
Nicely his speech diddled *Riches!*

Will my farthing buy a rope?
No.—So death I'll seek in ditches;
There write—quite bereft of hope—
"Here lies *poverty* with *Riches!*"

Then there was the marriage of Mr. Horace Claggett to Miss Day, the daughter of the wealthy blacking manufacturer, was that a trifle to be once read and remembered no more? The official announcement was regarded with great interest at the time, (October, 1832,) and is worth recalling. Of the epithalamium appended, the reader will form his own opinion.

"If it is worthy of notice, I beg to inform you that Mr. Claggett and Miss Day were married at St. Marylebone church, on Thursday, the 27th September last. I believe Mr. Claggett eloped with Miss Day on the Tuesday previous, but blundered with respect to the church, taking the lady to St. George, Hanover-square, where the minister, discovering the license to be drawn out for St. Marylebone church, refused, of course, to unite them. He then drove the lady to All Souls, Langham-place, with as little success—mistaking the latter for the *parish* church of St. Marylebone. The lady became alarmed at these disappointments, and insisted upon being driven to some of her friends, who reside in the neighbourhood of Berkeley-square, where she remained until Thursday—in the mean time, Mr. Day, I am informed, consented to the match.

"Yours,

"Very respectfully,

"William Geo. Pau,

"*Clerk of St. Marylebone.*

"16, Upper Baker-street, Marylebone,
"October 8."

EPITHALAMIUM ON THE NUPTIALS OF THE PRINCESS OF JAPAN.

Since gentle Pau, writes Horace and his love,
Are duly wedded with the forms of law;
The *friendly* act may serve at least to prove
On this occasion, there was no *Foe* Pau.

The knot is tied then, Claggett, now in bliss,
May rest assured that all the world will say
He has done anything, but *make a miss*,
And most triumphantly has gained the *Day*.

An awkward accident deferred their joy,
Which made the punctual lover cry, "Alas!
Must I, like many a flashy, spendthrift boy,
Put off my *Lady (Day)* till *Michaelmas?*

"Was it for this, that when my friends would seek
To know my wish, impatient of delay,
If asked, 'Do you propose to wed next week?'
My answer was, 'To-morrow—*yes—to-Day*?'

"The lady too, (but people, by the bye,
Stare at the flight she took, to spare her blushing,
They may think what they please, for my part, I
Think *blacking* properly may fancy *brushing*.)"

The lady, too, was sad, and wished for haste,
Not that she of her swain had any fears;
But she—true Englishwoman!—had no taste
To be the *Day* (or subject) of *All-jeers!*

Well might they sorrow for such loss of time,
In this case, certainly, no common bore,
And mourn at once, with reason, or with rhyme,
No *Day* lost, ever caused such pain before.

"For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
That *pleasing*, *anxious being*, e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of a cheerful *Day*,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind!"

All now well ended—as the *Day* comes *round*,
Year after year, may they enjoy their freak,
Till, at the least, a *dozen little Days*
(Or Claggetts) they may count in every *week*.

A Stock Exchange wager was said to have been actually made and won, on the good nature of William the Fourth, in the manner described below, in the month of September, 1830:—

THE KING AND THE ANGLER.

A PETER PINDARIC.

Awake, my Muse! and be it thine to sing,
A loyal subject and a gracious king!

It happened once, I cannot name the day—
  But does it signify the when or where?
No, not a farthing—I could almost say,
  As these, in fact, are neither here nor there.
But 'twas—so much with certainty I know—
In England, not a thousand years ago.

It happened then, I say, near Windsor's towers,
  One rude, and very English kind of day,
An angler patiently braved clouds and showers,
  And strove in vain to make the fish his prey.

The writhing worm received the barbed hook,
And then was tossed into the glassy brook:
    The float oft vanished from the sight,
    The fisher trembled with delight;
    Now he hoped a spanking trout
    Soon with transport to pull out:
    Now 'twas his—his eye was bright'ning—
    Now 'twas gone, as quick as light'ning.
      'Twas, indeed, for him—*a bite.*
Sinks the bright sun beneath the western main;
Darkness approached to shroud the world again;
Night to their end the angler's labours brought,
And one poor finny wretch alone was caught.

Then his friend approached to cheer him,
  O, how friendship can console!
Hear him! hear him! hear him! hear him!
  Soothe, and cheer, and warm the soul.

"For your ill success I'm sorry;
  Glorious sport if you would seek,
In a lime-kiln, or a quarry,
  Throw your baits and hooks next week.

"For the *fool's back* give a rod,
  Was King Solomon's command:
Now, the circumstance is odd,
  You have got it *in your hand.*"

Piscator smiled at what was meant to sting,
But sent his fish a present to the king.
A note accompanied the gift, to say,
"'Twas the whole produce of a rainy day.
Yet 'twas no fault so badly to succeed,
And the kind will might consecrate the deed."

The friend considered this preposterous, very,
But shortly answer came from an equerry,
Stating the king, in anything but dudgeon,
Received the loyal offering in good part,
And wished the gentle sender, from his heart,
Might live to fish and outwit many a gudgeon.

Then laughed the fisherman; some men of sense,
Perhaps, would guess 'twas *at his own expence;*
But that was not exactly proved the thing,
Nor was it at the expence of England's king;
Yet still for mirth he had just grounds—
For he, a sharp one from the Stock Exchange,
Ere he resolved o'er Windsor's fields to range,
That one poor fish should gain a monarch's thanks,
Among that crew, renowned for graceless pranks,
Betted ONE HUNDRED POUNDS!

LINES WRITTEN AT THE GRAVE OF A CHILD.

Why, Memory, tell of joy no more possess'd!
That in the Parent held successful strife,
With all the care, which swell'd an anxious breast,
While the dear slumb'ring dust below had life?
O cease thy whispers! that his selfish tears,
By Reason check'd, no more may idly flow,
To mourn his offspring (spar'd maturer years)
Has been denied a lengthen'd date of woe.

TARAKANOFF.

The Empress Catharine the Second had supplanted her miserable husband; the sovereignty of all the Russias was hers; and her name was celebrated throughout Europe. It was supposed that none dare oppose her will, when it transpired that she had been crossed in a matter well calculated to vex her proud spirit, as the object of the transgressor, it might fairly be presumed, was at some future day to shake her throne.

Every one knew that the late Empress Elizabeth had left children, the offspring of her clandestine union with the Grand Veneur Alexey Gregoriwitch Razumofski, and these, it was understood, were being brought up in obscurity, unconscious of their high birth. At that period Catharine had commenced her oppression of the Poles. Their wrongs were felt by Prince Radzivil, and, just at this juncture, it was made known to him that one of the daughters of Elizabeth was being privately educated, under the name of Tarakanoff. It immediately occurred to the prince, that, knowing the secret of the young princess's birth, in her he had found the means of avenging the wrongs which the Poles had to deplore, and of advancing his own fortunes at the same time. If patriotism prompted him to attempt the former, interest and ambition were nothing backward in urging the latter. He flattered himself, that if he could withdraw Tarakanoff from those who at present had her in their keeping, the name of a daughter of the Empress Elizabeth might raise a party in her behalf, sufficiently numerous to check the Russian hordes, which spread desolation over Poland: nor was it impossible, that in gratitude for the vast services he proposed to render, he might ultimately be rewarded with her hand, and share the crown, which he proposed to place on her brow.

With this view, he applied himself to bribe those who were about

the princess. Everything succeeded to the extent of his wishes, and with little difficulty he possessed himself of the prize, and carried the daughter of Elizabeth, then but twelve years of age, to Rome.

Catharine was not slow to visit this proceeding with her resentment. Treating him as the chief of a confederacy formed against her, on that plea alone, for it was not deemed politic to attach much importance to the retreat of the young princess, Radzivil saw his estates seized, and was reduced to the necessity of living by the sale of the diamonds and other valuables which he had taken with him to Italy. He soon found himself near the end of his resources, and left Tarakanoff under the care of a single governess at Rome, to return to Poland, in the hope of raising new means. The emissaries of Catharine tempted him, by offering the restoration of his estates, if he gave the princess up. He would not disgrace himself by consenting to that; but he did the next thing to it, by engaging, for the proffered benefit, never again to interest himself in her fortunes. The princess was, consequently, left at Rome in very indifferent circumstances. If, from time to time, remittances were furnished, they were never too liberal, lest, being so, they should betray the quarter whence they came, and expose the sender to imperial vengeance.

Tarakanoff had exulted in the brilliant prospects opened to her by Prince Radzivil. Her youthful heart was not inaccessible to ambition; and her disappointment was proportionably severe, when she found herself deserted by the individual who had first taught her to raise her thoughts to a throne. Time, however, abated her sorrow, reconciled her to a humbler lot, and she was not miserable. She, indeed, tried to persuade herself, that, after all, the greater happiness might be found in a lowly station; and, as successive summers matured her person, and expanded her mind, passing with her single attendant through the streets of "the eternal city," she gazed on the palaces, the temples,—

"Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn,"

and the aqueducts which had swelled the pride of by-gone ages, and felt inclined to apostrophize those by whom they had been inhabited, attended, and traversed, as Horace does Archytus, and to ask of what importance were all these works, stupendous as they had been?

"Where, O where," she would mentally enquire, "are those by whom they were planned and fashioned?"

"In the grave," was necessarily the reply, if, indeed, they had not been carelessly or wantonly ejected from what was designed to be their final resting-place.

Such thoughts were passing through her mind one day, while, with a curious eye, she was looking at the exterior of the church of St. Giovanni, when a military officer approached her with a smile, and said:—

"Youth and age, it has been told, cannot be agreeable to each other. But this may hardly be true, since you gaze as earnestly on a church a thousand years old, as other young females would do on a new dress, or a new admirer."

His manner, though free, was so respectful, that it was impossible for Tarakanoff to feel offended.

"It interests me," she replied, "to note the labours of piety, and the achievements of industry and skill in remote ages."

"And with reason," said he. "But this sacred edifice is comparatively a modern erection. It stands on the site of a palace built by the Emperor Constantine, in the year 324. Further on is the *baptisterie*, which bears his name, rich in ancient relics; but the obelisk, which stands there, is still more worthy of consideration."

"Why more worthy?" enquired Tarakanoff, who thought a simple column could hardly be preferred by any one to a venerable edifice like that on which she gazed.

"Because," said the officer, "it marks in a more striking manner the mastery which mind can acquire over matter. That obelisk was fashioned at Thebes, carried down the Nile to Alexandria, and subsequently removed, by command of the Emperor Constantius, son to Constantine, from Egypt to Rome. Such an effort would, by millions, have been deemed impossible; but the truly great can compass the most astonishing labours: to will and to accomplish are with them the same."

"In Russia," said the princess, "I believe a greater mass has lately been removed, by order of the Empress."

"Yes, by her order; but not, it may be, through any skill or

energy of hers. The French sculptor, who is to execute the statue of Peter the Great, wishes to have for its pedestal, a huge and rugged rock. One suited to his views was found near the Gulf of Finland, and, by means of grooves, supplied with cannon-balls, and windlasses, it has been conveyed to St. Petersburg."

Tarakanoff asked many questions respecting this wonderful effort of industry, and the astonishing work of art, of which it was to form a part. The statue, when completed, he said, would be the most stupendous monument human ingenuity had ever constructed. It was true the rock pedestal had not been carried so great a distance as the Thebean obelisk had; but its weight was more than three times as great; the obelisk being only equal to nine hundred and seven thousand, seven hundred and eighty-nine pounds: while the rock weighed three millions, two hundred thousand.

But, while celebrating this great peaceful achievement, he repeatedly took occasion to deny that the Empress could claim any merit for the plan, or the execution of it. That her present favourite could feel affection for such a mistress, he affirmed to be impossible, a mistress, who, during the life of her husband, had not scrupled to avow that she had been false to him, while, in the same breath, hypocritically pretending to intercede for her paramour, she, by naming, exposed him to the vengeance of the Emperor.

To various enquiries which she could not help making, he gave answers which she deemed rich in knowledge. He addressed her with easy frankness, but without being in any way presuming, and soon took his leave.

He had interested her, and from the vast information he seemed to possess, she would willingly have questioned him further, but it was now too late. Her attention, however, was soon otherwise occupied.

"I will speak my mind," said a middle-aged man, with a dark swarthy complexion, and round, glistening black eyes, "I will speak my mind. The objects which occupy your attention, (for I have overheard your conversation,) are worthy of your high birth, which is not unknown to me. I have often marked your dignified air, when entering the villa in which you reside; and as often have I said to myself, 'there is one whom Nature has stamped a queen.' I cannot flatter, but I will speak my mind."

Tarakanoff curtseyed, and was passing on, when he advanced, and stood before her.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I will speak my mind. To honour youth, beauty, and misfortune, may be a weakness, but it is mine. I offer homage to excellence. The rest of the world may bow to wealth and power; that is not my way. I reverence virtue; but I will speak my mind."

She acknowledged his attentions with a bow, and was walking away: he again approached, and added,—

"Do not mistake what I have said for unmeaning compliment. I deal not in empty words. If I can serve you with my influence, or my purse, command me. At the corner of yonder street," said he, pointing, "you may always hear of me. My name is Ribas. I am a man of small consideration, a Neapolitan by birth, too blunt and unmannerly to make way in the world; but I must speak my mind."

From that day Tarakanoff seldom walked out, but Ribas came in her way. He always accosted her with the same abrupt good-will; always testified the highest admiration for the young princess; treated her with all possible respect; but declared that he would speak his mind.

Radzivil, engaged in new schemes, sometimes forgot for months together the instrument of his ambition, by which he had once hoped to ascend a throne, but which, to regain his lost estates, he had been forced to cast aside. Tarakanoff, now approaching womanhood, being in her eighteenth year, felt acutely the privations consequent on this negligence. Day after day, and week after week passed away, but no remittance came. She had incurred debts, and the creditors became clamorous for pay. To such an extremity was she reduced, that the princess began to dread being left without the common necessaries of life.

It was then, it appeared to her, the proper time to bring the proffered kindness of Ribas to the test. The governess was deputed to speak to him on the delicate subject of a loan. She did so; and he bluntly refused: but desired to see the princess on the subject, as to her he was anxious to speak his mind.

She was disappointed at the reception given to her first request, but consented to receive him, that she might intimate to him once for

all, her wish to dispense with attentions so rich in words; so barren, when the moment for proving their value arrived, of anything else.

He came, and was received with an air of offended dignity.

"I see, Madam," said he, "that you are displeased; nor can I wonder at it, for I will speak my mind. But explanation will, perhaps, set things right. A loan you shall not have from me; but, madam, my purse is at your service, only not as a loan. That is my way. I do not like lending; and I will speak my mind."

Suiting the action to the word, he placed a well replenished purse on the table.

Tarakanoff was not a little embarrassed. The contempt and displeasure with which she had prepared to meet him, were changed to admiring gratitude. She reproached herself for the injurious thoughts she had entertained.

"I know not how to thank you, Sir," she said. "Such unlooked-for kindness overpowers me."

"It is our duty to do good; so I have always thought: and I will speak my mind."

"Your liberality is almost unearthly. I can only regard you as a special messenger sent from Heaven, to deliver me from a situation the most calamitous."

Ribas seemed hurt by this excess of gratitude, as he termed it. He withdrew, requesting, that when his aid was again wanting, it might be freely claimed; hinting, withal, that in this he was not wholly disinterested, as he looked to be one day repaid with usury; he would speak his mind: when she, the undoubted rightful sovereign of the Russian Empire, should be seated on the throne of her ancestors.

He occasionally called to ask after the health of the princess. His carriage was always most respectful, but his speech was abrupt. There was, however, a sincerity in his manner, when he desired her at all times, and on all occasions, to make use of him if she possibly could, which Tarakanoff felt could not be misunderstood, and which would have atoned for a thousand less amiable peculiarities than his deportment exhibited.

With a friend so trustworthy, reserve was considered unnecessary. She scrupled not to mention what the professed views of Radzivil had

been. Those she had now learned to regard as extravagant; but she avowed that she felt it was acting an unworthy part to desert her as he had done.

"It proves," said Ribas, "that he was a wretch, without feeling. I will speak my mind—Princess, another, a nobler than he, may be found, who will carry through the good work which he only dared to contemplate, not to attempt. I would fain speak my mind. Shall I say more, lady?"

Tarakanoff, utterly at a loss to guess what revelation her kind friend desired to make, regarded him with much amazement. Her looks, however, indicated that she was not unwilling to hear him.

"But your attendant," said he, looking significantly at the female, who usually remained with the princess.

"You may leave the room," said Tarakanoff to her companion; and the latter withdrew.

"I thank you for this honour," said Ribas; "for I will speak my mind. Trust me, I have much to say that will interest you. I could not feel that my part was acted, while I had merely supplied you with a slight pecuniary relief. I desire to see you raised to that situation which the daughter of the Empress Elizabeth ought to occupy. Nor do I merely wish this for your sake, but, for I will speak my mind, because I wish well to the whole family of man. I see the Russians cruelly oppressed by a tyrannical, heartless woman. They groan beneath her yoke. One daring hand might break it."

"Of whom do you speak?"

"Of Count Orloff."

"He is the favourite of the Empress?"

"Yes; and, consequently, is desperate. No doubt he is right well provided for. His apartments in the palace, and his twelve thousand rubles per month are not to be despised. But, what then? Can he sleep in peace? Does he not know that a single night, without cause or warning, may suffice to terminate his good fortune and his life."

"And his life?"

"Aye, his life, I said; for I will speak my mind. Lady, the favourite of Catharine sleeps on Mount Ætna, and may be consumed

by the blazing volcano before morning. The instruments of her tyranny to-day, are often seen the victims of her cruelty to-morrow."

"Is she so feeble?"

"One hour will suffice to turn her weathercock-heart from love to hate. Were I in the place of Orloff, I should feel inclined to do what your illustrious parent deemed necessary, that is, for I must speak my mind, I would seek out the most wakeful person in all Russia, as she did, to watch by my chamber-door while I slept, lest I should wake in another world."

"And did my parent, the Empress Elizabeth, seek for one who could dispense with sleep?"

"She did. Her noble mind disdained to purchase security for herself, by depriving another of life, as Catharine scruples not to do. She, therefore, sought for a man who was at once deformed, frightful to be looked upon, and wakeful, that he might watch in her chamber, without causing suspicion to attach to her character."

"That Catharine is cruel, I know; but her favourites I deemed safe."

"There can be no safety, I will speak my mind, where absolute power is found, and where no touch of humanity exists. All Warsaw execrates her name for the dreadful spectacle it lately witnessed, when nine Polish gentlemen, who had fallen under her displeasure, were sent there with their hands amputated. General Drevitch was, in this instance, personally the executioner. With horrid eagerness he assumed the task; but, brutal as his nature is, he would not have done so, but to gain the favour of the Empress for the alacrity thus evinced to work out her cruel will."

"What appalling infamy!"

"It may, perhaps, be his to drink of the same bitter cup himself before he dies. One executioner, who lately gloried much in the proficiency which he had gained in his profession, met with a reward on which he had not calculated. By command of the Empress, his tongue was cut out, and he was sent to Siberia."

Tarakanoff shuddered at the mention of such enormities, and listened attentively while Ribas proceeded to speak of Count Orloff.

That favourite he described to be one of the most extraordinary

men the world had ever seen. Victorious in war, by sea and land, the genius of a statesman was also his, and with all he combined the grace of the most refined courtier. "On the deck of a man of war, in the cabinet, on the battle-field, and in the imperial drawing-room, Count Orloff," said Ribas, "is equally at home."

"I have always heard him named as distinguished from the rest of his countrymen, by his fervent attachment to Catharine."

"So he would have the world believe; and on that impression he lives. But her tyranny, caprice, and ingratitude, have long since rendered her hateful in his sight. Lady, I will speak my mind,—might he find favour in your eyes, soon would he spurn her hateful rule, to share with you the throne which she usurps."

The magnificent day dreams which Prince Radzivil had caused her formerly to know, seemed about to return. The spark of ambition, but imperfectly quenched, began to revive in her bosom.

"But how," said she, "can you decide thus confidently on such a subject? Whatever I should think of him, Count Orloff might not be pleased with me."

"Lady, I will speak my mind, for I know not how to conceal it. Not idly would I consume your time by repeating the mere wanderings of a lively imagination. I scruple not to say he loves you."

Tarakanoff looked at him with amazement.

"You are astonished, princess," said Ribas, "as you may well be; but what I say is truth."

"How can Orloff be said to love one whom he has never seen?"

"He has seen you."

"Can that be possible?"

"It is most true. His active mind carries him everywhere, and enquires into everything. He has been at Rome, and he has seen and conversed with you."

"In this you are misinformed; for, excepting with my preceptress, my maid, and Prince Radzivil, I have spoken with no one here, but yourself."

"Pause for a moment. You may, perhaps, remember being one day accosted near the church of St. Giovanni by a stranger."

Tarakanoff instantly recollected the officer who had spoken to her

on the subject of the obelisk, which Constantine had removed from Thebes. She was struck with the easy and prepossessing air of the speaker at the time.

"And was that—was that," she asked, "the far-famed Count Orloff?"

"It was; and few as the moments were in which he had the felicity to stand in your presence, your charms made an impression on him, princess, which can never, I will speak my mind, be obliterated while he lives."

Tarakanoff blushed. The warmth of the friendly Ribas she could almost have mistaken for love on his part.

"This known," he went on, "say, may he prefer his suit with a hope of success? Pronounce the word; for, lady, since that day he has roamed about, heedless of all the world, save one beloved object, and is at this hour in Rome, impatient to throw himself at your feet."

More surprised than ever, Tarakanoff knew not how to credit what she heard. But Ribas gave the fullest explanations, and went into such ample details, that to doubt was impossible.

The favourable impression which Orloff had already made, and the vast benefits which Ribas shewed he might be the means of securing for her, disposed her to receive him.

He came, and, so far as speech and deportment went, made good, at least in the eyes of the admiring Tarakanoff, all that had been reported of him by Ribas. On his part, the most passionate admiration of the princess was manifested; and she was deeply sensible of his merit.

"I honour you," said he, "for your rank, princess. But, ah! how poor—how weak and unsubstantial is all the homage which greatness can command, compared with that spontaneous adoration which is felt ever springing from the heart that fondly loves! Let me confess the truth; ambition first brought me to your presence, ambition and resentment."

"Resentment!" exclaimed Tarakanoff.

"Yes, of the supercilious pride and mean thanklessness of Catharine: these made me resentful, and not ill-disposed to take from her the throne she unworthily fills, which I originally gained for her, and

which my sword has so long upheld. But this motive fails me when I see you, and ardent admiration of your charms is all that I can know."

"In what has Catharine so acted as to move your anger?"

"In countless instances. She wishes no name to be celebrated in her empire but her own; and seems to wither in the blaze of another's renown. Forgetful of my services, when the owl-like Prince Henry of Prussia came lately to visit St. Petersburgh, she was anxious to make a conquest of him. Even his indifference could hardly save him from her advances. Wherever he moved, she was constantly before him; and stars, diamonds, gold medals, rich furs, with a portrait of herself in a ring, were lavished on him, and all his suite were, in like manner, overwhelmed with presents."

"You would appear to have been moved by jealousy."

"Jealousy, in the common sense of the word, few men, I think, could feel on account of Catharine. Her baseness has roused me to anger, but her blandishments could never wake affection such as the first moment in which I saw you, my whole soul panted to offer."

"Your abode at court has made you a proficient in the art of flattery."

"Believe it not. Flattery is deceit, and deceit in any shape my nature abhors. Though I sometimes mingle in courtly scenes, it is only because duty or necessity call me there. Not all the magnificence of the Hermitage itself can delight me."

"Of what Hermitage do you speak in such singular terms?"

"Of the grand suite of apartments so called, lately built by Catharine, close to the imperial palace, to be the repository of all that art, luxury, and measureless wealth could bring together. Raphael's gallery presents a *fac simile* of that of the Vatican; gorgeously decorated rooms, for cards, billiards, and music are there; and a superb garden, enclosed above by brass wire, so that the birds, its inmates, may rise on the wing, but not escape, adds to its attractions. Concealed furnaces give it warmth; and fruits and flowers are here raised in perfection at all seasons of the year."

"The effect must be magical."

"Such is her whim. In all her festive arrangements, she aims to

astonish as much as to delight. Banquets present themselves, apparently unaided by human hands; and, in due time, are withdrawn by invisible agency; and the startling arrangements of a stage pantomime, are often witnessed in the palace of the Czars."

"I could wish to behold them. Such splendour, so wonderfully managed, must charm every eye."

"You, I trust, will behold them. You ought to be their mistress. You, princess—Empress I should rather call you—I deem my rightful sovereign. This I have always done: but, from the moment I beheld you, your empire over my warmest affections was established once and for ever."

"Count, you overpower me. To your speech I have listened with pleasure; but you will suspect that I have no better motive than vanity for doing so, if I permit you to proceed unreproved."

"Reprove me not; but encourage me by your smile to go on in the good work which, I flatter myself, it will be mine to perform. Make me yours, and give me the authority of a husband, to claim the crowns and kingdoms that belong to his royal consort."

"Nay, tell me not of crowns and kingdoms. These are not wanting to happiness. Peace and love, I trust, may be mine with Orloff; and all the world contains beside, has little value for me."

"That is sweetly urged; but there are rights—sacred inalienable rights,—rights, in connection with which, the well-being of a great people are bound up, which it may be weakness not to assert, and criminal to abandon. If suffering millions groan beneath the hated sway of a usurping tyrant, the true heir to the throne, whose generous heart and enlarged mind, would diffuse general happiness, where hopeless misery is now mourned, declining to venture in such a cause, would forget a solemn duty. To know those, who ought to depend upon you for protection, are the victims of an iron-hearted despot, and to leave them to their fate, were to sin against Heaven."

"Chide me not, Orloff. If Catharine have unlawfully borne a title, and taken possession of a throne which ought to be mine, can I be culpable for not redressing wrongs of which I have never heard? But, though cruel to me, she may be kind to her subjects."

"*Her* subjects! yours, say rather. Oh princess, I cannot endure

that Catharine should longer be recognized as the lawful sovereign of all the Russias. My sword shall put an end to the odious usurpation, and Tarakanoff shall reign."

Ambition had been early kindled in her bosom. Love now strove by the side of ambition, and she desired to possess a crown, that she might bestow it on Orloff.

Delightful were those moments, in which, alone with her admirer, or only accompanied by the bluff, sturdy Ribas, Tarakanoff could dwell on the glorious prospects opening to her. The confidence he expressed that the subjects of Tarakanoff would not, and the base slaves of Catharine could not, support her tottering throne against his conquering hand, she imbibed, and felt satisfied that the imperial sceptre must pass into her hands. Then did she exult in the noble gifts with which it would be hers to requite the fond devotion of her lover, as well as the generous attachment of the kind and faithful Ribas. At this thought tears of joy came to her eyes, with which the Count and his representative failed not to sympathize.

Her governess had of late lost much of her authority, and at this it appeared to the princess she was unreasonably mortified. Nor was the impression removed, when the former claimed her particular attention to some most important intelligence which she had received. It amounted to this, that Orloff was notorious as a heartless libertine; that he was a stranger to truth; and, according to common rumour, the murderer of the late Emperor.

A calumny so horrible, Tarakanoff thought it would be wrong to conceal. Without betraying her author, she acquainted the Count with what she had heard. Great was her delight at witnessing the reception which he gave to it. He mourned that any being in human form could derive gratification from so vile an invention, which, however, so far as it affected him, he treated with the most ineffable contempt. Ribas shared his feelings on this subject, and pointed out to Tarakanoff, what the delicacy of the Count had prevented him from doing for himself; that "envy would evermore follow transcendant worth. It might have spared him, had he really wooed fortune in the character of an assassin, but it could not forgive the man who, both on land and at sea, had challenged the admiration of the world as a hero."

She gave herself up to joyous expectation. The governess ventured to hint, that it struck her as not a little strange, honoured and distinguished as Alexius Orloff had been by Catharine, that he should now appear disposed to dispossess her of her empire. But Tarakanoff remembered the triumphant refutation which he had given to the injurious statement which had formerly reached her, and she felt that genuine love would not again for a moment harbour a thought against one so truly noble, and so eminently worthy of all her confidence.

She yielded to earnest entreaties to complete his happiness, by consenting that an early day should be named for their union. The marriage, on account of conscientious scruples on his part, was celebrated according to the Greek ritual; and, deeply affected by the touching solemnity, Ribas gave the bride away with real exultation.

How affluent of bliss are the first wedded moments of confiding beauty! Happy in herself, her happiness is of the most exalted character, as it is founded on the conviction, that it is hers to bestow happiness on another, and that other, the fond, true-hearted being, who, of all the sons of men, is most worthy of the distinction. Tarakanoff tasted perfect felicity. The wife of a brave and accomplished man, already possessed of ample wealth, a throne almost within her reach, and undying glory, their joint inheritance for the future. These were among the delicious ideas which were hers. Her present situation was so enviable, that she could have been content never to seek for change; but to make her beloved husband a monarch, and through his wisdom, to confer blessings on a vast empire, was a destiny so glorious, that one less accessible to bold aspirings than the daughter of the Empress Elizabeth, might have loved to cherish the thought.

Such was the fond attention with which Orloff regarded her, that he seldom, even for an hour, quitted her side. He rejoiced in his prize from day to day, and from week to week. The ardour of his unfeigned joy knew no abatement.

"The great object of my life," he would often fervently exclaim, while he pressed her hand with warmth, and his whole countenance attested the sincerity of the expression, "is now secured."

Ribas left them for a time. He went on a mission from Orloff to

St. Petersburgh. Letters were soon received from him of the most cheering description. They set forth, that everything favoured the views of Orloff, and denoted that the reign of Catharine was near its close. Universal discontent prevailed; and, at any moment, a single word from the Count would kindle a flame, which it would be utterly impossible for Catharine to withstand.

Orloff proposed that they should withdraw from Rome to Pisa, as in the former city, their story had gained some publicity. She consented; and on the way he rejoiced her by the announcement, that he had still more recent intelligence, confirmatory of the advices forwarded by Ribas.

They had scarcely arrived at Pisa, when news came that Admiral Grieg, with the squadron under his command, was at Leghorn. Orloff had before named the Admiral as his friend, and he now asked Tarakanoff if she would like to visit his ship. He added, he was not without hopes that the Admiral would be found among the most powerful supporters of their cause.

"The sight of a man of war," said he, "to you will be a treat of no common order. Perhaps the beautiful new frigate, the '*Nadejda Blogo-po-lutshik*,'—(The Successful Hope,)—may be in his fleet. In that you will behold the perfection of naval architecture."

She consented; and, without loss of time, they set out for Leghorn. On their arrival there, it appeared that the quality of the princess was known; and the marks of attention which she received from many of the principal people of the place, from foreign consuls, and from the Admiral of the fleet, suggested to the gay, fondly expecting Tarakanoff, that, anticipating her promised grandeur, they already deemed it prudent to pay their court to the future Empress of Russia.

But this feeling was not shared by her governess. That untractable person repined that her former hints had not received more attention, and had since been often out of humour; while Tarakanoff, who felt that she had most reason to be displeased, remembering how grossly her Orloff had been wronged, could hardly feel at ease when she was present. Several times she attempted to make additional statements of the same nature, but was always impatiently checked. She now announced her intentions to return to Rome. Tarakanoff

was well content to part from her; and she took her leave. Before her departure the princess invited her to retract the injurious charge she had preferred,—a charge to which every succeeding day, had served but to bring a stronger refutation.

"Madam," said the governess, "I do not contradict your Imperial Highness; but my conviction that the Count is guilty of the crime imputed to him can never be removed. Last night I heard him conversing with a man just landed from the Admiral's ship, and the mirthful way in which he spoke of the death of the Emperor, conveyed to my mind the impression, not only that he had perpetrated the deed, but now exulted in it, and even made it a subject of pride and exultation."

"Away!" said Tarakanoff, "this is too much for patience. Begone, calumniator."

The governess withdrew without attempting to excuse her speech.

Such stubbornness and such malice appeared unpardonable. It was acting the part of a fiend, so it struck Tarakanoff, thus obstinately to persist in labouring to possess her mind with the horrid thought, that she was the wife of a murderer.

For this annoyance, however, she was more than consoled by the unceasing, invariable kindness of the Count. Their days were passed in a round of varied pleasures. Invitations came so fast, that the ships which they had come to see, were for some days forgotten. Tarakanoff reminded her lord of the promised treat. He professed himself ready to attend to her wishes, but said the fittest time for her to go on board, would be when they were ready to sail.

That day soon arrived. A boat surmounted by a magnificent awning, waited to receive the princess, and several ladies who were to accompany her. Orloff and the Admiral went in a second boat; and a third, filled with Russian and English officers, followed. When Tarakanoff approached the ship she designed to visit, a chair of state was lowered, in which she was lifted on board. As she ascended to the deck, the guns fired a salute, and the admiral's band struck up a national tune. Such honours could only be given in honour of her high rank. "Already," thought she, "they see in me their future Empress."

The shouts of the seamen and spectators were loud and hearty. She felt that that was indeed a moment of triumph, never to be forgotten, and silently vowed that, on the throne of her ancestors it should be gratefully remembered. As the huzzas subsided, she expected to be joined by the ladies who had accompanied her in the boat, and by the Count. She wished for them, that she might communicate the overflowing pleasure of her heart.

Tarakanoff was lost in astonishment and delight. All she saw in the magnificent floating castle of the deep, claimed her admiration. She gazed on the ship, and on the men who had charge of its vast arrangements, with equal amazement, and turned to express her feelings to Orloff, confident that he must be near. He, however, was not beside her as usual, and as on this occasion she had certainly reason to expect that he would have been.

Though not alarmed at his absence, she looked round with enquiring eagerness for her husband. He was not to be seen, and she concluded that he had descended to the cabin with the Admiral, whither she herself expected to be forthwith invited.

Tarakanoff did not remain long in suspense. The men, assembled in honour of her coming, were still on the deck, their arms in their hands; and Tarakanoff, while she looked at them, saw, or fancied she saw, as her eye glanced along the range of countenances, an expression that varied from ferocity to mirth, and from mirth to pity; but, in all, something that distinctly indicated more than common excitement and lively expectation.

A stern-looking man approached without ceremony. He did not remove his straw hat from his matted hair, nor did he bow to her; but, producing a pair of handcuffs, he coarsely accosted her thus:—

"Now, mistress, here are your bracelets. Very pretty they look, and perhaps you never had any like them before."

Tarakanoff shrunk back terrified, but she was at a loss to guess what was intended. Such instruments as the sailor had sneeringly called "bracelets" she indeed had never seen, nor could she comprehend the use of them, or why on this occasion they were exhibited. She had little time to muse on the subject; for, while the man who had just spoken advanced, she was seized from behind, and

her wrists forcibly passed through the handcuffs, which were then locked.

Alarmed at the treatment she received, tears streamed from her eyes, whilst she indignantly called on Orloff to requite the affront which had been offered to his wife. In the next moment it was her conviction that the whole was a trick to frighten her, and she immediately assumed an air of composure, in order to shew that she was not to be imposed upon.

"I see you, Count," said she. "I hear you laugh. How you thought to alarm your Tarakanoff! but you have failed."

And thus speaking, she wore an air of gaiety. Her eyes still anxiously sought for Orloff, but to no purpose; her hands remained secured by the handcuffs, and those who had so violently imposed them, manifested no disposition to treat her with more kindness. At length she saw with boundless satisfaction one well-known face. It was that of Ribas.

"Honest friend!" she exclaimed with transport, "my heart is rejoiced beyond measure at seeing you. Orloff cannot be far off. Tell me what has happened. Where is my husband?"

"Truly that is more than I can do," said he, "because, and I will speak my mind, I do not know."

"Do you not know where the Count is, do you say?"

"Oh! the Count is taking wine with the Admiral; but what has that to do with your husband?"

"How strangely you speak! Am I not married to Count Orloff?"

"Not that I ever heard."

"What can you mean? Why, you yourself were present at the nuptial ceremony."

"Not I, indeed."

"But you were, and you gave me away."

"Don't talk nonsense, young woman. I was present when a burlesque mummery was performed, preparatory to your becoming the mistress of Count Orloff; but I never saw you married. I will speak my mind."

"Can you be serious? Surely, honest Ribas, you are jesting?"

"Honest Ribas was never more serious in all his life."

"Are you a wretch?"

"No, nor a traitor neither; though you would fain have found me one, as you thought you had found the loyal Orloff."

"In the name of Heaven what do you mean?"

"I mean that the Count, faithful to his duty, never thought of betraying his sovereign, but seemed disposed to act such a part, in order to put the enemy of her crown in the power of the Empress."

"This from you, Ribas! from you who have called me Empress, and travelled to St. Petersburgh to excite my friends to rise against Catharine!"

"As you were told, and fondly, foolishly believed. Not such was the truth, for I will speak my mind; the simple fact is, when you supposed I went to stir up rebellion, my errand was to announce that you were safely snared, and to arrange for conveying you to your prison, or, it may be, to a scaffold."

"Frightful perfidy!"

"Such your description of loyalty. Count Orloff and Ribas, faithful to Catharine, have only deceived you, to secure her power. The task of duty performed, I will speak my mind, we are happy."

An insulting sneer sat on his ill-favoured countenance while he thus delivered himself; and now Tarakanoff awoke to all the horrors of her situation. She saw herself basely sold to her merciless foe, by him whom she had most fondly loved. The ship was under sail for St. Petersburgh, and shortly she might expect to be handed over for punishment, to those whom Catharine might appoint to receive her.

This mournful impression was strong on her mind, when Orloff appeared on deck.

Joy thrilled the unhappy Tarakanoff, at beholding him again, whom she had been accustomed to regard with unmixed admiration and love.

"Is it you, my love, my lord, my husband?" she exultingly exclaimed. "Look, look how they have dealt with your Tarakanoff—with your wife—while you were away!"

Orloff well as he knew how to act passion, was wholly a stranger to feeling. He surveyed the thraldom and emotions of the beauty he had so often sworn to love till the last moment of his life, with the most perfect indifference. His hitherto unfailing smile was no more;

he listened serenely to her passionate appeals, and when she wildly threw herself at his feet, he laughed outright at her tears, and remarked, with a coarse jest, that "he had rarely seen better tragedy."

"Am I derided, and by Orloff?" she asked, almost doubting the evidence of her senses.

"Traitress, yes!" he sternly replied. "Your crocodile sorrows afford me mirth. I am faithful to my Empress, and joy to see her enemy in safe custody."

"Do not destroy me by your cruel scorn. Did I seek to disturb Catharine? Was it not you who told of her wickedness and tyranny? You told of her envy, meanness, and ingratitude. I could only think evil of her from what I heard from you. Spare me then—spare your wife!"

"Wife! Peace, wench; you are no wife of mine."

"Never say that—never accuse yourself of sacrilege and fraud! Orloff, behold me kneeling at your feet. Look on those eyes, whose brightness you have often praised, and said they were the stars of your good destiny. Behold them now, dimmed by a flood of burning tears. If ever compassion touched your heart, turn not coldly from me, but save the being you have vowed to love."

"Well done!" he jeeringly exclaimed. "You do this well. Your declamation is very fine. If I spoke against my gracious Empress, it was to further my plans for securing her enemy. Now you understand my game, and I leave you to conjecture what may be your own fate."

He then gave orders that she should be carried to the hold of the ship, there to remain through the remainder of the voyage.

It was night when the squadron reached its destination. Tarakanoff was detained on board till the next evening. The handcuffs were then removed, and she was carried, pale and sinking from fatigue and fear, to the summer residence of the Empress, the palace of Tzarsko-selo. Two of Catharine's attendants assisted there, to deck her out in robes of great magnificence. She would fain have declined their assistance, but they would take no denial.

When they had finished, they addressed her as Empress, and said they would forthwith conduct her to her Hermitage.

Tarakanoff remembered the wish she had formerly expressed to see the Hermitage, on hearing it described by Orloff. That wish was now to be satisfied, but under what circumstances, she trembled to reflect.

She passed through several grand apartments, of which he had spoken, and entered the garden. It was artificially heated, and its verdant lawns and variegated flower-beds, had all the freshness of blooming nature.

Tarakanoff had advanced but a few steps, when a well-proportioned female, rather above the middle size, stood as waiting to receive her. She wore a short green gown, with close sleeves reaching to the wrist. Her auburn hair, slightly powdered, flowed loosely on her shoulders. Her bold forehead, her large blue eyes, her aquiline nose, and the general aspect of her countenance, rendered familiar to the captive by the pictures of the day, at once announced to her that she stood in the presence of the Empress. Catharine was rouged, as was her custom, and but plainly dressed. She was feeding a bird with seeds when Tarakanoff appeared, but instantly gave up her occupation. With assumed humility, she bent before her victim, and said:—

"Empress, you do me great honour. Look around. Your palace, I trust, has not been spoiled by my occupancy. The *agrémens* you note are not the mere presents of a season, exhibited to glad the eye for a moment, and then sternly withdrawn. Through the whole year, the scene continues such as you now behold it."

Tarakanoff gazed with wonder on all she saw, but knew not what to reply.

"Sovereign of all the Russias, speak," Catharine proceeded. "Meets this scene with your approbation?"

"It—it is wonderful," said the captive with a faltering voice, and expecting some awful cruelty would follow the fierce mockery of which she felt herself the object.

"Acting as your lieutenant," the Czarina went on; "behold, I have made your delegated power strive successfully against the elements. The rose of summer gives here all its beauty and its fragrance in the depth of winter; the hyacinth bears it company, and tropical fruits are reared amidst the snows of Russia."

The grandeur of the scene amazed the princess. Pensive as she

was, the astonishing varieties there exhibited rivetted her attention for a moment. She saw the feathered traversers of the air, obey the call of Catharine, and the monsters of the forest, at her glance, crouched trembling before her.

The Empress feasted her eyes on the embarrassment of the helpless prisoner, while with affected humility she still addressed her as the wearer of the crown.

"Now," said she, "that you have beheld the gardens and promenade, it may be that your Imperial Majesty would like to visit the hall of feasting. Some allowances your Highness must make, for that this your royal residence on the banks of the Neva, has not had those years of elaborate industry, and those efforts of transcendant skill bestowed on it, with which successive generations of architects and artists have enriched the Kremlin. In truth, not even the vast genius of your illustrious ancestor, Peter the Great, could at once divest Moscow of its ancient glories, or rival them at St. Petersburgh, yet something may be found to fix your attention, if not to win your approbation. Condescend to pass this way."

And with the meek, subdued air of a humble attendant, while a glance of exulting scorn burst from her fiery eyes, the proud Empress of all the Russias preceded the betrayed Tarakanoff, with a series of lowly inclinations, and pretended demonstrations of respect.

Quitting the garden, she now threaded several passages, which admitted but little light. Torches were supplied, and by these the prisoner saw a chair of state, covered with crimson velvet, and edged with gold.

"Will your imperial majesty be seated?" enquired Catharine, in a tone, which with sufficient distinctness intimated a command. "You must be somewhat fatigued after your late journeyings."

Tarakanoff placed herself in the chair, to which the Empress had pointed. She heard a sound like the tapping of a wand at a door. Suddenly the ceiling over her head opened, and she saw through the vast aperture thus created, the superbly decorated roof of an imperial banquetting room. She felt the chair beneath her shake, and it then began to ascend. In a few seconds, the captive passed through the opening into the grand saloon above. Her appearance, was the signal for a loud burst of scornful laughter from the crowd of persons

in splendid attire there assembled, to partake of an entertainment to which they had been bidden by the Empress.

The boisterous mirth, provoked by her appearance, subsided, and in lieu of derision, all greeted her with overstrained homage, and she was conducted to an imperial throne, placed at the head of a table covered with the most costly delicacies, at which the guests of the Empress were seated.

An imperial crown was placed on her head. The mirth of all present was renewed, and again subsided into mock reverence.

Catharine now appeared, having reached the apartment by the same means as her prisoner. All rose to receive her, and each was anxious to mark the vast difference between really ardent loyalty and affection, and the burlesque on them, in which they had recently indulged. Catharine gracefully acknowledged their attentions, and took her seat near Tarakanoff, and by the side of Count Orloff, whom the unhappy princess he had betrayed, then, for the first time beheld in that place, exulting in the success of that continuous course of fraud, which had produced the scene in which he was at that moment the chief actor.

And now the moment had arrived when Catharine was to exert all her powers of mockery, to taunt and overawe the pale, shrinking, tearful sufferer, who, by compulsion, filled her place. She accordingly began :—

" Empress and autocatrix of all the Russias, of Moscow, Kief, Vladimir, Novogorod,"—" Czarina of Kazan, Astrakhan, and Siberia," Orloff continued, to render the affliction of the princess complete ;— " Czarina of the Tauridan Chersonese, Lady of Pskove, and Grand Duchess of Smolensko," added the Empress.

The game to be played was now understood by all the guests.

" Princess of Esthonia, Livonia, and Karebia," cried one sneering voice.

" Of Tver, Yogonia, Viatka, and Bulgaria," shouted another.

" Duchess of Novogorod," added a third ; and thus with heartless merriment they went through the dismal farce, addressing Tarakanoff by the almost endless string of titles claimed by Catharine, to the infinite delight of the incensed Empress, and generally to that of the assembly.

The banquet proceeded. To astonish and mortify Tarakanoff was the object of all present. Her misery was their joy. She saw the guests in succession strike their plates, when they desired them to be changed, which thereupon sunk beneath the table, and through the floor, and were instantly replaced by others, on which were found any viands or fruit that had been marked on a scrap of paper and placed on the plate which had vanished.

Several dainties were placed before Tarakanoff, and remained in this way without her having attempted to taste them. At length she was invited, or rather commanded, to eat of some beautiful grapes which were on the table. The moment her hand approached them, they vanished, and a new burst of laughter from the company, proclaimed their perfect satisfaction at seeing that an imaginary feast had been prepared for an ideal Empress.

This mummery was repeated more than once, and the spectators were never weary of testifying the delight which they derived from beholding it.

Catharine at length rose to close the scene.

"Enough," said she, "of this; the daring pretender to my throne has had her hour of imperial splendour. Thanks to the loyalty and address of the brave Orloff, the great supporter of my authority, here her career must end." Then turning to the princess, she fiercely exclaimed, "Wretch—fool—away! Down from my sight for ever."

The chair on which she was seated again moved, and she was lowered suddenly through the floor, amidst the insulting and boisterous mirth of those, to whose heartless amusement she had thus been made to contribute.

The seizure of Tarakanoff at Leghorn, under the circumstances described, greatly exasperated the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who deemed the outrage, committed within the limits of his territory, an insult to himself. He wrote to St. Petersburgh to complain of such wrong; but his representations failed to save Tarakanoff. To a fortress on the banks of the Neva she was confined, doomed to the coarsest fare, and exposed to countless insults.

The great importance which Catharine attached to the service he had performed, made Orloff proud of the ignominious exploit. Tarakanoff had been some months a prisoner, when, from the mere

impulse of curiosity, he resolved to see her. Cureless grief had dimmed her beauties and disordered her mind; but some of the speeches which she made touched him nearly.

"You are come," said she, "to see that your work is properly done; that your victim is duly crushed, This is worthy of Orloff, the mean, the fraudulent Orloff."

"Do you know me, then?" he asked.

"Know you," she echoed. "Yes *now* I do. Formerly I did not. *Now* you stand revealed, the betrayer of your wife, the assassin of your king!"

"Who has dared tell this?"

"The voice of truth, hereafter to be repeated in thunder to your guilty and affrighted soul."

"Beware!" he exclaimed in a menacing tone.

"Nay," she returned, in a shrill, screaming voice, "let the base betrayer beware; let him leave me, and hide his infamy."

While speaking she offered to spurn him. He seized her extended arm. His grasp was powerful, and in his hand a bar of iron was easily broken, or a piece of crystal crushed to atoms. Her delicate bones crumbled at his touch, and almost involuntarily, with habitual ferocity, he grasped her throat.

She sunk fainting on the cold floor.

"Go! go!" said she, "and boast that you have now finished your task. You have added another murder to perjury, and are more than ever worthy to be the favourite of Catharine."

Ashamed of his violence he hastened to depart. In a few days she ceased to live. She fell the miserable victim of her own wild ambition, and the sordid treachery of Alexius Orloff.

That wretched man survived some years, but the close of his life was awful. Having ceased to be the favourite of Catharine, he married a young and handsome wife: she died, and deep melancholy took possession of his heart. "He returned to court," says the historian, "but it was only to present to his former friends the sad spectacle of his insanity. At one moment he delivered himself up to extravagant gaiety, which made the courtiers laugh; then bursting out into reproaches against the Empress, he struck terror and amazement into all who heard him, and plunged Catharine herself in the

bitterness of grief. At length he was forced to retire to Moscow. There his remorse revived with tenfold fury. The bleeding shade of Peter III. pursued him into every retreat; haunted his affrighted mind by day, and scared him in the visions of the night; he beheld it incessantly aiming at him an avenging dart; and he expired in the agonies of despair."

TO A LADY ON HER REFUSING A NOSEGAY.

Can Myra bid these flowers away,
And sighing, pensively infer,
Their simple beauties are too gay
To live in the same scene with her?
Compare them with your sparkling eye,
Your ruby lips and neck of snow;
Then if their fitness you deny,
Lady, for whom do roses blow?

Painted by Heaven, the emblem fair
Of spotless innocence in youth;
They ought to decorate your hair,
And shine with beauty, love, and truth.
Avert, then, not from these your view,
As if they mocked your bosom's woe:
If Flora's gifts are not for you,
Lady, for whom do roses blow?

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN FROM WATERLOO.

Peace was proclaimed, that magic word,
Had gladden'd all the smiling band,
When war's rude blast again was heard,
And Henry sought the crowded strand.
He kiss'd his bride and onward pass'd:
"And weeps my love," he said, "to know
Her husband will not be the last,
To meet in arms his country's foe?"

He sailed, and I awhile despaired,
But rapture thrilled my bosom through,
To learn that he, unhurt, had shared
The laurels gained at Waterloo.
And when my child saw light's first ray
To calm my transports how I strove;
Reflecting, that an early day
Would give it to a father's love.

Now burst the vessel on my view,
Which bore the warriors to their home;
I thought on Henry's brief adieu,
When duty caused him last to roam:
And playfully I taught my tongue,
Some mirthful, fond reproach to try,
For, that when on him last I hung,
He so abruptly said "Good-bye."

And Henry, pointing to the shore,
Where all he loved was left behind,
Cried, " Soon we meet to part no more,
And give vain sorrows to the wind.
Would my brave comrades in the fight,
All proved such joy, their duty done,
As I shall know, such wild delight,
Ere sinks to rest to-morrow's sun."

Night on creation's face her veil
Has dropped, and hearts at ease seek sleep ;
When winds tempestuous swell the gale,
And rend the bosom of the deep.
New horrors Nature's face deform !
Huge waves on mountain billows press !
How can the ship outlive this storm !
Ah ! see yon signal of distress !

How sad to view yon trembling fire,
Which shines the emblem of despair !
To feel the impotent desire
To offer aid which none can bear !
But 'tis no longer seen to shine !
'Tis lost ! and frenzy grows on pain !
Oh ! I would give the world if mine
To see that light of woe again.

Day breaks on ocean's troubled flood,
But comfort springs not with its beam ;
For lifeless bodies, floating wood,
Confirm night's waking, ghastly dream.
Sleep, sleep, my child !—no more shall I,
Till Death hath claimed this sinking frame ;
Nor torture, calling mirthfully,
On a departed father's name !

THE MAN AT DISCOUNT WITH HIMSELF.

A VAIN man is a great bore. That is acknowledged on all hands; but he is not the greatest bore in the world. I am much inclined to denounce, as a more formidable nuisance in society, the man who is at a discount with himself.

Happily the case is not a common one; most happily the vast majority of those we meet in the regions of civilised life, are on good terms with themselves. They indeed have "a crow to pluck" with the rest of the world who are blind to their merit—who have overlooked their pretensions; but that they themselves are destitute of merit never enters their heads. Sweet Sirs! I kiss your hands. You may be a little out of temper with the other inhabitants of the planet, but you look upon yourselves with respect, admiration, and sincere regard.

Thereupon the would-be wag remarks, when he sees one of these gentlemen, and a very acute remark he deems it,—"the purchaser who took that worthy at his own valuation, would have but a sorry bargain."

The idea thus embodied may be a just one; but for all that, I would rather bid for the vain man, than for the man who is utterly at variance with himself.

Grey-beards very properly admonish the rising generation to eschew arrogance. So far so good. It is not well to be forward.

> "Man know thyself; there all true knowledge lies."

But it is not true knowledge to think meanly of one's self under all circumstances. Each may fairly say,

> "'Tis hard if all be wrong that I advance:
> A fool may now and then be right by chance."

DAVID DINGY, when I first knew him, had a very comfortable idea of his own powers. His pretensions were to a certain extent

admitted throughout the circle in which he moved. In society, his vivacity made him a valuable acquisition, and he seemed advancing, by the path of respectability, to the confines of independence.

A cloud came over him. His good fortune was interrupted, and calamities, on a small scale, befel him, both on "sea and on land," as he rather poetically expressed it; a barge, in which he was interested, having sunk in the Thames, and a house, in which he had some property, being burnt in the Strand.

The injury which David sustained from these casualties was not to be estimated by the L. S. D. part of the business. That he was so much poorer than before, was not perhaps an agreeable reflection, but by far the worst part of the case was, that from that time forward he thought little of himself: and, in consequence, those who had before had him in great respect, soon learnt to think little, very little of him also.

He lost his self-esteem by reflecting, that had he been wise, he would on no account have acquired an interest in property on the water, of which he knew next to nothing; or have trusted any thing considerable in a house in the Strand, of which he knew almost as little. Just at that time some shares in a company, which it was announced, when he first obtained them, would pay an annual interest of cent. per cent., were found to be mere waste-paper. This was what he called "blow upon blow." "I was not made for this world!" he pathetically exclaimed; "all my fellow-creatures get the better of me: all trample on me at their pleasure."

And with this impression on his mind, he made up his face on the most lugubrious model he could discover. He cultivated despondency, and despondency is not often wooed in vain. The stern, obtrusive sorrows of life, are so many, that if a man apply himself to fill up the intervals between them, with small make-weight evils, his heart will never know joy. True philosophy and wisdom, aye, and virtue, concur in taking the opposite course. To make a stand-up fight against affliction is the duty of man, If troubles come on a mortal through his own misconduct, reason suggests that, to cure them, an opposite course should be pursued: if they appear to be imposed by a superior hand, resignation is a duty.

How finely was this exemplified by the martyrs in the middle ages,

and subsequently by the less reverenced regicides and others who were doomed to a painful and ignominious death. They professed to believe that some wise purpose would be answered by their temporary sufferings, and recalled the more awful pains encountered by the Saviour—the crown of thorns, the torturing scourge, and the horrid suspension on the cross: and bearing these in mind, their own fate was regarded as but moderately severe, and they advanced with a firm step and a joyous grateful spirit, to the stake, the block, or the gallows.

But, absorbed by his own annoyances, Mr. Dingy took it for granted that he was the most unhappy being that had ever appeared on this globe, since "the Spirit of God first moved on the face of the waters;" and this which was at first only imaginary, by dint of imagination became almost realised. His friends, not the mean impostors who always beset a man whose talents or means seem respectable; but those persons who had really a kindly feeling for him, after in vain attempting to rally his energies, thought it charity to themselves, to avoid one whose conversation afforded no pleasure, and no unkindness to him. Though he had ceased to covet their conversation, he was not pleased at their absence, and coldly shunned them in return. This was neither more nor less than resentment; he fancied that it was dignity.

Having made up his mind that he had no claim to respectful consideration, he was not slow in thinking that all the world had taken up the same idea. If it make him an undesirable companion abroad, it rendered him a gloomy, impracticable tyrant at home. To his wife he was sullenly silent. Did his daughter avoid the piano, it proved that she cared not to soothe him in his distress. If his son indulged in a mirthful strain, it betrayed an utter absence of feeling. When the candle wanted snuffing, he lamented that his eyes failed him; when the fire had got low, all natural warmth had deserted him. Always on the alert to magnify the bad, to overlook the good, and to depreciate himself, he soon found others polite enough to consider him, on the subject of his own waning powers, a very sufficient authority. His feeling soon got abroad. It was universally held that David's capacity had utterly failed him. Those who once admired, now could only pity him. He was not so far gone but it startled him

to find that others concurred in the contemptuous opinion he had formed of himself; and he endeavoured to shew that they, as well as himself, were mistaken: but though potent to create an unfavourable impression, he found, when it was once established, to remove it was not in his power. The ineffectual attempt caused increased despondency. If he forgot to answer a letter, it proved to him that his capacity had failed; if a button came off his coat, it told that poverty was coming. Distress seemed to threaten in every direction; contempt, he fancied, pursued him from all quarters. All strength of mind, all power of discrimination, all confidence in himself, was lost, and he sunk into a wretched state of imbecility, from which, after the lapse of a few deplorable years, death gave him a release.

Thus ended the career of one, from whom better things might have been hoped. Had he, in the day of sorrow, roused his energies, and

"Took arms against a sea of troubles,"

they would probably have been dispelled by the effort, and he might again have appeared himself. If we run from a cur, the cur will give chase; and so, if we shrink from the ordinary cares of life, those cares will acquire new strength, and fiercely pursue the shrinking fugitive. Most of those who have greatly risen, are men who, at first, seemed to manifest overweening confidence. It is very possible to think too much of one's self, but it is equally possible to err on the other side; and he who puts himself at a fearful discount, notwithstanding the praises which moral theorists love to bestow on diffidence, presently sinks even below his own calculation, and finds that, in the estimation of others, he is worth nothing.

The man who is fortunate, affluent of hope, is likely to overrate himself: an erroneous estimate is not desirable, but he is to be envied—aye, even admired—who falls into this common and venial fault, compared with the man, who, because he has experienced many reverses, thinks that of them there can be no end; that they are part and parcel of his proper existence. The one is a soldier, who, being defeated, is not afraid to fight again; he is brave, though unfortunate: while the other is a coward, who, because the battle goes against him to-day, pitifully throws down his arms, and will face the enemy no more.

The beau ideal of a superior mind is, with some critics, the man who, possessing genius to astonish the world, appears unconscious that he is other than a common-place mortal. To look for such a being is to seek

"A faultless monster, that the world ne'er saw."

He who possesses dazzling talent, and affects not to recognize it, is a hypocrite. True it is, that many claim the distinctions due to high qualities, whose pretensions are anything but well-founded; but, where talent exists, vanity will also be discovered.

An amusing story is told of the poet Goldsmith. He was looking at the performances of a posture-master, or street conjuror, who had collected a crowd about him. One of his friends, who saw the doctor, charged him with having indulged in a soliloquy aloud, and to have exclaimed: "What fools all these people are, to look with such admiration on a trumpery exhibition of tricks and fancies, while I, a man of genius, am suffered to remain unnoticed." Goldsmith manifested surprise at the accusation. He was not aware that such expressions had passed his lips, but he admitted that something like it was passing in his mind.

Richardson, the novelist, was accused of inordinate vanity. He was fond of talking about his own works, and affectedly, on one occasion, seemed scarcely to listen to a gentleman, just arrived from Paris, who mentioned that he had seen one of his books on the table of the French king's brother, because no one was by to hear the statement; and afterwards tried, but in vain, to get it repeated before a large dinner company. This might not be very high-minded, but neither was it very much the opposite. He believed what had been told, he was humble enough to deem it an honour, and was willing that it should be repeated by him who knew the fact to be true. If he had invented the story himself, the case had been different. Vanity might be mixed up with his gratified feelings; but, without such vanity, he would never have been a distinguished writer.

Dr. Johnson had an abundance of vanity, which for ever shewed itself in his overbearing speech and manner; and he and every scholar must know that, in this, he trod in the footsteps of the great lights of antiquity. Look at the magisterial tone of Juvenal, for

proof; or read Horace's ode (the last of the third book), in honour of himself. "I," exclaims the latter bard, "have erected a monument more durable than brass, more exalted than the site of the regal Pyramids." Not content with saying this, which would have been sufficient to render a modern poet a laughing-stock for his contemporaries to the end of his life, he amplifies on the grateful subject, and declares, among other things, that his verses shall be read

"Scandet cum tacita virgine Pontifex,"

which was about as good as if a writer of to-day should say, "My poetry will be admired so long as divine worship is celebrated in Westminster Abbey." That would be a pretty long lease. But the prediction of the poet is more than fulfilled. The high priest of Jupiter no longer conducts the silent virgin to the Capitol, but the odes of Horace are admired in every civilised country. Vanity, though odious when excessive, not only may, but must, flourish with superior talent. Without it, no man would aspire. He who really thinks that he is equal to no effort of genius, ought, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, to be taken at his word, and set down for a helpless dreamer.

But, for a man thus to deny himself, is ingratitude to Heaven. The wonderful varieties of mind bestowed on the human race, offer an opportunity for all to shine, in some degree, who can bestir themselves with assiduity and perseverance. He who, even, after repeated failures, abandons all hope, all confidence, exposes himself to just censure for culpable ignorance, or unmanly pusillanimity.

Away, then, with the folly which would honour a man for dishonouring himself. To decry his own powers, is to assail his understanding; to commit a mental suicide. Give me the sanguine, expectant mind, which, after unmerited failure, can still boldly throw again. He manifests some kindly feeling for his fellows, who supposes that they will yet do him justice; and is worth a thousand of the croaking, sorrowing, misanthropic grumblers, who are guilty of the preposterous solecism of scorning themselves, and at the same time hating the world for doing the same.

TO A RICH FELON.

Meanest of all the reptile crew,
That scorn would spurn, or wrath pursue;
Exult that, plundered and betrayed,
Thy victim in the earth is laid:
And now his poor remains are cold,
Complete thy crime, and claim his gold.

His children weep; his widow groans
For him, but mock the throbbing tones:
Though, keener than the bravo's knife,
Thy fraud destroyed that valued life;
The base, the treacherous, fiend-like part
Disgraces not thy callous heart.

Let the pale widow's heart despond;
Shylock must still exact his bond!
What, then, remains for him to do?
Why, rob and bravely mock her, too.
Bid her repress grief's idle flood,
While Judas claims the price of blood.

Be rich, be gay, in splendid state;
Be—can such littleness? be great.
And, oh! be studious to forget
There is a day of reckoning, yet;
When conscious guilt shall bid despair
Sink in thy heart, and fester there!

TWO OLD PUBLIC SERVANTS.

As you pass from the Kremlin, in the Regent's Park, towards the Zoological Society's gardens, on the right hand, attached to the residence of a noble peer, a small tower is seen, not unlike that which, at the east end of the town, indicates the spot whence the curfew formerly issued its sullen notes, to indicate that it was the will of the Conqueror that all lights should be extinguished. Beneath that edifice, two menacing forms are seen posted, night and day. They were not always the occupants of this lovely spot. It was their fortune to hold very distinguished situations in the city, in the neighbourhood of Temple Bar.

Through many a long year their services were required, by a certain parish, for the whole twenty-four hours; and, through the whole of the three hundred and sixty-five days of each year, they never asked for a holiday.

Unlike those who engage to do much, and perform little, they did all they promised. Their punctuality was remarkable. From the moment they obtained their situations, they were never for one hour absent; and their duties were discharged with the regularity of *clock-work*. Nor were these common-place. Admiring thousands were ready to testify that their performances were always *singularly striking*.

In many respects, they might be considered models for imitation: they were *looked up to* by all the neighbourhood.

But the most illustrious have their failings. There are spots on the sun; and these individuals, in the high situation they held—"the observed of all observers"—it would seem, were, in some respects, not exactly what decent people ought to be.

Instead of dressing like others, they in all weathers exhibited half-naked. Worse than the celebrated *Dirty Dick*, a change of linen was never thought of by either. Their *faces* were *frequently washed*,

but they never appeared clean; still they were considered among the ornaments of their neighbourhood.

As they were generally seen alone, it was thought by some persons that they never went into company. Their appearance considered, this was not at all improbable. It is, however, an established fact, that they regularly attended certain *clubs*, and never *missed*.

It may also be stated, without fear of contradiction, that they were always *at church* on Sundays.

Intoxication was a vice that no one could charge them with. They never took anything stronger than water; excepting in *very cold weather*.

Nor with the ladies were they guilty of any excesses. To *bells*, placed *in their way*, they attended in an open and proper manner; and *bells* were frequently *struck by them*.

Though not exactly boxers, they were rather pugnacious, and were in some way connected with *Bell's Dispatch*. *Bell's Messenger* was occasionally seen in their home; but they had nothing to do with *Bell's Life in London*.

From their apparently circumscribed wants, it might be supposed that they would be content with their lot. That philosopher, Theodore Hook, on remarking that their limbs and the upper part of their persons were *bare* in the depth of winter, expressed an opinion that they could *bear* anything. Latterly, these poor men were interrupted; and, though no well-grounded accusation could be brought against either, it is a fact that the neighbourhood could hardly *bear* them.

In certain quarters it was whispered, that the Earl of Eldon accused them of raising their sacrilegious hands *against the Church*, and that, in consequence, the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Kenyon declared that they must be *put down*. Sir Harcourt Lees wrote express from Ireland, to say that they ought to be *taken up*. This, however, had been done before his letter was received; and they were committed to the *Tower*.

The public, however, had again the pleasure to find them in Fleet Street, as usual; but, just at that time, they did what is very commonly done by persons *beneath* them—the unfortunate men *struck*.

This was caused by the *pressure of the Times*. But, before they struck, they never solicited any increase of wages.

It was thought that their doings went to disturb the Church, as by law established. The cry, "the Church is in danger," became loud, and the leading sages in the parish at length resolved to employ them no more.

When this fatal news was announced, the poor men said not one word. They remained *fixed to the spot*, and nothing could induce them to seek occupation elsewhere. Neither of them could endure the thought of becoming a pauper, and so no application for them was made at the workhouse.

Ingratitude is always found by those who are unfortunate. In the case of these individuals, the *tongue*, which formerly was ever ready to acknowledge their favours, ceased to move in their behalf, as if to be disdainfully mute were sound policy.

Their pitiable case was thus described in one of the journals:— "More than a week has elapsed since these unfortunates, who are advanced in years, were proposed to be restrained, by an act of arbitrary power, from exercising their industry; yet there they remain. The herald blast of winter visits their poor limbs, and the rain falls on their aged heads, yet still they occupy their old post, and no reasoning can induce them to quit it, till they are removed by force. A petition to Sir Peter Laurie, who has so zealously exerted himself to relieve the unhappy inmates of Whitecross Street Prison, might possibly be of some service; but, even in their distress, *so high* are they still, *they* would *never sign it*. Mr. Alderman Wood was expected to interest himself for them, as they are related to the *Wood* family. From day to day, a crowd has collected about *their quarters*, to see them continue their toil. Notwithstanding what we have said of their temperance, it has been insinuated that they must be in debt at the neighbouring taverns, from the number of waiters seen near them. This, however, we take upon ourselves to contradict. The reader who can sympathise with the sorrows of exalted characters, in the day of their adversity, may see those who are the subject of this statement, in front of *St. Dunstan's Church*, Fleet Street, and heave a sigh as he passes for the forlorn and hopeless state of two individuals, who have long stood well before the public, who were certainly persons of *sound* character, and who have made considerable *noise in the world*."

What the writer of the above paragraph advanced, was certainly true. The two strikers of St. Dunstan's bell maintained their ground till they were removed by force. Then they submitted, in silence, to their fate. Though no complaint was heard from them, their fate has since been signally avenged, The church, against which they were accused of raising their hands, has since ceased to exist; and, like the temple of Jerusalem, not one stone remains upon another: while they may still be seen, with uplifted hands, as if to mark surprise that such things should be.

THE MOURNER'S COMFORT.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

" Thou tremblest, poor leaf! and seem'st damp with a tear,
Does November's unfriendly advance fill with dread?"
" Oh, no! I lament, with affection sincere,
My poor next *twig* neighbour untimely is dead.
In April, *green* infants, we met on this bough,
Together shared youth's merry breezes in *May;*
June saw us matured, and, united till now,
As comrades, together we hoped to decay.

" Could I think, when I heard the brief hurricane roar,
'Twould be *thine* so abruptly, old *bough-mate,* to go?"
The wind rose, the mourner himself was no more
Than the leaf he deplored, which lay prostrate below.
I fairly laughed out, at the pity and grief
Of an object so trifling, so near to its end;
Yet I fancied, *myself* I beheld in *the leaf,*
Lamenting—while sinking to rest with *my friend.*

SOLEMN FOOLERY,

OR

THE GRAND JURY AT FAULT.

"READ the paper, if you will be so kind," said my uncle Toby.

Dr. Slop began, assisting my uncle's ideas with his comments, as he went on. He had got nearly through the preliminary proceedings in the case of Captain H———, who was charged with murder, when he was quite shocked at the impertinence of the jury, who were such blockheads as not to understand how a murder committed in a foreign land, could at the self-same time be committed in England, in the parish of St. Mary-le-bow in Bread-street Ward.

"Jurors," said he, "are a set of sad dogs. They can understand nothing."

My uncle rubbed his eyes, gave his small-clothes a twitch, and suspecting that he had not been sufficiently attentive, begged the Doctor to read the article over again.

The Doctor complied, remarking (demanding I should rather say) on the audacious conduct of the foreman and his companions; "Did you ever hear of such ignorance? Had I been the Judge," he added, "I would have sent them all off to the treadmill."

You might have knocked my uncle down with a feather. He was quite "flabbergasted" as the scavants of the Stock Exchange say. He had not previously set himself down for a fool; but Dr. Slop was a man of great learning, so he felt that there was something wrong. He, however, spoke his mind, but with becoming diffidence.

"Why, Doctor," said he, "with great submission to you, I do not think it very strange that a set of plain-sailing Englishmen, like myself, should be a little bothered in a matter like this."

"Bothered!" exclaimed the Doctor, with a degree of emphasis and energy which bothered my uncle. He, however, went on, for, like my mother when once in for it, he would have his say.

"Yes," he resumed, "I think no twelve men, acting under the

solemn obligation of an oath,and not being possessed of your learning, could at once see how they might with propriety declare a murder to have been committed in the parish of St. Mary-le-bow, in Bread-street Ward, which they knew, if at all, had been perpetrated in France."

Dr. Slop, with an air of stately sarcasm, replied, "The explanation is at hand. You shall have it from the Judge himself."—"You need not," said his Lordship, "consider that but as 'an immaterial allegation.'"

"Could his Lordship say so?" enquired my uncle with a stare that made the Doctor start, for he thought if he did not understand anything so sensible as that, he must be going mad. "I should like to learn from his Lordship why twenty-three gentlemen are to be called upon to swear to an 'immaterial allegation.' His lordship must know that the Christian religion is 'part and parcel of the law of the land,' and if he read his Bible or go to Church, he will learn that 'the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain.'"

The Doctor at first thought it beneath him to answer this, but he at length said—"This is not the way to look at the matter. The words in question were introduced, as the learned Judge himself stated, to satisfy 'technical forms.'"

"Technical forms!" repeated my uncle Toby warmly. "Technical forms, Doctor! Do these words name an idol who demands a more revolting sacrifice than Juggernaut? To him his Priests merely offer the blood and bones of man, and his chariot passed over the crushed body, the rites are concluded. But here, it seems, the mind—the immortal mind—the essence of the living God, is to be prostrated to satisfy this monster called 'Technical forms.' Had I been one of the jury, I would have been guilty of no such idolatry. I would not put upon my conscience a sworn falsehood to *satisfy* any one, for such falsehood I cannot deem an 'immaterial allegation.'"

The Doctor, like a sensible man, explained what technical forms really meant, and further he proceeded to shew how indispensably necessary attention to these was (though my uncle did not comprehend it), for the due administration of justice, when he found in the next paragraph that the Judge had directed the omission of the "immaterial allegation."

My uncle smiled triumphantly at this, but the Doctor, who considered himself bound to defend the proceedings of the Court, remarked that the evil, if it were one, it was now clear could be easily corrected; but for his part he did not see any harm that could arise from adhering to 'ancient usage.'

"If the 'ancient usage' be senseless or revolting, let it be abolished," returned my uncle, elevating his voice to the majestic. "I dare say it would be thought indecorous in me if I were, in a court of justice, to begin singing 'Bobbing Joan,' or 'Little pigs lay with their noses bare.' But this would not be more preposterous than 'the immaterial allegation,' as it is called. If nonsense is necessary to the solemn administration of criminal justice (as alloy is to work the precious metals), it would be better that the innocent phrase of 'Rum ti-iddity ido;' or 'Ri fal de riddle lol,' should be introduced, than the falsehood about St. Mary-le-bow, which would be too much for *Major Long Bow*. For my part I wonder how the Judge could tolerate it."

"Nay," cried Dr. Slop, "the Judge has nothing to do with it. If it be nonsense, he found it there, and did not invent it."

"If it be nonsense that he found there," retorted my uncle, "there he left it; he did not, in the course of a long judicial career, remove it."

"Ancient forms ought to be respected," said the Doctor.

"Ancient fooleries and falsehoods," said my uncle, "ought neither to be respected nor endured. It is not the gown or the wig, or the shake of the Judge's head, that, in our times, will make such trash as this 'St. Mary-le-bow, in the Bread-street ward,' pass for wisdom or common sense; and the jury who exploded such sickening nonsense, have deserved well of their country, and proved themselves men of good understanding, and honourable principles."

"Meddling blockheads!" roared the Doctor.

"Enlightened and honest men!" said my uncle.

MARY OF ELTHAM.

EARLY in the month of June, 1610, the attention of several of the inhabitants of the quiet village of Eltham was fixed in rather a marked manner on three strangers, who were observed wandering up and down the place as if disposed to tarry there, yet making enquiry for no one. That they had business did not appear; but it was impossible to look upon them and suppose that the object of their coming was pleasure.

One was an aged man, whose dress at once indicated poverty and negligence. His white neglected hair waved in the breeze round his care-worn face. He was covered with dust, as were his companions; and any casual observer would have judged that they had performed a long pedestrian journey, yet still the usual indications of fatigue were not visible in any of the three. The old man plodded on absorbed in thought, and careless how much further he advanced, or to what annoyance he was subjected. A sort of dogged indifference was expressed in his countenance, as if he held life and suffering to be identical; and that for the short time he could retain the former, it mattered little how much he might know of the latter.

The female who hung on his arm, and had nearly counted as many years as himself, had evidently suffered from the effort she had made, but still was not disposed to rest. She frequently turned round with an air of wild animation, which, to a superficial observer, might seem to betray apprehension of pursuit. A more careful scrutiny would have satisfied the bystander that her enquiring looks were not to satisfy herself that she was in no immediate danger, but rather to seek for something she had lost, though she might have no hope of recovering that, whatever it might be, which occupied her thoughts. It was, in fact, a movement of nervous excitement which caused every now and then a throbbing start. Her eyes were glassy, but no tears fell from them. The ordinary sluices of sorrow seemed to have been exhausted,

but ever and anon the exclamation "*Mon fils—mon garçon—Ah! mon pauvre François,*" burst from her white and quivering lips.

A young man of good exterior accompanied them. His face was sun-burnt, and but for the deep dejection which sat upon it, would have been pronounced to be handsome. Melancholy had on him done the work of time, and furrows unnatural to five-and-twenty, indented his countenance, and imparted to it a gloomy determination which almost shocked the beholder. He advanced with a firm but solemn step, alternately regarding his companions with anxious care and tenderness. He sometimes applied himself to soothe the female, and repeatedly admonished her to subdue, or at all events to moderate the expression of her grief.

They appeared to have come from the coast, and had nearly passed through the village when they reached the lane which leads to the ancient palace. It was not then the ruinous barn it has since become, and when the travellers saw its noble proportions and its magnificent grounds, they shrunk from the spectacle of unlooked-for grandeur, as if it revived most painful recollections. The female started, and threw her eyes around with more wildness than before; her venerable companion made a sudden halt; and the young man, eager to retrace his steps, remarked to them that they had mistaken their road.

"What might you be looking for?" enquired a farmer who had been observing the strangers for some time. "What place do you want to go to?"

"We do not know one of the inhabitants," replied the young man in a foreign accent. "We are strangers."

"I know that mounseer, but I thought you might have been directed to some house or inn here. That was the reason I asked, I hope no offence."

The young man courteously intimated that he considered the enquiry had been kindly made. The old folks looked on, apparently at a loss to comprehend what was passing.

The farmer was walking away, when it seemed to strike the foreigner, that he might obtain from him information that would be of value to his companions.

"Stay sir, you are very kind," he said, "and perhaps you will

tell me, can I find for two or three days, a hotel, or part of a dwelling ?"

"Do you mean at an inn."

"An inn—inn," he repeated, as if he hardly understood the word, then suddenly recollecting himself, and comprehending what was meant, he added—"'tis not that *exactement*, exactly. My parents are not well, and do not like the noise—the noise of a public establishment. Can they have no choice ?"

"Why the truth is, here in Eltham we are rather shy of foreigners, some queer people come this way at times."

"No doubt," said the Frenchman. "Such is the case in all the world. Well, we must go where we can."

"Could not you, father, spare a room or two for a few days ?" enquired Mary Brown, his daughter, who had come up in time to hear the latter part of their conversation.

Mary was a fine rosy-faced girl, and a strong expression of sympathy sat on her good-natured countenance, while she looked at the pale, worn, dejected old man, and at the nervous, disordered companion of his journeyings.

"Why as to that, I don't do anything of the kind in a common way," he replied.

"But these are wanderers who have lost their way."

"Perhaps the best thing we can do, is to put them in their right road."

"First resting them," said Mary.

"We are not without the means of paying any reasonable charges," said the foreigner, "if the accommodation we want can be obtained."

Though farmer Brown was not particularly sordid, there is something so interesting in words which convey a promise to pay, that they make their way to the understanding of the most obtuse, to the heart of the most callous, and on his ear they were not lost.

"Why there are two rooms to be sure, such as they be, for sleeping, if that will do, and for meals they may sit down with us if they like it."

The Frenchman was gratified at hearing that his parents would be allowed to repose themselves in a private residence, and the farmer, the more he thought of it, felt less reluctant to meet his wishes.

Such being the case, the negociation went on successfully, and soon came to a prosperous issue.

The old folks were now informed by their companion, of what had been decided upon. The father made no reply, but seemed to assent with perfect indifference; the mother was slow to comprehend the arrangement announced, and the son perceiving this, was obliged to tell the story a second time. He paused for a reply. She looked stedfastly at him, shook her head, and softly breathed with a deep sigh her former exclamation: "*Mon pauvre François.*"

They were conducted by the farmer and his daughter to their dwelling. It was a humble, thatched residence, but sufficiently capacious to accommodate comfortably his own family, and the guests so unexpectedly introduced. The new comers were not particular about their fare, and shewed themselves, in no respect, other than satisfied.

But to the farmer there was something in the aspect or deportment of each of the new inmates, which he could not understand. On the first night too, he was for a time under an apprehension that a fire had broken out in the chamber, where the father and mother went to sleep. He heard a loud scream from the female, and then the voices of her husband and son were raised to soothe and silence her, but without success, till she had more than once ejaculated as before, "*Mon pauvre François.*"

The strangers were punctual in their payments, and respectful in their carriage. When eight days were past, they did not propose to withdraw. To the farmer this was rather a gratifying circumstance, but still it was alloyed by doubts which arose in his mind, as to the quality of his lodgers. Nor did these abate when they had lengthened their stay by a fortnight. The men were sad and silent, save when they were engaged in calming the transports of their fellow mourner, who, restless and wretched, whether sitting or standing, reclining on her bed, or walking in the garden or the village, continued for all answer to whatever was addressed to her, to breathe most piteously the pensive exclamation: "*Mon pauvre François.*"

Her companions would lead her to the neighbouring meadows, and try to direct her attention to the gay foliage, and verdant crops now waving around them, but to her the beauties of nature had lost all their charms. The bright sun, the cloudless sky, the clear stream,

could not for a moment cheer the pallid sufferer. A moss-rose was presented to her by Mary. She looked at it as if to her eye, it wore the appearance of an object once known—once loved, but of which she no longer comprehended the value. Mechanically she inhaled its fragrance, but could not appreciate it, and it was heedlessly resigned with the exclamation : "*Mon pauvre François.*"

But sometimes, from heavy musing listlessness, she would start on a sudden in all the wildness of ungovernable emotions, her eyes would glare with the fury of a tigress, and fearful maledictions would fall from her tongue.

Charles Gamaches, a French Curé, had about two years before, taken up his abode at farmer Brown's for a whole summer. Mary, then a fine child, had attracted his notice, and he had taught her something of the French language. She could understand many of the words which fell from Madame Rossiter, for that was the name by which they knew their mysterious inmate, and these were awful in the extreme. She evidently, from all Mary could collect, had her mind occupied with the torments of another world, and furies, fiends, fire and brimstone, were most familiar to her imagination, in these waking dreams, coupled with frantic adjurations, and vehement denunciations of those she seemed to behold. But all her rage uniformly subsided into despondency, and she evermore finished with : "*Mon pauvre François.*"

In most country villages, the gossiping residents, however full their hands may be with their own affairs, attend very closely to those of other people who may chance to come among them. So it was with the neighbours of farmer Brown. Who was M. Rossiter the elder? who was M. Rossiter the younger? and who was Madame Rossiter? Where did they come from, and what induced them to remain in Eltham? They had no relations there—they expected none, and they had no business engagements to detain them. It was further remarked that nobody visited them, no one corresponded with them, and they sought the acquaintance of no one. Hence it was whispered that concealment—concealment alone must be their object.

This was in fact admitted by the younger Rossiter. He would occasionally retain his seat at the farmer's table when friends of the

latter dropped in, and once when some of these spoke of the gaieties of London and wondered that he, a foreigner, did not journey thither to participate in them, he answered with a sigh that for him such scenes could yield no enjoyment. He desired not to be exposed to the public gaze, and young as he was, had no wish but to be buried alive in some such sequestered retreat as that."

"Perhaps," said Mary, "ere long you will grow weary of the sameness?"

"I think not," said he, "as I feel no wish for variety. To rest in peace here till I am called to another state of being, is all I could pray for."

"That," Master Wilkins, a person recently from London, remarked, "is marvellous to me. What is life without animated pleasure? That youth should prefer dull seclusion to joyous meetings of merry faces, amazes. Where age is soured by disappointment, this may be expected, but otherwise methinks none could so choose but under circumstances wholly out of the common way?"

"What circumstances," asked the Frenchman, "would you judge likely to make such a choice rational?"

"Why I should say a sense of danger from going about in public. Guy Fawkes now, or Digby, could they have made their way here, might have been well disposed to sojourn in Eltham for many a long day."

Though the younger Rossiter had a good knowledge of English, and rapidly improved in speaking as well as understanding it in conversation, the names just mentioned were so pronounced, that he did not recollect to have ever heard them before, and he asked, who the parties were, and what their condition who were supposed capable of enduring Eltham.

"Marry," replied Wilkins, "and is it so soon that our great Powder Plot is forgotten? What! have you not heard how Guy and his friends wanted to blow up King and Parliament with gunpowder? You should have been in London then my master, that was the time for sights."

"What sights?" enquired Rossiter, "could grow out of what you name?"

"What sights? Why the grand doings in the Palace-Yard. O that was rare work. The racking."

"The racking!" exclaimed Rossiter. "I understand you not, you spoke of grand sights."

"Aye so they were deemed, to see so many properly-made men, and in goodly attire, go to their arraignment, some of them taking their tobacco, as though hanging were to them little else than pastime."

"Or as if they looked for acquittal and enlargement?"

"And if they did look for enlargement, they looked in vain. Some were taken to Paul's and had their deserts on the Thursday, as those reserved for Palace-Yard, surely got their's on the day following, Friday being no bad day for finishing a work, whatever it may be accounted for the beginning of one. The preparation and pageantry for the trial, and just punishment of these horrible conspirators, furnished many memorable spectacles and grand sights. And were they not grand sights? The racking to be sure was not as of right it ought to have been, open to the public, but were the hangings, and the embowellings nothing?"

Rossiter shuddered.

"Then the quartering!"

"The *quartering!*" exclaimed the foreigner with a start, at the same time fixing a stedfast and severely scrutinizing eye on the speaker.

"Aye Mounseer," Wilkins proceeded, "the quartering. You look surprised. I suppose you don't know what that is. Well as you are a stranger I will describe it. You see they bring four horses.—"

"I understand. You need tell no more. I remember all."

"They bring four horses, I was saying. I was present myself, and stood on a small stool, which by the way, cost me two-pence, in St. Margaret's Church-yard, close to Westminster Abbey. Truly it is a grand sight, when a rascal Papist has tried to kill an English king to please the Pope."

Rossiter rose from his seat.

"They put the horses, one to each limb, and then, you would have liked to see it—"

"No more," exclaimed the Frenchman, and he staggered across the room, breathless and trembling in every joint.

"Did you ever see the like of that," cried Wilkins. "Why who may this French Mounseer be? Guy Fawkes, Rookwood, Digby and the rest, I know it was said at the time were in correspondence with the French Papists, and this is one of them, and he is afraid to go to London for fear he should be known and get hanged himself."

"Master Wilkins," said Mary, "you travel at great speed, and yet carry more than any common pack-horse, since you can at once decide that a young man deserves to be hanged as a knavish conspirator, because he liked not to hear the sad details of a frightful execution."

"I was only going to relate for his improvement a matter of our English history which he did not seem to know. Well! I say no more, but this is my opinion, that some of the associates of Guy Fawkes are now at Eltham, forming a new plot against our laws and religion."

"That is hard judging," said Mary, "and I do not think you have any right to come to such a conclusion."

"No nor do I," said the farmer, "yet often I am much surprised at the fixed and solemn aspect of this young man, and of the deep despondency he manifests. His father too is the same, I met the latter in the neighbouring wood, two days back. Before he saw me, I heard his voice hoarse and disconsolate. What he said, for he spoke French, I cannot tell, but I could have supposed him at one moment to cry to God for mercy, and in the next almost to threaten him with vengeance."

"That is the way with all these papists," said Wilkins.

"It is the way," said Mary, "in which those act whom woe has bereft of reason. That this is the case with our unhappy inmate I strongly suspect."

"Then the old woman," said Brown, "see how she twitches herself about as if some body kept sticking pins into her skirts."

"Do not laugh at misery," interposed the daughter. "She is deeply to be pitied—her health is gone, her heart is broken, and some one most dear to her, is lost for ever to her love. Memory still fondly turns to vanished happiness. Her only cry from morning to night is—"

"*Mon pauvre François,*" exclaimed the unfortunate subject of

their conversation, who now making her appearance, rushed hastily across the room and into the street.

The husband and son followed, and with difficulty succeeded in overtaking her. They brought her back. As they entered, the younger Rossiter little recovered from his late shock and exhausted by the more recent exertion, looked deadly pale. While he conducted his disordered parent through the room in which Brown and Wilkins were seated, she repeated—

"*Mon pauvre François,*" and fixing her staring eyes first on her husband and then on her son, she seemed to shrink with maternal alarm at marking the paleness of the latter, and she added, "*et mon pauvre Philippe aussi.*"

Farmer Brown and his companions were startled at what they saw. Wilkins questioned Mary closely as to the expressions which Madame Rossiter had used in her paroxysms. She repeated some of the dismal words which she had heard from the deranged female and he thereupon pronounced his opinion.

"All that I hear confirms me in the belief that these people are no better than they should be. Depend upon it they have committed a murder or some dreadful deed for which they all ought to be hanged, and that is the reason why they come skulking here. Aye! aye, the junior Mounseer liked not to hear of the doings in Palace-Yard, when the old devil Johnson, or Guy Fawkes as he is called, was hung up for two or three turns, cut down and dragged to the quartering block, and then ripped up that his bowels might be thrown into the fire before his face; he liked not for me to tell of that I say, foreseeing that his own turn might shortly come."

Mary remarked that to hold such language was both cruel and unjust. A tender heart, though estranged to crime, she held, might shrink with natural and allowable repugnance from a recital of the vengeful doings which law sanctioned in the case of convicted traitors.

"Then why does he not give some account of his former life, instead of shrouding himself in mystery?"

"As yet," Mary replied, "he has not been called upon to do so; and he might think it would be deemed troublesome or impertinent to tell his story unasked."

" Why, he has certainly won Mary's heart," said Wilkins ; " Master Brown, how would you like to have a Papist son-in-law ?"

" As to that, I don't know," the farmer answered, " that I should choose a Roman Catholic for her husband."

" But even a Papist," said Mary, " may have as much charity in his bosom as some sight-loving members of the Protestant reformed church, who think hanging and embowelling grand things to see."

Wilkins felt the reflection was a severe one, but he also felt that it was not undeserved. That consideration, however, did not reconcile him to the speaker, and he left somewhat disconcerted, and in no very good humour.

Brown went to attend to the business of his farm. Mary was alone when the younger Rossiter stood before her.

" I did hear your voice," said he, " but now, for you spoke louder much than you do sometimes, and I heard you as the advocate of the absent and the unhappy ; and, shall I tell it, those words of kindness came with the softness of a gentle zephyr to soothe my fevered spirit. I shall not be mistaken when I say that I feel grateful, and that I admire, for that is all I may do. I cannot—I must not love ; but I do thank you from my heart of hearts."

" I did not expect," Mary said, " that my words would reach your ear, Sir."

" And if they had not," said he, " still the expression of your countenance would not have escaped my eye. You are a true woman. You feel for the wretched, and ask not if they are perfect before you pity. My case is one—"

" Nay," interrupted Mary, " I have no right to hear of it."

" You shall not hear of it, for I do not wish to afflict you, and will therefore be silent ; but only this will I tell, that it is not what your friend from London would make you believe ; I am guiltless, but I do not wish to utter one word more. I have your compassion now, what besides could I desire ? for again I repeat it, I wish not for your love."

The voice of his mother was heard, and he withdrew.

Mary sadly pondered on his words. His thankfulness and his ingenuous air caused her more than ever to feel for his distress. She feared the injurious conclusions of Wilkins would transpire in the village, that the annoying reports already circulated would derive new

strength from his co-operating voice. Yet fully convinced that the Rossiters had been deeply wronged, she meditated how best to vindicate them,

The sufferings of the mother increased. Anguish had exhausted her bodily strength. Her delusions became more alarming than ever. In the stillness of the evening her plaintive voice was heard in the old strain, but other sentences of dreadful import were associated with her calls on her "poor Francis."

Their language it was supposed no one there understood but themselves; and as the illness of the sufferer became more severe, the farmer's wife offered her assistance to the dying Frenchwoman; it was accepted, and Mary attended with her mother.

The scene was melancholy in the extreme. By the side of her bed the husband sat mute with sorrow, at once the offspring of the dreadful past and the afflicting present, his face covered with his hands, and groaning audibly. The son admonished the sire, while he vainly sought to pacify the mother. Her reason had departed never to return; but memory still lingered near its ancient dilapidated home. Then did Mary lament that she had gained any knowledge of a foreign tongue. She could not understand all that was said, but she collected enough to make her shudder, and even to doubt if Wilkins might not be nearer the truth than she had wished to believe.

In her struggles the sufferer spoke, as Mary collected, to the following effect:—

"My poor Francis! you were wrong—you were mad—you were wicked, and unfit to live or die; but you merited not your dreadful fate. The wretches—the miscreants—the demons who have tortured you, brimstone fires shall torture in their turn." While thus speaking, she fixed her straining eyes on her husband and son. "Yes, wretches, you shall yet know the torments of the damned. Perdition, black, everlasting perdition, is not sufficiently severe to punish crime like yours."

The son repeatedly tried to check the wandering speech of his parent. Mary heard him caution her, though it was impossible for the sinking maniac to profit from the hint, that her speech might be heard and interpreted by others who were near. She raised her voice, and proceeded with greater violence.

"I speak the sacred truth. If he erred, his wanderings could not justify murder—murder the most horrible that fiends could invent, or mortal man perpetrate. The black raven of despair shall sit on the miscreant ministers of death. My poor Francis! I hear his screams —I see his struggles;—Ah! is not that murder? It is, ye tormentors, it is! Thou knowest it, and thou will avenge it, O God of justice, both in this world and the world to come."

She strove desperately. All efforts to console were useless, and to restrain was impossible. At length, completely exhausted, she ceased to speak. Mary and her mother gave over watching, as she seemed about to sleep. In the morning she was no more.

No sorrow was expressed, either by the father or the son, that death had taken their relative. The former was unmoved; the latter appeared in some measure relieved. Without delay, indeed with unseemly haste, as Brown and his family thought, the body was committed to the earth.

The expressions which she had heard, made a deep impression on Mary. Recalling what Wilkins had said, she found something very like a confirmation of the worst he had imagined, in what had thus fallen from the lips of the dying woman. If, imperfect as her knowledge of the French language was, she might trust her ears, Madame Rossiter had felt all the horrors of remorse for a dreadful deed perpetrated on some one, and as she collected for a slight offence. The intolerable weight of guilt, she could not doubt, had caused the agony she had witnessed, and the dismal anticipation that fierce vengeance would overtake the guilty, Mary regarded as applying to her criminal husband and son, as well as to herself. However reluctant to think ill of the strangers, proof so strong her mind knew not how to resist; but still, the interest she took in their case made her desirous of further proof. To obtain this, it occurred to her, might not be impossible. The younger Rossiter, as has already been mentioned, was not aware that Mary had any knowledge of French. When opportunity served, she determined to question him on the subject of the death-bed ravings of his parent. His answers might remove her doubts. At all events, she would have the means of judging, so she thought, whether on this point, he had any wish to deceive.

But before the experiment could be made positive, information was supplied which strengthened her suspicions. Wilkins reported, that he had watched the two surviving Rossiters at the grave of their relative, and listened to a conversation which for him was quite sufficient. It was, they said, a good thing that she was gone, as, after the crime they had assisted to commit, it was impossible for her to rest, and her disordered state placed them in constant danger of being betrayed into the hands of justice.

Aware of the unfavourable opinion which he entertained of the parties, Mary received this information with distrust, but she herself heard that evening what proved that his statement was not wholly unfounded.

It was dusk, and the father urged by the son to walk, accompanied him into the paddock behind the house. Mary was there when they entered, and desiring to avoid them, placed herself against a huge beech-tree so that she could not be seen. They drew near it, and she distinctly heard these words exchanged as they slowly passed.

"Grieve no more," said the son, "It can do no good. The past is not to be recalled."

"No," replied the old man, with a voice broken by sobs, "I know it, and therefore I have no hope for the future."

"For our lost partner in woe," said the son, "it is a blessed relief that she is with us no longer."

"Well, well," said the senior, "let us deem it such. Had she survived, deranged as she was, I know not what suffering might have been brought upon us all, for our name, that name doomed alas! to eternal infamy, would not have been concealed from those about us."

"Then be consoled."

"Yes, when the past can be expunged from memory—when I forget what we have become—never till then."

Their words became indistinct from distance, but Mary had heard enough to fill her mind with grief. She, however, clung to the hope that a satisfactory explanation might be offered, and to elicit this, held her former resolution to question the son on the subject of

the death-bed scene. "But how," thought she, "can he vindicate a name?" which she had learned from the lips of the senior was doomed to everlasting infamy.

Many days had not passed since the grave received the remains of Madame Rossiter, before Mary found herself alone with the young man. The gloom, which from his first appearance at Eltham had always overclouded his countenance was undiminished, but no marked expression of grief for the recent loss of his mother could be remarked in his deportment or speech. To some words of condolence from Mary, he replied:

"The opening and the close of life are always attended by pain and sorrow. But as your English poet says—"We must bear our going hence, even as our coming hither." My mother is now at rest, and I desire to be thankful that she is so, that she can know no more the cares and sorrows of the world."

"Her death-bed was awful," Mary remarked. "Her mind seemed disturbed by no common recollections."

"We live," said Rossiter, "in strange times. Startling events are not uncommon. My mother had a dreamy recollection of dismal scenes, which she never beheld, but which had been so vividly painted to her, that they were ever present to her disordered thoughts."

"She spoke of murder."

"She did."

"Of slight wanderings being visited with miscreant vengeance. Of horrors here, to be renewed hereafter."

Rossiter started at finding so much had been understood by the rustic maid. He was embarrassed for a moment and then said:

"Her's was a tale of woe; so I have intimated before, and more I would not scruple to unfold to you, but that I know the pain you would feel in listening, would equal that which I must experience in telling it. You can sympathise with the wretched, but that is no reason why all their misery should be poured into your ear."

"She looked at you and your father," said Mary, "while she spoke of murderers."

"And at you too," he replied. "Her eye was incessantly glancing round the apartment, and resting for a moment with fixed mysterious attention on objects which, under other circumstances

she would have regarded with indifference. Did you imagine that on us she glared reproachfully?"

"I had at the time such a thought, I confess. The little show of sorrow which followed her death did not remove it. Then the haste with which she was hurried to the grave."

"We have been so steeped in sorrow that the ordinary indications of suffering are exhausted. Each new calamity comes now as a matter of course. That death, which we all three coveted, should have come to one, we could not honestly deplore, and were therefore silent. That my mother's funeral followed quickly after her decease, was but in conformity with the usage of our country. When the spirit is fled, it is with us deemed folly to detain the inanimate clay from its kindred earth."

Mary felt in a great degree satisfied with these explanations, which she failed not to convey to Wilkins, and to all who thought fit to remark on the strangers or their doings. But another melancholy scene was at hand. The father, though from him the cry of anguish was seldom heard, missed the companion of his youth, the joy of his manhood, and the mother of his children. If he sorrowed not that she was called from life, he felt his own loneliness the more. He daily stole to her grave, and there, alternately looking on the sod which veiled his ancient partner from his view, and the sky above, while he rejoiced that her misery had reached its termination, his own was most acutely felt, and his often repeated cry was—"My heart is in the grave."

Such a continuance of grief was too much for his strength. He could no longer take nourishment. Silent and pensive, he looked more like an artistical imitation of humanity than humanity itself. He presented the awful spectacle of life reduced to mere breathing.

Gradually wasting, in less than three weeks after the death of his wife, he ceased to live. The change was marked by no fearful struggle—by no piercing cry, by no agonizing convulsion. Life seemed calmly to retreat from the incumbering flesh, and consciousness sunk benumbed and crushed beneath the pressure of recollected woe.

The survivor rendered the last duties to his father, and owned that his death was a removal from suffering for which he had fervently prayed, believing it to be not within the range of things possible,

that to a mind so disturbed, anything short of death could bring repose.

"That," Wilkins remarked, "was all very well for him to say; but there were those who believed, that when three persons were implicated in some horrible outrage, it might be no bad thing for the survivor of them that his two accomplices were removed, so that they could never reveal to mortal ear the secret of their common guilt."

Time wore away, and the prattlers of the village began to be weary of the subject of the Rossiters. The only one of the trio which had excited their attention, remained at the farm-house. To mirth he continued an utter stranger, but he was perfectly composed, and not unwilling to make himself useful. At times he laboured with the spade or the hoe, or in other ways took part in the toils of the day. His appearance no longer excited general attention. It was, however, shrewdly guessed, from the good-will with which Mary regarded him, and from his continuing so long with Farmer Brown, that she looked upon him as her future husband. This impression was not removed by her unhesitatingly rejecting several young men of the village, who offered themselves as suitors.

Rossiter, aware of this, began to fear that his presence might injure the fortunes of an interesting female, who had always manifested kindness towards him and his family. From the frankness which existed between them, he had no difficulty in communicating what occurred to him on this, to her not unimportant, subject.

"Why, Mary," said he, "if you will allow me to ask the question, why do you so resolutely decline the attentions of the youths of the village? At your time of life, to choose a partner and protector is natural and proper."

"But I do not wish for one."

"Do not think me vain when I say it, I have feared—feared, I repeat it, that I am the cause of your acting as you have done."

Mary did not attempt a reply.

"This, Mary," he continued, "I should regret; for, though under other circumstances I had been proud and happy to find myself preferred by one so kind, and in all respects so estimable as yourself, situated as I am, such good fortune, as some may term it, would be misery. Mary, I must not be a lover."

Mary was silent.

"It is not the coldness of my nature—not any of the every day promptings of prudence, avarice, or ambition, that have caused this avowal. A decree—an awful decree, separates me from the rest of the world, which renders me unlike other men, which gives me the sorrow and the aspect of age, in what should be the bright noon-day of youth, that forces me to say I may not love."

"I have not sought your love," said Mary; "if I have appeared to do so, reprove my boldness, but deem it not intentional. That I have marked your deep sorrow with interest, I will not deny. To abate it would have been happiness, but only on your own terms. I would not wake feelings in your bosom which you decide ought to have no place there."

"Then why, again I ask, the denials of your love, to which I adverted? Am I in any way the cause?"

"You are."

"I feared so."

"Those who have offered themselves are so different from you, that their attentions are most unwelcome. Foolish mirth and thoughtless passion are not for me. Without wishing for your love, I prefer being your friend, to becoming the wife of another."

Rossiter was touched by the avowal. He replied—

"Were my situation other than it is, what you have just uttered had made me yours for life. But duty forbids me to think of you, or of any one."

"You are, perhaps, already a husband."

"No."

"Or engaged soon to become one."

"No; what I have said as to the interdict, extends to the whole sex, and at once embraces the past, the present, and the future."

"It is enough for me to be your friend. Do not think, should I offer you any little kindness, that I wish to interfere with your resolution; and blame me not because I feel no affection for the boisterous intruding young men who would talk to me of marriage."

On these terms their familiarity was continued. Mary scrupulously abstained from even a look that might seem to betoken love. There was a something so profound in the grief of Rossiter, that she contemplated it with awe and reverence. Yet the subject of his

mystery was at times approached, and more than once he seemed on the point of explaining, when he suddenly checked himself, as if he had been about to commit an outrage, changed the conversation, or left the room.

But one day he went so far as to ask what punishment could be too great for the selfish man who could invite a lovely female to plight her faith with his, and, doing so, expose her to vengeful persecution, and fix disgrace for ever on her name.

"Is that possible," Mary asked, "in the absence of guilt?"

"Once I should have answered 'no;' now I say 'yes.' But it may be that I am wrong, What men call guilt, is guilt; and he who falls under their ban, has only to submit to his hard fate in this life, and appeal to the Eternal Judge of all mankind for pardon in the next."

Mary feared to prolong the conversation, and was careful to avoid recurring to it.

One day she accosted him with more than usual pleasure. She had that to tell which she thought would gratify him.

"Sir," said she, "one is coming here whom you will be glad to see. It is a Frenchman, and from Paris. He will be able to give you much information about your countrymen. Moreover he is learned, and religious."

"Indeed! There are few of my country whom I desire to see again. Who is this person?"

"He is a minister. Two or three years ago, he passed some months with us He used to take me on his knee and teach me French; to kiss me when I did my lesson right, and pinch my ear when I failed."

"What was he?"

"He was then a Curé, but is now something still grander, I think they call him an Abbé."

"His name?"

"It is Gamaches."

"Gamaches! Have mercy Heaven!" cried Rossiter starting from his chair in fearful emotion.

"Are you acquainted with him?" Mary anxiously enquired.

"No."

"Do you know anything of him—anything particular I mean?"

"Yes."

"What?—May I ask it?"

"I must not answer that question? when will he arrive?"

"On Tuesday."

"Then I will leave you for some time? How long will he remain here?"

"Several weeks."

"There is one person I wish to see in London. I will take occasion to seek him while your visitor is here. Let me caution you to be on your guard with this Gamaches."

"On your account do you mean?"

"No, on your own. The clergy of France are little to be trusted where your sex is concerned."

"But he is an old friend. When he was here before he treated me like a father."

"You were but a child three years ago. Now you are a woman; with men I have reason to know this Gamaches is cold and heartless, and such a character I care not to trust with women."

The caution was superfluous, so Mary thought, but that it was kindly meant she could not for a moment doubt. She regretted that the coming of Gamaches was not agreeable to Rossiter, but consoled herself with the thought that the change of scene which it would, in a manner force upon the latter, might improve his health and tend to dissipate his melancholy.

On the day before the new comer was expected, Rossiter withdrew. He promised to return when the visitor should be gone. Mary offered to send him the earliest intelligence of the Abbé's departure, but that he said would be unnecessary.

Gamaches arrived on the day after that named for his coming. He was welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Brown, as also by Mary, though the last retained a lively recollection of what had been said in his dispraise by Rossiter.

The Abbé was a man in the meridian of life. He was full of health and in high spirits. He spoke very good English, and in his manner there was at times the gravity appropriate to his sacred profession, but at others he indulged in a vein of playful gaiety, which to those whose hearts were moderately at ease, was eminently agreeable.

The lights and shades of his conversation, were thought most happily to relieve each other. His solemnity instructed and his mirth amused.

He was surprised at learning that they had had three French inmates, but the name of Rossiter he did not remember to have heard before; of his own good fortune he spoke with some exultation, and recalled with pride the fact that he had been one of the divines appointed to assist the murderous traitor Ravaillac.

"He killed the French king, I believe, about this time last year," said Brown.

"He did," Gamaches replied, "and never shall I forget how obstinately the wretch denied that he had accomplices. Though his legs were crushed in the *brodequin*, still the unrepentant, God-rejected sinner, refused to make any disclosure. Even when the red hot pincers had torn the flesh from his breast and blood-stained hand, and flaming resin was dropped into the wounds, though I took the trouble then, to conjure him for the sake of his eternal peace to tell all he knew, he, still obdurate, denied, though on the verge of eternity, that any one participated in his guilt."

"You speak of this," said Mary, "as being sinful beyond measure. Why might the fact not be so? If such the case, he could not have accused others, without taking upon his soul the most fearful guilt."

"It is against all probability to suppose, that one so mean could have assailed the life of a great king, without being moved to it by some person of consequence."

"Do you then believe that the great must always take part in treason?"

"In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred I do. Well! he was duly requited in his own person for the bloody deed, and so far as that can go, a salutary warning has been given to all the king-killers on earth. His cries were most terrific, yet the brutal rage of the man was distinguishable even in his agonies. To the crowd his groans were music, and Paris was never more gay than while illuminated in all quarters with the bonfires made to consume the separated limbs of the demon. It was in truth a joyful sight, thus to see in little as it were, hell turned against Lucifer himself."

He smiled at this playful conceit, but his auditory were not prepared to join in mirth of such a character.

He saw that his sentiments were not approved, and thought it necessary to vindicate what he had advanced.

"For me," said he, "the minister of peace on earth, and good will towards men, I joy not in the sinner's pains; but to pity those who are accursed of Heaven, is weakness. Did not the prophet of the Lord hew to pieces the monarch whom folly would have spared, and did not Judith bravely display the head of that same Holofernes on whom she had previously bestowed her love? Shall then the meek follower of the Lamb shrink back appalled from the just punishment of sin? I mourn that human depravity should provoke divine wrath, but ought I pusillanimously to wish that the outstretched arm of justice should be stayed, when reason and religion both declare such shrinking to be unlawful? I sigh while the mangled limbs of the criminal writhe beneath the avenging knife, but still the heart of the true Christian must be firm, and *Fiat justitia ruat cœlum*, the stern reply to those who would talk of compassion."

The Abbé proceeded in a gratulatory strain to shew what mighty benefits had been secured to the faithful, by the bold unflinching energy of those who feared not to shock their nature, to vindicate the most High.

"And can he—can he need the aid of man—to justify his fearful behests?" enquired Mary.

"It is," said the Abbé, "by human instruments, that the will of the Eternal is to be worked out, and he who falters in the dread task is a recreant."

He went on in a lighter strain to shew that true religion had largely profited by those judgments which the timid might fear to execute. Especially he dwelt on the vast importance of using the rack to extort confession, and shewed, in many instances, how criminals had thus been discovered, and for their own eternal benefit made amenable to an earthly tribunal, who had else mournfully perished in the course of nature, with all their sins unexpiated. That such means should be necessary, he owned was to be lamented, but since there were no other, what could the true believer if faithful to his trust, do, but avail himself of them?

Brown and his family presumed not to controvert his reasoning, however imperfectly satisfied by his arguments.

"But enough of this," said Gamaches. "I would now learn how has my old pupil improved on the lessons it was mine to give? She has, I hope, not forgotten what was so fairly begun; and, during my present stay, I shall closely examine her as to her progress, to the end that it may be seen the good seed formerly sown, has not been consigned to stony ground."

And then he playfully examined Mary as to her proficiency in French. Her answers, though by no means what a rigid preceptor might have desired, were not wholly unsatisfactory.

In the succeeding day he manifested no small anxiety on this point. He was always at leisure to teach what Mary desired to learn—always ready to attend her in her walks.

To the neighbouring hill and the adjacent heath, their perambulations sometimes extended. He loved to contemplate the glories of the setting sun; and Mary, a true worshipper of nature, joined with him in admiring the splendour of the declining luminary.

One evening, after being thus engaged, darkness descended on the face of the surrounding landscape before they thought of returning. The divine if surprised, was little disconcerted at this. He pressed closer to him the arm of his fair companion as they prepared to descend the hill, and his language, if less sublime, became more tender than before.

"In this world," said he, "night and day alternately succeed each other. So should our thoughts and feelings relieve those we have previously known. Reason and philosophy have their proper place, and religion must not be intruded on by them. The last may not improperly be succeeded by other feelings, by sentiment, by mirth, and by love."

Mary started. His tone and manner were different from what they had been; and a tall and menacing figure, at some distance, caught her eye, apparently listening to her companion's speech, and watching his actions. He saw no one near, and his language became bolder.

"Alone," said he, "what is the world to us? Hearts true to virtue fear not to recognise each other."

"We must hasten home," said Mary.

"Why need we hurry," said he: (he saw not the object on which her eye had rested)—"why may we not, at leisure, here commune together."

"It is dark," said his companion, "and our absence from home may create alarm."

"Not for a few moments," he replied. "The calm which reigns around, and the shroud which veils us from all observing eyes, leaves us at liberty to act for ourselves. It is at such a season that the soul feels its own powers; and, discarding the cares of the world, and the ignominious tyranny of custom, dare act for itself. Do you not feel this? Do you not feel how vain the mind-enthralling precepts, which fraud and folly claim authority to impose on youth?"

"I know not what you mean, Sir," said Mary; "but here I must not remain, and with you."

"And why not? Here we are all the world to each other. Why may we not converse?"

"It is not meet that we should tarry in this lonely place."

"Whence the alarm you testify, dearest? confide in me."

"I may not, Sir. If you desire to wait, I will go forward alone."

"That must not be. Why do you withdraw your arm? Nay, shrink not from your friend. In ancient days, the mysteries of love were celebrated in temples raised in honour of immortals. Why should they now be deemed unholy?"

"I understand not your discourse, but must go home without delay."

"This impetuous haste is folly. Is it thus coldly you reply to the lively interest I take in your welfare? Froward girl! you shall not leave me thus. The time—the place—nature, and fond devoted love, all forbid you to withdraw. Nay, by Heaven you shall not."

So speaking, he threw his arm round her neck. She started from him with indignation and amazement. That moment a strange hand seized the Abbé by the throat, and dashed him to the ground with violence.

"Pass on," said a voice, which addressed itself to her, and which Mary instantly knew to be that of Rossiter.

She promptly obeyed. The Abbé rose and attempted to expostulate.

"What means this rudeness? Who—who art thou?" he enquired of the stranger.

"Question not, but follow at a becoming distance, if you have any regard for your own safety; if broken bones are not to your taste."

The moon just then emerged from a cloud which had darkened it, and the Abbé gained a full view of the features of his assailant. He trembled like an aspen leaf: but, endeavouring to recover his firmness, he again spoke.

"Who are you, and what would you?"

"Who I am, I think you hardly need to ask. My name you will not fail to remember while you infest this world; and I cannot but surmise that you will be reminded of it to your cost in the world to come. But you demand my purpose. This it is—I would see Mary Brown under her father's roof. Have you aught else to demand? Speak, knave."

His menacing tone awed the Abbé into silence.

"Take my arm, damsel," said Rossiter, "I will protect you." He added, in a lower tone, "You know me Mary, but this caitiff does not. Keep the secret."

They walked towards Eltham in silence. The Abbé, embarrassed and dismayed, offered no new interruption. Arrived at the farm-house, her protector said,—

"You are safe, and I withdraw."

He instantly quitted his charge, and in a moment was out of sight.

Mary passed to her home. Her parents were there. They made some slight remark on the lateness of the hour. The Abbé threw off his confusion, and resumed his wonted cheerfulness.

"The scene," said he, "was most inviting. We paused in holy admiration, while the magnificent source of light seemed to sink into the western main. Nor was the gloom which succeeded less interesting. When Nature drops her sable mantle over creation's ample face, how finely does it intimate to man the fast approach of his end; of that night in which no man worketh. No heart, properly attuned to virtue, and awake to the promptings of religion, can regard these changes, unceasing as they are, without feeling its ideas lifted towards Him—the great I AM, from whom they proceed, and to whom all who breathe owe their origin."

Mary looked reprovingly at the Abbé. The elaborate falsehood involved in the description of his pretended reflections, which he had imposed upon her father, disgusted and shocked her. She briefly despatched the few household affairs which demanded her attention, and retired for the night.

For several days she carefully avoided the divine, and rarely encountered him but in the presence of her father. He saw her object, and resolved to defeat it, by watching her steps when it might be necessary for her to go any distance from home, which not unfrequently happened, as her mother was often an invalid, and always lame.

She had been to Woolwich one day, and was on her return, when, in a lane leading to the Dover-road, she found the Abbé, apparently waiting for her coming. He greeted her with a smiling countenance, and, joining company, enquired why she had been so distant of late.

Mary said it was surely unnecessary, after what had occurred when they last walked out together, to answer the question.

"What chanced then," said he, "of a truth is not soon to be forgotten. Know you the hardened ruffian who scrupled not to lay a sacrilegious hand on me, a true son of the church?"

"Whoever he might be, it is possible that he did not know your quality, nor could it be divined from your language or actions at that moment."

"I spake but the language of nature."

"But from you, that of religion might be not unreasonably expected."

"You have been told, I guess, that this grave schooling air becomes your blooming face. Never believe those who so report."

"It has not been reported, for I have had no occasion to school any one save you."

"My pretty pupil has made rare advances since I was here three years ago. Fitting it is that she should do so, but not such is the progress a female of your years should make. I speak to you with frankness. This is the season of pleasure and should not be lost."

"I do not comprehend your meaning."

"To your heart's content I am ready to explain. The bloom of a female, fair and fragrant as that of the rose, is hardly less evanescent.

Ought it then to be coldly allowed to wither on its stem, or gathered before its brightness can fade?"

"I can give no answer to this. Even yet I do not comprehend the object of your speech."

"In a word it is love."

"Your vows," said Mary, "so I have understood, which bind you to the church, require you to abjure love with the other vanities of life."

"We are forbidden to marry, and truth to say, priests most dutifully submit to that interdict, but to be denied love altogether were quite another thing. The holiest fathers have had fair handmaids in their houses. Do not affect childish surprise. To love, you must know, is to conform to nature, and to obey the first commandment of its eternal author."

"Such matters have not occupied my thoughts, and methinks you had better have applied yourself to exercise me in the French language which you wished me to learn, than indulge in descants which I can ill appreciate. But whither are we going? You have quitted the right path, and the tangled brush-wood and brambles forbid our advance. We must turn back."

"This is a shorter way than the more beaten track into which however we shall soon come. For that same knave who so coarsely interfered when we were last alone, I know not scarcely whether to deem him fiend or man. To my startled senses he seemed the former. Shall I confess it? When the pale moon-beam fell on his visage, I saw lineaments which I could well believe were only to be seen in the infernal regions. He looked a devil in human form, and but for the horror this ghastly thought inspired, he had found me another man to deal with, and probably not succeeded in gaining an advantage over me."

"I will not go further," said Mary. "We are getting into the thickest part of the wood."

"Nay, we must through it now."

"I will go back, the gloom is to me frightful."

"Of what are you afraid?"

"I scarcely know, but I feel this is not the place to which you ought to have brought me. I will instantly return."

"Why so startlish? Pause and gaze on the majestic scenery around."

"Let us gain the open road and the brow of the hill first."

"That we can do hereafter, but for the present here rest with me upon the verdant turf, and let us enjoy all the peculiarities of our situation."

"I am not fatigued and will take no rest. You are free to do so, and as I left my home alone, alone I can return."

She impatiently bounded from him and began to retreat with rapid steps. He called to her to stay, but she attended not to his bidding, he then ran after her with his utmost speed and seized her dress.

"This foolish trepidation," said he, "is more than I can bear."

"Then bear it not and leave me to myself."

"No, I will not allow my little pupil to have it all her own way. I will remain and she must stay by my side."

Thus speaking he drew her towards him, and would fain have made her sit down. She again indignantly started from him.

"It is all in vain," he exclaimed, "swift of foot as you are, you cannot outrun me. Come pretty pouter no more of this."

He held her by the hands and offered to clasp her waist. Mary again strove but in vain to escape from his grasp.

"Help, help," she involuntarily cried, though without the slightest hope that her voice could be heard by any one but her companion.

"It is useless to call out," he remarked, "and what in the name of the Virgin do you want help for."

"I would fain some one came to relieve me from a situation which I like not."

A rustling was heard in the bushes near them. Both started and looked in the same direction. The noise ceased, and with it his apprehensions.

"There is nothing to disturb us, nothing which we can fear. You perhaps thought the coarse intruder who formerly dogged us, was at hand. Not he, indeed, and if he were, seeing it is no longer dark, his fiendish scowl would avail him but little. Were he impertinently to thrust himself in my way, come fairly within the reach of this good arm of mine——"

"What then?" said Rossiter, advancing from the bushes which had been previously agitated.

"Why then, I—I," said the Abbé, overwhelmed with shame and confusion, "think it were better that you were attending to your own affairs."

"It may be that I have no affairs which require attention; but you unquestionably might be better engaged than in thus seeking to beguile an innocent maiden who almost regarded you as a parent."

"You are taking much upon yourself."

"I did not wish to do so. You compel me to watch your doings."

"We have met before, I think."

"Mention not that," said Rossiter, "or my boiling blood will spurn all controul, and your death-struggle may commence."

Mary looked on with fearful interest. There was a calm determination in Rossiter's look which plainly evinced that the threat which had been uttered, his hand was prepared to carry into instant execution."

But the Abbé manifested no disposition to push things to extremities. He said no more on that subject which Rossiter had cautioned him to avoid. This submission was to be expected. The brute who can act the tyrant by a woman, is ever ready to quail before a man.

"Mary," said Rossiter, "pursue your way. Your persecutor must tarry."

Mary immediately acted on this advice, and Gamaches, breathless from shame and rage, obedient to a sign from Rossiter fell back some paces.

They left the wood. Mary directed her steps towards Eltham. Rossiter followed but did not enter the village, and left the Abbé without deigning to bestow on him another word.

Mary was at first resolved to make her parents acquainted with all that had passed, but on reflection she deemed this unnecessary, and the task would be irksome. To describe the conduct of Gamaches might give her father pain, but could answer no good purpose, and she considered that it would be her own fault if she again afforded him an opportunity of annoying her.

He was sorely disappointed. During the remainder of his stay

he was courteous in the extreme to Mary, yet more than once he could not help venting a portion of the rage which rankled in his heart on the outrage, as he termed it, which in his person the church had sustained, while he darkly hinted that a day would come, when brute force might not suffice to settle any differences between them, and when vengeance, a full ample measure of vengeance might be securely his.

But as has been stated, on Mary he hazarded no new attack. He attempted to resume his former kindly air. It sat but awkwardly on him, but except by Mary this passed unnoticed. He was most cautious not to offend. Had Rossiter always been present to threaten and restrain, he could not have been more discreetly reserved.

This state of things probably rendered Eltham less agreeable to him than he expected it would prove, and he soon took his leave. The day following that of his departure, Rossiter appeared.

Mary expressed her gratitude for the signal services which he had rendered, but he made very light of them. When she expressed surprise that he should have been close at hand on both occasions when his interference was wanted; he explained by saying that as he knew the character of the man, had no pleasure to pursue and no calling to attend, he could not more agreeably occupy his time than in watching the party suspected. The hope that he might render a service to his friend, was the nearest approach to enjoyment that he could make.

"But you and our visitor had met before—so I collected from your speech in the wood," said Mary.

"Yes—yes," he replied, nervously catching his breath while he spoke, "and when I first saw him, he seemed to my eyes a fiend, prepared to mock human woe. Let me not think of it."

His emotion was great. To relieve it Mary changed the subject of conversation, and secretly resolved to mention the name of Gamaches no more.

Many days of tranquillity followed. The seasons succeeded each other, presenting the wonted varieties, but the lives of the inmates of the farm-house knew no change worth noting. The vernal season gave the signal for crowning the graves of the parents of Rossiter, with blooming flowers—the summer brought its sports which Rossiter

beheld with complacency, though he could not participate in them, and in witnessing harvest-home, he could endure the joyous shout of the assembled rustics, without repining that he alone of all the crowd then assembled was unhappy.

It may be supposed that friendship like that of Mary and Rossiter, founded on esteem—esteem which long subsequent acquaintance served but to confirm and heighten, would have at length begun to assume a warmer character. Such was not the case. In Mary the great springs which move the human heart to passion had never been brought into action, in Rossiter they had been crushed by the hand of overwhelming calamity. They believed that they had little in common with the rest of the world, and the well understood condition of their friendship, was that it should never expand into love.

The keen blasts of October came pouring over the neighbouring hills, and the startled foliage shrinking from their irresistible attacks, fluttered on the withering boughs or was sinking to the ground, when Mary accosted Rossiter with more than common earnestness, and told that she had a new kindness to claim at his hands. A smile of ready assent played round his mouth while she proceeded to explain herself.

"I want you," said she, "to go a longer journey with me than we have ever yet made together. Will you be content to accompany me to a foreign land? only for a brief period."

"To any foreign land, Mary, and for any period, however extended. To me it matters little where I go or how long I stay. Whither would you go?"

"To France."

"How! To France! No Mary I, I cannot accompany you there."

"I thought you said to any foreign country, you would willingly journey?"

"So I did, but you have named France. That is no foreign country to me: it is my native land."

"I only desire to visit Calais, and you will not be sorry to learn that my father's good fortune makes it necessary for me to go. Lady Denberly who in early life when in humble circumstances was my mother's intimate friend, dying lately in Paris, left her a bequest

of five hundred pounds. Knowing Gamaches who was here as you must still remember last year, to be well acquainted with us, the executors have placed the money in his hands, and he has written over to say, as it would be inconvenient for my father or mother to travel so far, it will be paid to me."

"And to you alone?"

"So he writes. Now bearing in mind what his deportment was, and further reflecting what it might have been, but for your timely appearance, I am anxious that you should be my companion in this expedition."

"Mary I am ready to do whatever may tend to save you from danger, but in this case you know not what you ask—shall I tell you all?"

"No, I wish not to hear what you are unwilling to recount. If there be an insuperable difficulty in the way, it is enough for you to say the word, and I will importune you no further. I will not however deny, that I think there is something insidious in the arrangement thus proposed. Had Gamaches wished it, other means of making the payment could have been devised."

"Mary I will go, I will be present when you may need aid, but if you desire to be safe yourself, or to save me from peril, you will not let it be known, especially to the villanous Abbé that Rossiter comes with you."

"And will you then accompany me? It is only to Calais, as I before mentioned, that I am to go."

Rossiter remarked, "A few hours may suffice to transact the business which calls you thither, and an agreement can be made with the master of the vessel, to sail the moment we are ready, provided the tide serves."

Mary was cheered at the thought that she should not have to visit France alone. Rossiter preserved his usual composure, though more than once when he heard her exult in the consent which she had gained, he significantly remarked that she little knew in what she rejoiced.

No time, as the season was already far advanced, could be lost. Escorted by Rossiter, Mary proceeded to London. They engaged with the master of a vessel for their passage and embarked.

At the end of three days, the steeple of the church built by the English in the town of Calais, appeared in sight, with the light-house and the hotel-de-ville. The vessel entered the harbour without accident, and Mary and her friend stepped on the soil of France.

Before leaving the port he was most careful to impress on the master of the vessel, that it was of great moment he should he ready to sail without delay when called upon. It was morning when they landed, and by eight o'clock in the evening he calculated that they might be on their way to England.

As they passed through the streets of Calais, Rossiter looked round with an enquiring eye, as if he expected that the gaze of all who passed, was likely to be fixed on him. He had assumed the dress of a mariner as one that would be likely to attract least attention, and he had the satisfaction of finding that few, if any, bestowed on him more than a cursory glance.

Gamaches occupied a lone house a mile out of the town. Thither with a guide, belonging to the place, it was at first resolved that Mary should proceed at noon. Rossiter was to saunter there in his disguise at the same hour, and in the event of cry or signal from Mary, again present himself before the man of religion.

"Yet," said he, "it is possible after so considerable an absence that he will be disposed to act a better part. He may conduct himself with propriety and yet detain you with him some hours, and I may impatiently burst in, ignorant of the true state of the case, only to cause you annoyance. Better then it were, that I should accompany you at once.

"Will that be prudent?" Mary enquired, "remembering on what terms you last parted."

"I think I can so change my appearance that I shall not be recognized. Besides this attire, I used the precaution of providing myself with a chevelure, and eye-brows to match. These worn, will so change my aspect, that with a patch on one eye, Gamaches will not know me. My speech must be subdued, and that done, I think he will little guess who is near him.

Mary approved of this scheme, and when Rossiter had assumed his false hair, and rehearsed the part he undertook to sustain, she felt convinced that he could not fail, and to escape recognition consented

to his going with her as a trusty seaman, who would take charge of the gold she attended to receive.

At noon, having briefly rested themselves in the town, they walked to the dwelling of Gamaches. It was a heavy stone-built house enclosed by a wall which gave it a dreary prison-like appearance. As she entered, Mary could not but rejoice that she had not trusted herself there alone. The door sullenly closed after her, and she saw, or thought she saw, an eye attentively looking on her from an upper window as she crossed the court-yard. Of this however, she was not certain, for when she had advanced some paces nearer, no one was to be seen at the window.

Rossiter on their entering the house, remained in the hall, and Mary advanced by herself.

She was received by the divine in his apartment, which united the advantages of a parlour and bed-chamber. The bed occupied a small recess at the end of the room, in front of which a curtain descended, which concealed it from view. On seeing her, Gamaches rose to bid her welcome with the utmost cordiality. No reference was made to former coldness, and the greeting on each side was marked by kindly warmth.

"I exult," said he, "in the happy incident which brings you to me on this occasion. The deserving are not always the fortunate, and therefore I rejoice in the event not only as a friend, but as a man.

Mary made a suitable reply, and they conversed cheerfully on what had chanced since they parted. Such as he was when with parental good will, he first acted as her preceptor, she now found the priest.

Refreshments were set before her, and he pressed her repeatedly to take wine. The business which brought her there was then introduced. A jewel valued at three hundred pounds was given to her. That sum she would receive for it in London, so he proved by the most satisfactory vouchers, and the remainder of the bequest was produced in gold.

"Although the jewel," said he, "makes the conveyance of your wealth less difficult than it had otherwise been, still these money-bags are cumbersome for a damsel to bear."

"That troubles me not," she replied, "for the honest mariner who comes with me will take the charge off my hands."

"Who comes with you?" he demanded with an air of surprise. "Are you then attended?"

"I am."

"Not I would fain hope because you feared to approach your old master. Do I flatter myself in supposing that all unkind reflections and injurious suspicions are no more."

"All," said Mary, "are obliterated by your present goodness. If you have ever been for a moment other than you are now, I see the error is repented, and ought not to be remembered."

"Well said my fair scholar, you must see that were mine a revengeful nature, here in this building I could detain both you and your attendant till the day of doom. But I, too prompt to err, am happily equally ready to forgive. It is a part of my duty as it is of my daily prayer, to forgive others as I myself hope to be forgiven.

"The feeling, sir," replied Mary, "becomes you as a man, and as a member of the sacred profession."

"But where?" enquired Gamaches, "is this said honest mariner, this trustworthy friend? Is he related to that faithful guard who watched for you near Eltham?"

Mary did not clearly comprehend his meaning. There was irony, she thought, in his tone and manner, and he glanced suspiciously round.

"I know not of his relations," she replied.

"Bid him enter," said Gamaches. "He shall be welcome in his own right, as well as on your account."

The door was opened, and Rossiter walked in. The Abbé gave him a searching look, but did not appear to suspect that he was other than a sailor.

"Sit down, young man," said he; "sit down, and eat and drink your fill: you come not often to these parts. Enjoy yourself while you may."

Rossiter bowed with humility, and partook of the viands with words of thankfulness. Often did he feel half persuaded that he was viewed with suspicion; but as often did he repress the thought as the natural offspring of the situation in which he found himself.

No attempt was made to separate Mary from Rossiter; no word or gesture was used at which she could take umbrage; and, after remaining there several hours, she left, really grateful for the cordial reception she had met with.

Rossiter took charge of the gold, and they returned to the town.

"Now," said Rossiter, "am I thoroughly satisfied; and, I confess, till now I was not, that something sinister was not intended. He has acted with good faith; and I feel that even Gamaches can be thought too hardly of."

The ship was afloat, but the master reported that the wind was so adverse and so violent that it was impossible to sail.

For several hours it blew a hurricane; but, as the evening advanced, Rossiter remarked, with satisfaction, that the wind shifted round. Though the night was dark, and the storm high, he did not hesitate to call on the master to get ready.

Mary looked on the convulsed ocean with alarm. She knew Rossiter's anxiety to return without delay, but the danger appeared too great to be encountered.

"It is a dreadful night," said she. "The whole ocean, wrapped in blue fire, seems to writhe beneath the pressure of almighty wrath. Hark to the thunder's awful voice! and now the roaring wind would seem to emulate its hoarseness. Let us not venture till the morning. One bark, but now, was dashed against the pier, and all her crew perished."

"The night, Mary, is not one in which lovers would choose to roam, and talk of hearts and flames; but, as the wind sets right for England, why need we heed the rest?"

"Methinks the peril is great."

"Fear not the boiling surge. There is a Providence for those who brave the dangers of the deep."

"And is there not a Providence for those who remain on land? Why should we idly dare our fate? Why not delay till the dire tempest shall subside?"

"There is a Providence on land—for you at least. Why should I drag you hence to encounter danger, because—because—Mary, be it as you will."

"And whither shall we hie."

"I care not to enter a public hotel. But a short distance from this I marked a small house which had a bed-room to let for hire. If this will suffice for you, so I can rest in any shed pertaining to it; all that we want is found. This way it lies. Take my arm, Mary, and be careful how you step. The momentary glare which the lightning supplies, is insufficient to guide our feet in safety."

They left the harbour, and had nearly reached the house which Rossiter had mentioned, when they were stopped by armed men.

"How, now?" said he; "what would you with me?" and he attempted to disengage himself from their grasp.

They raised their voices, closed round him, and told him he was their prisoner. Remonstrance he saw was useless.

"Do not injure or despoil my poor companion," said he; "for me, take me where you please."

"To the mayor with him," cried one who led on the men by whom he had been arrested. It was Gamaches.

"Mary," said Rossiter, "think only of your own safety. My fate is sealed."

"What!" Gamaches exultingly asked, "did you think my penetration was to be imposed upon? Do you think the features of a traitor are so easily concealed? My trusty mariner, you are now undeceived, and my turn at length is come."

He was hurried before the mayor, and the minister of religion failed not to distinguish himself by the eagerness with which he demanded justice.

The mayor was a man of humanity. On this occasion he was taken by surprise. He listened with amazement while Gamaches continued:—

"This culprit is Ravaillac, Phillip, the brother of François Ravaillac, and no doubt his partner in treason and murder. By the most just sentence pronounced against the ever-to-be-execrated François, it was ordered, 'That within fifteen days after the publication thereof, his relations should be banished by sound of trumpet out of the kingdom, and forbidden ever to return, under pain of being hanged and strangled, without other process of law.' Now, then, I claim, in the name of my insulted king and outraged country, that this decree be forthwith executed."

"Mean you to contend," asked the mayor, "that death must be inflicted for this offence?"

"I do, and instantly."

"I am young in office, and have not this sentence immediately before me; I must, therefore, make some pause for enquiry."

"That," said Gamaches, "will be to violate the law, which requires prompt execution."

"But," the mayor interposed, "identity ought to be established on the testimony of more than one witness."

"Here," cried Gamaches, "is another, an unexceptionable witness, Pierre Lefèvre lived next door to the house which, under the same sentence, has now been pulled down, in which the prisoner was born. He knew François Ravaillac from his infancy, and remembers the fall he got in his youth, and the concussion of the brain consequent upon it, which some say produced the demoniacal frenzy that followed."

Pierre Lefèvre stood forward, and gave evidence to the effect stated by Gamaches.

"Can you deny or refute what is charged?" asked the mayor.

The prisoner heaved a deep sigh, and then said—

"I cannot deny the misfortune of my birth. I own my name is Ravaillac. When my parents, my unoffending parents, were driven from their home, I accompanied them. Here I have returned on a special errand, and hoped ere this to have been again on my way to England."

"Having come hither," said Gamaches, "and thus disguised, to forward the plans of the heretic conspirators there."

"At all events," said the mayor, "it is fitting that some hours shall be allowed him to prepare to meet his Creator. I will in no case order him to die before the morning. Prisoner," he added, "from all I hear, I am afraid it will not be in my power to afford you more grace. Of the time which remains to you, make the best use."

"I am grateful for your humanity," Rossiter, or as he may now be called, Ravaillac, replied. "If the sentence pronounced against my unhappy brother goes to the extent this man reports, I never knew of it till now."

A clerk, who had been seeking for the sentence, here produced it. It appeared from it that the father and mother were exiled on pain of

instant death if they returned. But this did not apply to all the relations of the assassin. His brother, however, was ordered to change his name, and, failing to do so, was liable to the same penalty. It was contended, and successfully, by Gamaches, that if, which he professed to doubt, the brother of the traitor was not to be punished for returning to France, it was quite clear that retaining the name, which it had been sought to obliterate for ever, and insolently asserting the fact, as he had done in that place, the authorities had only to carry the sentence into execution without delay.

The prisoner attempted no reply; and Gamaches looked first at Mary and then at Rossiter, with an air of exultation no pencil could paint.

Rejoicing in the thought that his victim would be put to death in the morning, he withdrew.

"One favour," said Rossiter, addressing the mayor, who appeared affected, even to tears, "I would implore—it is that I may have free speech with the blameless companion of my journey."

"Your suit is granted with the proviso, that it must be in my presence."

The court or apartment in which this proceeding had been so suddenly instituted, was then cleared, and the prisoner availed himself of the permission conceded, in the following terms:—

"My bursting heart—my burning brain have so disordered me, that I scarcely know where I am, or what has passed since I have been here; but I have an impression on my mind, that I am about to be put to death, and, under that I would speak.

I am indeed the brother of that unhappy being who madly assailed the life of his king. The dreadful sentence which doomed him to have his flesh torn from his breast, his arms and his thighs with red hot pincers—hot lead to be poured on his wounds, and finally, his limbs and body to be reduced to ashes, the same sentence, I say, banished my parents, and caused them and me to appear in a foreign land, under circumstances which you have not forgotten. The madness of my mother—the death of my father soon followed. It was the appalling facts now disclosed, which I would not inflict on you. That you might never risk being permanently associated with ignominy and sorrow, prompted me at an early period of our friend-

ship, to declare coarsely, perhaps, but honestly, when I marked your growing kindness, that I never could be your lover.

"But for that there was another reason, which it boots not now to mention.

"When Gamaches came to Eltham, the moment I saw him, I recollected his person well. At Paris I had seen him after the most horrid tortures of the *brodequin* had been repeatedly applied to my suffering brother—I had seen the monster approach, not to soothe the fainting victim, but bitterly to reproach, while he sought by every insidious hint to urge him to perjury. Holy men of other days have with pious care, so ordered it that the offender to whom death was awarded, should in his last hour be assisted by a minister of religion, to the end that the departing spirit might feel in some degree purified from its earthly stains, and fitted to enter into that glorious immortality which divine mercy holds out to the truly repentant sinner. This charitable boon in the case of my poor relative, was converted into an instrument of torture, more tremendous than all the rest. In those moments when his maddening pangs might be expected to shake reason from her throne, was he tempted by the offer of an instant respite from pain, to accuse, being on his oath (for before the rack was applied, he was solemnly sworn), others of his name, as partners of his crime. For his sake, I rejoice that he passed through this sad ordeal with the resolution of a martyr. I marked with horror and disgust the alacrity with which the servant of Heaven, as he presumes to name himself, advanced to prompt crime in the preliminary process to which François was subjected. With like cheerfulness, and on a public scaffold, this same person repeated his barbarous persuasions in the last stage of my brother's dreadful sufferings at the *Place de Grève*.

"From this I formed my judgment of Gamaches. Mary was I right? Did he act as the friend of your father, or did he seek to betray you to shame?"

"He proved himself a wretch," said Mary. "But for your generous interference, I know not what outrage his baseness would not have offered."

"The explanations I have given, you will now bear to your father. Unmask the Judas, that when I am no more on earth, he may not dare again to approach the humble, but peaceful abode of innocence.

"I will detain you no longer. Pray for me while I depart; my dying blessing shall be yours Mary—my friend."

"I thank you, sir, for your indulgence," he added, looking towards the magistrate, "I would now pass to my cell."

"Cruel Rossiter!" said Mary, "why, why did you not sooner trust me with your secret? why did you not tell your reason for wishing to put to sea, in despite of the storm? I would have gladly thrown myself on the troubled deep, have listened with pleasure to the bursting thunder, and wooed the blue lightning's most vivid glare, had I known that braving these might save my protector from peril."

"Your story," said the mayor, "is sad. I would it were mine to give you comfort. For this helpless female I will regard her safety. To night she shall rest in the house of the master of a ship, who sails in the morning. His wife is kind and trustworthy, and will shew every attention in her power."

The prisoner was then removed, and Mary conducted to the residence of the mariner. The moment of separation was sad—Rossiter was calm; but to look on the tearful eye of Mary, with a consciousness that in this world they could meet no more, and not experience the deepest affliction was impossible.

The care of the mayor was extended to the property which Mary had in her keeping. He followed her at a late hour, to the quiet retreat to which, by his orders she had been taken. There he saw the master, and after some conversation with him, both left the house. When they returned it was nearly midnight. Mary was weeping.

There was in the looks of the magistrate something indicative of cheerfulness, and he reproved the stranger for her deep despondency, which he remarked could do no good.

"I am aware of that," Mary replied, "tears cannot remove calamity, but to refrain from shedding them beneath its most fearful pressure, is impossible. Can you say aught to dry them? If you can, I am sure you will. Is there no hope for the prisoner?"

"'While there is life,' according to the old proverb, 'there is hope.' I fear to wake expectation, yet this would I say, whatever may transpire—whatever you may hear from any one—even from me, of a disheartening tendency, still try to keep up your courage, and should a secret be confided to you, faithfully keep it."

He took his leave—Mary made some enquiries of the master, but gained no information that could console. She learned from him that preparations were making for an execution, and that a gallows had already been set up in the market-place.

Mary did not seek sleep that night. In her small chamber she counted the hours as their departure was successively announced from the Clock-Tower, till the hour of eight was sounded. She was then invited down to breakfast, but took no refreshment. Mary was still resisting the friendly invitations of her hostess, when the mayor entered.

"I could not rest," said he, "without enquiry after your health this morning. Your mind I hope is now made up to all that may have chanced. Do you wish for any particular information that it may be in my power to supply?"

"I would ask," said Mary—"if—if—" and here her tongue faltered, unable to complete the sentence.

"You would ask of Ravaillac. With him all is over."

"Is he no more on earth?"

"He is departed."

"May Heaven have mercy!"

Mary covered her eyes with her hands, but offered no remark. Grief seemed to have wholly withdrawn the faculty of speech.

"I wish not," said the mayor, "to afflict you with details. My task, I need not say, was not voluntarily assumed. It is past, and nothing remains but to comfort you. This good man will leave for Dover in two hours, and any assistance you may require for your security or convenience on your voyage, or after your arrival, scruple not freely to claim."

Mary bowed with a look of gratitude, but her heart was too full to admit of speech. Subsequently, she was told that, before day-break Rossiter had been taken to the market-place. There, the ceremonial of death was gone through, and when the inhabitants arose at their accustomed hour, a corpse, suspended between earth and Heaven met their view.

At the time fixed, Mary found herself on board the vessel. She had borne in mind the words of the mayor on the preceding night—"whatever you may hear even from me, keep up your courage, and

if a secret be confided to you, faithfully keep it." She laboured not to give way to despondency, but her face was repeatedly suffused with tears.

To the most retired part of the cabin she withdrew to escape observation. The weather had become calm, and nearly all the passengers were on deck. One, however, kept near her the greater part of the voyage. She scarcely looked at him; till, finding himself quite alone, he approached her side. Then it was that she recognized with horror the vengeful Gamaches.

She turned away with indignation. He applied himself to appease her. In the humblest terms, he excused the course he had pursued towards Rossiter, as growing on the excess of his love.

"Mine," said he, "is a nature that admits of no medium between love and hatred. The rival who had insulted me is no more. Let Mary now consent to be mine. I for her am prepared to risk, nay, to sacrifice all—my fortune—my country—nay, Heaven itself."

"The last," Mary answered disdainfully, "you have not *now* to lose."

"Accept, then, my offered love. That is no less ardent than my rage is deadly. The wretch, Rossiter, as he called himself, learned to know the latter could not be scorned with impunity."

"What further course of crime you contemplate," said she, "I know not, but, even though your might were equal to your malice, I would brave all its fiercest exertions against me, rather than endure one hour's deceitful kindness, from the wretch I know you to be."

"Beware!" he solemnly exclaimed. "Danger may be where it is least suspected."

Mary left the cabin to avoid her hateful companion. Approaching Dover, the ship could not make the harbour. A boat put off from the shore. It was dusk when it reached the vessel. Gamaches officiously pressed forward to assist Mary when she was about stepping into the boat. A man who had been seated at the bottom rose to receive her. It was Rossiter.

Amazement seized her. She involuntarily rushed towards him. Gamaches strove to restrain her, but in that moment he saw the never to be forgotten features of his supposed victim, and his hands dropped nerveless by his side. The sudden start which Mary had

made was fatal to him. It had drawn him to the vessel's edge, and, in the horror and consternation of the moment he could not recover himself. He fell—the sullen plunge was heard by those on board, and a cry was raised to save him, but to no purpose. After a frantic scream and a feeble effort to contend with the waves, Gamaches sank, never to rise again till the graves give up their long-forgotten inmates.

His last words—"Danger may be near when it is least suspected," still rung in Mary's ears, She trembled equally from joy and terror. Scarcely could she believe her senses when she saw, in the same moment, her friend, supposed to be dead, restored to the living; her heartless persecutor numbered with the dead.

Rossiter and Mary landed in safety, and proceeded to the inn where Rossiter had been waiting her arrival.

"To see you safe, Mary," said he, "in your native land, is happiness, but I fear you have suffered much on my account. You no doubt were informed that I had been put to death. Of the ingenuity which saved my life, till now, I could not apprize you."

"The jailer to whose keeping I was confided, had marked the grief of the mayor at being called upon to act so stern a part, and thought that he should recommend himself to the favourable notice of that functionary, by suggesting what might save me. Walking near the port, he had stumbled over the corpse of a seaman which the raging waves had thrown ashore. The dead man, it struck him, was nearly of my size, his dress was the same, the jailer in consequence waited on the mayor and requested to see him alone.

"The mayor confessed that he would gladly save my life if it were possible. With his assistance the jailer thought it would not be difficult. The execution might be ordered to take place at an early hour in order to prevent popular excitement, and the dead sailor could be substituted for the living prisoner. The mayor at first thought the jailer mad, but his benevolence soon prevailed, and he came into the scheme.

"Before day-break the Magistrate was at the prison door, and with my hands bound, I was placed in a cart, by the side of a stone-cold, dead body. None of the prison attendants were allowed to follow—The mayor and jailer alone accompanied me. At that time

not more than two or three wanderers were lingering near the market-place. These, when we drew near, concluded we were but the workmen sent to complete the preparations. In the next moment the dead man was suspended from the fatal tree, and I was at liberty."

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Mary with deep emotion.

"I thought," he resumed, "my last hour was come, when I found that I was free. My head turned round. It seemed a dream, and my confusion would probably have betrayed the cheat, had not the mayor prudently hurried me on board a ship, and binding me to secrecy left me there."

"Now," cried Mary, "do I understand the words he addressed to me last night, 'whatever you hear keep up your courage, and should a secret be confided to you, keep it faithfully.'"

"It will be faithfully kept," said Rossiter. "Would that a life so wonderfully preserved were worth the saving."

"And is a friend so constant and sincere as you have proved, of no value?"

"Of little, very little. I breathe but that is all. Yet Mary, shall I say it?—I am different from what I was."

"I hope not, for I would see you ever the same."

"A friend only a friend?"

"It were to break our compact to speak, to think of love."

"True! My secret is now known to you. Why I lived in concealment has been explained—I wished not to become a lover, because I would not join you to a name on which indelible disgrace had been stamped."

"That disgrace was none of yours. You participated not in the deed of your relations. Cruelty akin to that, which included you in his sentence, could alone desire to make you suffer for your relationship—for your birth, not for your acts—for the will of your Creator, not for your own misdoings."

"Far from approving of that dreadful act which caused my brother's fate, my parents and myself were among the most loyal subjects of King Henry. His liberality of soul was the theme of our daily admiration, and François had long been at variance with us, because we were all of the reformed religion."

'I have heard you say that no possible event could make you

content to think of love, as the decree of Heaven itself had for ever interdicted you from assuming the character of husband."

"True—it was madness, the madness of my brother, which I regarded as a family disease. That alone would have forbidden me to marry. The witness brought last night to identify me, removed the objection. He proved what I had never heard, that the insanity of François was caused by a concussion of the brain in his youth—that his malady was the result of accident, instead of being constitutional."

While he spake he pressed the hand of Mary with tenderness, she smiled and asked.

"What may this mean? Pause before you go further, or I shall suspect you of love?"

"You may more than suspect it. Behold me now a Lazarus restored to life. If known the misfortune of my family and my name, with all my numerous demerits, Mary can so far condescend as to deem him whom she has saved worthy to live for her, the homage of a fond faithful nature I offer, and am hers for ever."

How she replied to such an appeal—how farmer Brown listened to the tale of her adventures, and what was his decision on the claim preferred to his daughter's hand, it were needless to relate. A wedding was soon celebrated in the village, and the blushing bride was Mary of Eltham.

The secret confided to Mary—that of the mayor and jailer of Calais, was faithfully kept. More than two centuries had passed from the period identified with her story, before the narrative now furnished, was permitted to see the light.

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